


The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood



HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN, HORACE
MATHER LIPPINCOTT



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The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood

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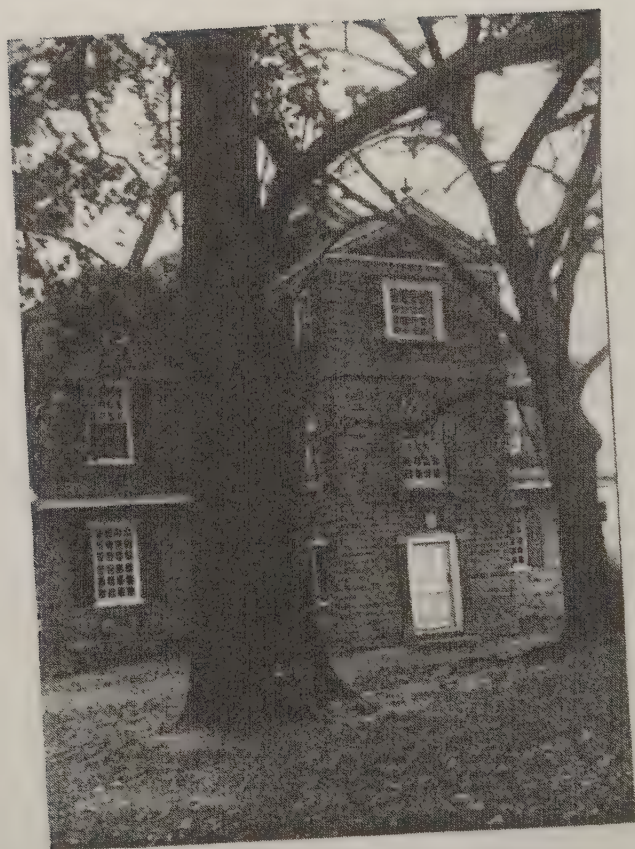
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**THE COLONIAL HOMES
OF PHILADELPHIA
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD**

**Conversation with Emperor Related
at Birthday Dinner.**

Berlin, Jan. 12.—A grand crowd gather-

ed about noon was standing at the cor-
ner of the street and saw the man put
the bell rope and stop the car. Thinking
that something must be wrong in the
car he walked over to the car and on



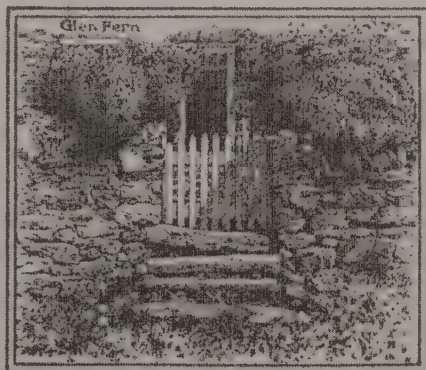


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PRESS

THE
COLONIAL HOMES
OF PHILADELPHIA
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

BY
HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN
AND
HORACE MATHER LIPPINCOTT

WITH 78 ILLUSTRATIONS



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1912

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FOREWORD

As this book goes to press, a pageant is going forward on Belmont Field representing some of the most dramatic episodes in the course of Philadelphia's history. Excellent as it is and lively as are its presentations of historic fact, it needs but the seeing eye and a knowledge of the Colonial homes the following pages aim to impart to convince one that we live in the midst of a richly historic setting—an enduring pageant if you please so to regard it—unsurpassed for interest and beauty in any part of our country. The scarcity of historic remains and ancient buildings in so many parts of America makes it incumbent upon us to cherish and value the good things that are left to us. It is doubly incumbent upon all, whether Philadelphians or not, to regard reverently the visible links that bind us to the stirring events of our early national existence with which all Americans are concerned, the stable witnesses to the vigorous life of those sterling forebears whence we are sprung. A fuller knowledge of the places treated herein will clothe the men and women of bygone days with a living reality for us and breathe new life into an honourable past.

It is matter for sincere regret that some of the noble places, such as Pennsbury or Fairhill, that have unfortunately been demolished, could not have been described, but the limits of reasonable space forbade and it was deemed better to focus attention on the houses still standing.

It has been the privilege of the authors to know and enjoy, almost from infancy, many of the Colonial houses

FOREWORD

described in the ensuing pages, and the preparation of this volume has been peculiarly a labour of love. They would share their pleasure more broadly and trust that their readers may come to regard these ancient homes of worthy folk with a like affection.

Great thanks are due to all who have rendered assistance by supplying information or granting access to family records and papers. The writers take this occasion to express their deep gratitude and appreciation. They likewise acknowledge their indebtedness to Thomas Allen Glenn's "Colonial Mansions" for material in the chapter on Graeme Park. They feel, too, that a special note of recognition is due the staff of the Pennsylvania Historical Society for their unfailing courtesy and helpfulness. May the readers have as much pleasure in perusal as the writers had in preparation.

HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN

HORACE MATHER LIPPINCOTT

PHILADELPHIA, October 5, 1912.

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OLD PHILADELPHIA



HOUSES, like men, have personality. They have it, especially old houses, to a marked degree, reflected to be sure from human association, but running the gamut of variety as fully as their human makers who inwove so much of their own individuality into the fabrics they builded of stone and brick and wood. So closely identified with man and his doings are they, that it is no exaggeration to say that the history of the houses of a neighbourhood will give more clearly than any other medium an insight into the history of the men who lived there.

As houses are the visible records and crystallised history of a nation's social life, as they reflect somewhat of the state and substance of their owners, so may we gain more intimate knowledge of epochs and men from a closer acquaintance with their abodes, just as a naturalist can reconstruct the tenant of a shell from a study of its form and structure.

The story of a single house is oftentimes the history in small of all the country roundabout. It is only by studying history in small that we shall ever know its full meaning. It is only by marking well the homely things bound up with the daily life of the men aforetime that we shall ever see the great facts of history in their true light and realise the full extent of their significance for us.

The day is now happily past when tales of battles and sieges, the trumpet-and-drum episodes of the drama of

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

existence, are alone held of sovereign worth in writing history. From every side comes the demand to know what manner of men they were that wrought the deeds they did, their common relations to one another, how they tilled the soil, how they traded, how they ate and dressed, how they worked and how they played, how they gave and received hospitality, in short, how they lived; and unless these questions can be answered, history has done less than half its duty.

Any material is to be welcomed that will help us to understand more fully the social life of a given period, for after all, that is what counts most. All other phases of a nation's history—political, economic, industrial, or constitutional—are in a great measure the outcome, the particular manifestations of it.

Albeit the glamour shed by picturesque distance invests the brocades and laces and towering, plumed turbans of the ladies and the powdered queues and gold-bedizened waistcoats of the men with a romantic charm, we must, nevertheless, realise that there was, too, a fustian and ozenbrig side to the life of former times.

With all this homely side of life the story of Colonial homes is so inseparably joined that it is the fittest point of contact we can choose for cultivating a more sympathetic and intimate acquaintance with the men and women of bygone generations, an acquaintance surely not to our damage and mayhap to the great profit of our manners and morals. Without giving ourselves over too much to retrospection, we may well enquire whether or not the plan and governance of our lives nowadays are wholly as

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we would have them, whether we have not lost something that our forefathers possessed, and whether we might not to good purpose pattern our behaviour, our ideals, our standards, more after the broad, generous, well-rounded scheme of life and open hospitality of the past.

At this distance of time, at any rate, we can get a good perspective and more truly appreciate these men and women, long departed, with their sins and follies, their goodness and their truth, their deeds good and evil, in short, all their rôles prescribed in the drama of life—all things that make for the final crystallisation of character and cause us now to look back on them with reverence or tender charity, loving and honouring them for what they did well, and leniently passing over the ill. If truth be stranger than fiction, surely the romances, the love affairs, the brave deeds, the joys and sorrows, and all the different events in the lives of these men and women who trod the same streets we tread, who knew and loved the same familiar scenes we know and love, and with whose descendants we daily talk, ought to hold us enthralled far more than the padded lay-figures and figments of mere fiction, however excellent it be, that we eagerly hearken to with itching ears.

To the student of the social aspect of history, there is no more fertile neighbourhood than that of Penn's "greene country towne" where so many early houses remain to-day as enduring memorials of the most elegant period in Colonial life. One is at once embarrassed with the wealth of material that presents itself and a selection is only reached by the co-ordination of

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interesting and important things in connexion with each place.

No portion of America is blessed with rarer natural beauty or more agreeable diversity of surface than Eastern Pennsylvania, and we owe to the Founder not only this fortunate location but the quality of those who settled upon it. "Thy God bringeth thee into a good land," he exclaims, "of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills, a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." How the soft beauty of the Delaware must have appealed to him as he ascended it! The meadows on either side were covered with grass or reeds while strips of moderately high land, upon which grew the virgin forest, came through these meadows here and there to the water's edge. Numerous large creeks stretched backward into the wild interior, tempting the explorer at every turn. The charm of the landscape was the deep rich green of the grass, the dark soft soil, where everything seemed fat and fertile, and the great quantities of game in the air, on the shore, and on the surface of the water. It hardly needed persecution at home to attract settlers to such a land of promise, and to Penn's sagacity in choosing and encouraging men of solid worth and artisans of skill as its first people is due the quick prosperity that came to it.

These industrious people in the wilderness, three thousand miles from home and help, had to win the battle for existence before they could pay much attention to the arts that cultivate and refine. Thus were established the shipyards and textile industries that endure to-day and



HOUSE AND GARDEN DRIVE



HOUSE AND GARDEN DRIVE

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that soon brought to Philadelphia a commerce second to none among the seaports of the Colonies. Trade with the East and West Indies, as well as with Europe, poured gold into the coffers of her merchants and brought affluence and culture at an early stage of her career. The chief wealth of her most considerable citizens was almost invariably derived from profitable shipping ventures. At the time of the Revolution, the city was the greatest in the country. "No other could boast of so many streets, so many houses, so many people, so much renown. No other city was so rich, so extravagant, so fashionable."

Among the features that impressed visitors from distant lands was the fineness of the houses. Sometimes parts of the woodwork and building materials were fetched overseas, although the skill of the resident artisans was of no mean order, as their handiwork proves to-day, and the master carpenters of the city in 1724 composed a guild large and prosperous enough to be patterned after "The Worshipful Company of Carpenters of London" founded in 1477. James Portius, whom William Penn induced to come to his new city to "design and execute his Proprietary buildings," was among the most active of the carpenters' company, and at his death, in 1736, gave his choice collection of architectural works to his fellow-members, thus laying the foundation of their present valuable library. In 1745 was published a book of directions for joinery, from a perusal of which we may gather that both the art of proportion and technical proficiency were to be expected from our local craftsmen. We have, too, abundant evidence that our native architects—some of the ablest were wholly amateurs—pos-

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sessed knowledge and ability by no means contemptible. To Doctor Kearsley we owe Christ Church and to Andrew Hamilton, the State House. In fact, some architectural knowledge seems to have been considered a necessary part of a gentleman's education. To these was added the influence of the Quakers for simplicity, stability, and usefulness.

Not the least important aim of this volume is to direct attention to the fact that much of the best Colonial domestic architecture in America is to be found in this part of the country and that, furthermore, the houses are still in their original state to all intents and purposes. This record is emphatically not a description of buildings that once were but are now demolished; it is a description of buildings as they actually are to-day. Some publications that have essayed to treat of this subject, after chronicling the charms and braveries of some fine old house, immediately thereafter tell of its demolition; others speak of the houses in much the same terms we should expect to find on a tombstone or a bronze memorial tablet; here the endeavour has been made to clothe the houses and the people that lived in them with the warmth and colour they really possessed.

Moreover, a wealth of history, not merely local but national, is embodied in the ancient seats of Philadelphia and the neighbourhood and incidents profoundly affecting the destiny of the country have taken place within or nearby the houses described in this volume, so that its sphere of interest is not bounded by local metes. The figures prominent in the annals of Colonial times and the fathers of the American Commonwealth were frequent



MCDOWELL HALL, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. Begun in 1744 by Maryland's fifth Royal Governor, Thomas Bladen, for a "Governor's Palace." Named for John McDowell, its first President, who was graduated from our College in 1771 and was Provost of the University 1807-10.



PARSONAGE, now Carvel Hall Hotel, Prince George Street, built by William Paro (Pennsylvania 1759), signer of the Declaration of Independence. In Winston Churchill's novel "Richard Carvel," this is the home of Dorothy Manners. The Annapolis Chamber of Commerce meets weekly in the original kitchen of the old house.



MORRIS L. CROZIER, B. '70
Chairman of the Board of Business Education



GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER, '87
Chairman of the Board of Liberal Arts



OLD PHILADELPHIA

actors on the Philadelphia stage of events and, in fact, not a little American history was made in Philadelphia by Philadelphians. The Free Library of James Logan, the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Hospital, the American Philosophical Society, the Academy of the Fine Arts, and Peale's Museum were successfully established in Philadelphia before there were any similar attempts elsewhere. The English Bible and Testament, Milton, Shakespeare, and Blackstone were all reproduced for the first time in America in Philadelphia, and it is an interesting indication of the keenness of literary perception that the earliest book written by Thackeray to be given to the world first appeared in the same city. The first protest against slavery in this country came from Germantown Friends' Meeting in 1688, and the earliest abolition society in the world was organised in Philadelphia in 1774. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were written and adopted here, and the discoveries of Franklin carried his name to the remotest parts of the civilised world. Robert Morris managed the finances of the Revolution, Stephen Girard the War of 1812, and Jay Cooke the Civil War. The locality furnished a throng of picturesque characters of lesser note but very human and engaging—Phineas Pemberton, Thomas Chalkley, Judge Moore, Provost Smith, Nicholas Waln, Judge Chew, Judge Peters, Anthony Wayne, Jacob Hiltzheimer and many more.

A few years hence this work could not be produced, for much of the material contained herein has never been

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

committed to writing and cannot be found anywhere else. It has been imparted verbally by people in advanced years—the traditions and recollections of an older generation rapidly passing away. You all still know some of them. They speak of their family and of their cousins to the remotest generation, and quote their grandfathers as oracles, alongside the sages of Plutarch. Do not smile at them, but observe them as they enter a room or speak to a servant. Do not think their ideas of old-time courtesy and high-breeding are provincial. It is the fashion nowadays to proclaim against this aristocracy of culture, refinement, and gentleness. Have we substituted anything better for it, or are we ruled more justly? We are working so hard at being republicans with our “ives,” “ists,” and “ettes,” and we consider ourselves “as good as any and better than most.” Perhaps in an odd moment we may find time for the bow, but we feel it is at most an imitation—theirs was the reality.

Although Philadelphia was the largest and the most important city in the American Colonies from the middle of the eighteenth century onward, it was a small place as we nowadays reckon size, and civic life had an intimate character that we may, perhaps, find it hard to understand. Everybody knew everybody else and everybody knew everybody's else business. According to Doctor Schoepf, the German traveller who made a tour of the States just after the Revolutionary War, the built-up portion of the city was, for the most part, comprehended between the Delaware River on the east and Seventh Street on the west, Christian Street on the south, and Poplar on the north, this including a large portion of

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the districts of Southwark and Northern Liberties. Even between these limits, there were many unoccupied lots that were not built upon until years afterward and the houses frequently had large gardens not only in the rear but at the side as well.

Within this small metropolis, far smaller half a century before, there were always two distinct types of social life to be found side by side—the life of the staid and sober Quaker element and, diametrically opposed to it, the gay, we might almost say, roystering life of the “World’s People.” For a refreshing bit of contemporary description we cannot do better than quote the itinerary of Dr. Alexander Hamilton, penned in 1744:

I was shaved by a little, finical, humpbacked old barber, who kept dancing around me and talking all the time of the operation, and yet did his job lightly and to a hair. He abounded in compliments and was a very civil fellow in his way. He told me he had been a journeyman to the business for forty odd years, notwithstanding which he knew how to trim gentlemen as well (thank God) as the best master and despaired not of preferment before he died.

Hamilton goes on to say that the shops were opened at five o’clock in the morning, that the Governour’s Club, a society of gentlemen, met at the tavern every night and conversed upon various subjects, and that the conversation on one occasion when he was present was upon the English poets and Cervantes. Imagine such a state of affairs in the clubs nowadays! He complains that the summer heat was excessive, but in the next line adds that there was a pump of excellent water every fifty paces

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There were brick pavements, painted awnings, and many of the houses had balconies, a fashion that is returning with modern Georgian architecture. The one public clock of the city struck the hours but was blessed with neither index nor dial-plate. His picture of the tap-room of the inn at which he stayed on the evening of his arrival is highly characteristic.

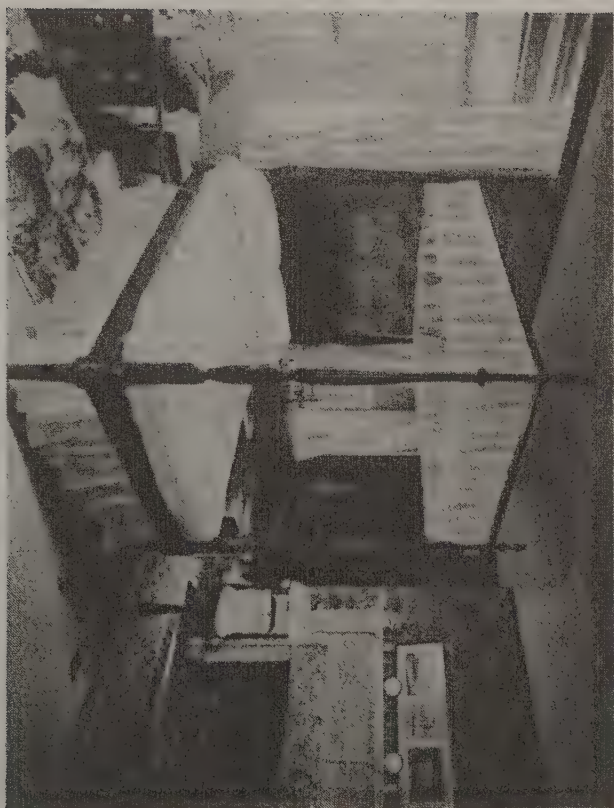
A knot of Quakers there talked only about the selling of flour and the low price it bore. They touched a little upon religion, and high words arose among some of the sectaries, but their blood was not hot enough to quarrel, or, to speak in the canting phrase, their zeal wanted fervency.

He quaintly observes that the Quakers were the richest and the people of the greatest interest in the government and that they chiefly composed the House of Assembly, and then he remarks that, "They have the character of an obstinate stiff-necked generation, and a perpetual plague to their governours."

In one respect Friends and "World's People" were precisely alike. One and all, they dearly loved eating and drinking, and not infrequently "gormandized to the verge of gluttony." A glance at any of the old diaries proves this fully. Here is one characteristic entry:

. . . "this morning most of the family were busy preparing for a great dinner, two green turtles having been sent to Johnny—We concluded to dress them both together here and invited the whole family in. We had three tureens of soup, the two shells baked, besides several dishes of stew, with boned turkey, roast ducks, veal and beef. After these were removed the table

BERNHARDT AT UPMALA



OLD PHILADELPHIA

was filled with two kinds of jellies and various kinds of pudding , pies and preserves; and then almonds, raisins, nuts, apples and oranges. Twenty-four sat down at the table." The next entry states that "my husband passed a restless night with gout."

Hospitality of bed, board, and cup have always been prominent features of Philadelphia life. This is fully attested by William Black, the secretary of the Virginia Commissioners when they visited Philadelphia in 1744. He tells in his diary how they were met at the Schuylkill River, on the Sunday evening of their arrival, by a party of gentlemen among whom were Richard Peters, the secretary of the Province, Robert Strettell, Andrew Hamilton, and several other substantial citizens, who received them "very kindly and welcomed them into their Province with a Bowl of fine Lemon Punch big enough to have Swimm'd half a dozen of young Geese." Passing on into the city they were introduced to the Governour at the State House and "were presented with a Glass of Wine."

The visit of the Virginia Commissioners was the occasion of endless eating and drinking and conviviality all round, both in private houses and at the inns where it was the custom of the times to do much of the entertaining. However strong heads might be, they could not always remain unaffected by the fluids imbibed, and one old Philadelphia worthy, who, as was the wont, had gone into a friend's house shortly after a wedding to drink punch, records that he there met several of his friends and got "decently drunk." Now what "decently drunk" may mean it would be hard to say. The reader may decide for himself.

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To return for a moment to William Black, he tells in his diary how he went one evening to call on a merchant, a townsman of his, whom he had not seen for some years until that forenoon.

I staid till after 11 and parted, he making me Promise to be no Stranger while I staid in Town, of which there was no great fear, as he kept a Glass of Good Wine, and was as free of it as an Apple tree of its Fruit on a Windy Day in the month of July. I grop'd my way to where I Lodged after having Butted against some Posts on the Sides of the Pavement, which kept me in the Road; about the mid-hour I got to Bed, where I inclined to let myself rest until Morning.

It is only fair, however, to say that at this time there was little or no attempt at lighting the streets except on one or two of the principal thoroughfares.

Another visitor of nearly the same period, one Alexander Mackraby, seems to have experienced the same difficulty in trying to persuade his legs to follow a straight course in the homeward way after an evening spent in the convivial company of the officers of the Royal Irish Regiment, then (1768) stationed in Philadelphia. Speaking in a letter of the colonel of that body he writes:

there never was such a set of toppers as the officers of his regiment. The mess rooms at the barracks are something like Circe's cave out of which no man ever returned upon two pegs.

Fox hunting, horseracing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and sundry other sports of that ilk were freely indulged in by Philadelphians of the eighteenth century, while

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their corporate social tastes were represented by such clubs as The Colony in Schuylkill, the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, in which the First City Troop really originated, and others of similar nature. From 1754 onward, theatrical entertainments were of occasional occurrence and, though severely frowned upon by the stricter element, were nevertheless well patronised. These performances were given, for the most part, in the old theatre on South Street above Fourth, which was the first building expressly erected for the purpose, when the old building farther down South, or Cedar Street as it was then called, was no longer sufficient for the purposes for which it had been altered.

The roads on the outskirts of all Colonial cities were intolerably bad, and on occasions of sudden rain, the doughty Washington, always fond of theatrical entertainment, and many others of Philadelphia's élite had to plough their way from bemired carriages through seas of mud. Perhaps the men realised that there were pleasant features even to these disadvantages, for many a damsel found herself more carried than supported during the troublous approach.

Cider frolics, barbecues, turtle dinners, and other gastronomical diversions without number enlivened the days. Another element of social intercourse was the family visiting that went on and was particularly in vogue among the Friends at the time of Monthly, Quarterly, and Yearly Meetings, when whole families would pay visits of several days' duration to other families.

It must be borne in mind that the more intellectual side of life was duly represented as well as the grossly

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

material elements of eating, drinking, and frolicking. An incessant flow of wit and humour was sustained by such men as Judge Peters and Nicholas Waln, with many more whose names there is not space to mention. The eighteenth century seems to have been a period especially rich in humourists and wits. It was not like the preceding century when the bitter religious discussions that were everywhere rife prompted the adherents of each "ism" to hurl full-mouthed vituperative epithets at their opponents. Polemical vituperation ranked high in their esteem as an engine of salvation, and thundering anathemas with fluent abuse were often mistaken for wit and seemed to usurp its place. Later, however, a broader tolerance induced men to forego the exhilaration of indulging in religious Billingsgate, and wit and humour flourished apace and enlivened the festive board with scintillating flashes.

The daily life of the town was focussed at the old Provincial hall in the marketplace at Second and High Streets. Here was the gaol and here were those much dreaded but effective instruments of correction, the pillory, stocks and whipping post. Here monarchs on their accession were proclaimed, here wars were declared, here from the balcony new Governours addressed the people over whom they were appointed to rule, and here the Royal Arms of England were displayed. Elections here took place and here the Provincial Council sat. Back of the Provincial hall the market-sheds or shambles stretched away westward occupying the whole middle of the highway. On Tuesday and Friday evenings the citizens were apprised of next day's market by the pealing of Christ

OLD PHILADELPHIA

Church bells which on these occasions were known as the "butter bells."

The markets and their wares were justly famous and were always especially remarked by visitors to the city. The ladies went to market themselves and at such a time of day as would shock their great granddaughters. One gay gallant from a sister colony, having a curiosity to see the markets, tells us that, early one morning, he jumped from his bed designing long before to have been at the marketplace. He got there by seven and

had no small Satisfaction in seeing the pretty Creatures, the Young Ladies traversing the place from Stall to Stall, where they could make the best Market, some with their maid behind them with a Basket to carry home the Purchases. Others that were designed to buy but trifles, as a little fresh Butter, a Dish of Green Peas or the like, had Good Nature and Humility enough to be their own porters.

As to the servants just mentioned, they were not seldom the cause of trouble. While many were faithful and efficient, there were enough that sadly tried their masters and mistresses. In 1769, one newly arrived Englishman writing home says:

You can have no idea of the plague we have with servants on this side of the water. If you bring over a good one he is spoilt in a month. Those born in the country are insolent and extravagant. The imported Dutch are to the last degree ignorant and awkward. The negroes are stupid and sulky and stink damnably. We have tried them all round, and this is the sum total of my observations: the devil take the hindmost!

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Notwithstanding vexatious domestics and sundry annoyances from the baser sort, that had to be remedied by recourse to stocks and pillory, existence in the city was both comfortable and pleasant. Life, even among the strictest of Friends, was not as rigid and hard as some would have us suppose.

What with the fortnightly assembly dances, dinners, fox-hunting, punch drinking, tea-parties, horseracing, occasional theatrical entertainments and sundry other amusements, life in eighteenth century Philadelphia did not wear an aspect of altogether drab-coloured monotony.

BISHOP WHITE HOUSE

402 SOUTH FRONT STREET



BISHOP WHITE spent all his early married life in the house at 402 South Front Street, now used by St. Peter's Parish for mission work. In fact, he lived there until he was elevated to the Episcopate, when he built himself a larger house in Walnut Street above Third, on the site now occupied by number 809. Having an independent income sufficient to maintain an elegant style of living, he had also a country-seat called Brookland, a farm of forty-eight acres, near Philadelphia on Islington Lane, a beautiful plantation and, in summer, the scene of such "hospitality as became a bishop and gentleman."

During the last half of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth, probably no man in Philadelphia was more revered and trusted than Bishop White, not only by the religious body of which he was the head but by all the citizens in general. He was regarded with a warmth of affection that led everyone, irrespective of religious affiliation, to speak of him as "our bishop." By his great good sense, moderation, and tact he tided over many awkward places in the affairs of the infant nation. The house on Front Street just below Pine is so changed now that the good Bishop, could he come back and see it, would scarcely be able to recognise it as his former place of abode. The old shell, however, remains and is in staunch condition.

To write of Bishop White and not speak somewhat

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

of Christ Church would be impossible. As a child he worshipped there, through prime of manhood and venerable old age he gave his constant ministrations to its congregation. From the earliest times its people, the Church Party as they were called to distinguish them politically and religiously from the Friends, were, for the most part, the gayest and most aristocratic in the Province. As a body they were certainly the best dressed and most striking in appearance, according to one diarist of the middle of the eighteenth century, a stranger who had travelled much in the Colonies and was competent to judge. He says that when he attended Christ Church on Sunday morning he saw a larger number of well-dressed people than he had ever seen together before. Certain it is that there was a marked distinctive difference in the apparel of the different religious bodies at the time. "The Episcopalians showed most grandeur of dress and costume—next the Presbyterians—the gentlemen of whom freely indulged in powdered and frizzled hair." An entry in the minutes of the vestry in 1761 makes us doubt whether the church was always kept properly cleaned so as not to soil the brave attire of both belles and beaux. The sexton having applied for an increase of salary, it was agreed to give him £20 a year on condition that he was "to wash the church twice a year, and sand it at Easter and September; and also sweep the church once every two weeks."

The music, as everywhere else in the Colonial period, was wretchedly poor. "The singer, then called the clerk, was Joseph Fry—a small man with a great voice, who, standing in the organ gallery, was wont to make



WHITE HOUSE, 402 SOUTH FRONT STREET (1900)
BROAD WHITE HOUSE, 402 SOUTH FRONT STREET (TO RIGHT)



TOWN HOUSE OF NICHOLAS WAIN, 274 NORTH SECOND STREET

BISHOP WHITE HOUSE

the whole church resound with his strong, deep and grave tones." After the Revolution, when there was a ripple of improvement in the general musical situation in the new-born Republic, the efforts of church musicians to raise the standard were apparently not looked upon with favour. Joseph Fry, or his successors, did not "make a cheerful noise before the Lord" to the taste of the congregation, for in 1785 the vestry passed a resolution "that the clerks be desired to sing such tunes only as are plain and familiar to the congregation; the singing of other tunes, and frequent changing of tunes, being to the certain knowledge of this vestry, generally disagreeable and inconvenient."

Music of another kind, the music of the bells, seems to have been more to the popular liking. The bells were always being pealed, so that the German traveller, Doctor Schoepf, said that you would think you were in a papal or imperial city—there was always something to be rung. From the time that the "ring of bells"—the first in the Colonies—was first hung, their metal throats were busy proclaiming all sorts of things from the anniversaries of King Charles's Restoration, Guy Fawkes's Day, and the King's birthday, down to bi-weekly markets or the arrival in the Delaware of the *Myrtilla*, Captain Budden's ship, in which the peal had been brought out from London.

While Philadelphia was the seat of the Republican Court, the grandeur of Christ Church congregation was increased. The arrival of the worshippers in damasks and brocades, velvet breeches and silk stockings, powdered hair and periwigs, was a sight to see. Some came afoot, others drove in chairs or clattered up in cumbrous, awe-

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some coaches, with two or four horses, while Washington's equipage, drawn by six cream-coloured steeds, added the final touch to the imposing spectacle.

But apart from all this state and pomp, there was the humbler side of church life. There were the Sunday afternoon catechisings when the good Bishop heard the children of the congregation and their "servants and apprentices" repeat their "duty towards God" and their "duty towards their neighbour," and expounded to them such things as a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health. Not long ago there were gentlemen still living who remembered that, as children, they had to stand in the aisle at St. Peter's and repeat their catechism to the venerable white-haired bishop.

The public career of Bishop White is so well known that it would be carrying coals to Newcastle to dwell on the subject. His private life, however, is not so familiar to most and it forms a valuable commentary on the ways of the time in which he lived. As might be expected, the Bishop took a lively interest in everything concerning civic life. One instance of this was his active membership in the Hand-in-Hand Fire Company, one of those useful volunteer organisations that did such yeoman service in the preservation of property before the formation of a regular fire department.

On occasion of fire, the members, who were pledged to the common service and served without reward, rushed to the scene of conflagration, dragging the engine and hose-cart by ropes. The engine was pumped by hand. Those who were not pumping or playing the hose busied themselves carrying the leathern buckets, six of which

BISHOP WHITE HOUSE

each member bound himself to keep in his house. These old buckets and the fire-hats belonging to the members of the several companies are now held in high esteem as honoured relics in the families of their descendants. Among Bishop White's fellow-members in the Hand-in-Hand Fire Company, at one time or another, were Andrew Hamilton, Provost Smith, Francis Hopkinson, Benjamin Chew, the Reverend Richard Peters, the uncle of Judge Peters, Jared Ingersoll, John Cadwalader, and Samuel Powel. The rolls of other fire companies bore names quite as distinguished. Hand engines and hose-carts were kept at various convenient places. For a time some of the apparatus was housed in the lower part of the old market-house at Second and Pine Streets.

A glimpse of a still more intimate phase of the Bishop's character we get from an interesting account of his earlier life, long before he appeared in any public capacity, left by a lady slightly the prelate's senior, who had been his constant playmate from early childhood.

She says:

Billy White was born a bishop. I never could persuade him to play anything but church. He would tie his own or my apron around his neck for a gown and stand before a low chair which he called his pulpit; I, seated before him on a little bench, was the congregation, and he always preached to me about being good. One day I heard him crying and saw the nurse running into the street, calling him to come back and be dressed. He refused, saying "I do not want to go to dancing-school, and I won't be dressed, for I don't think it is good to learn to dance." And that was the only time I ever knew Billy White to be a naughty boy.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

In his more mature life, though he never danced himself, he was not opposed to any one else doing so. In fact, he was most tolerant and liberal in his views and if he had been less broad-minded he could never have wielded the immense influence he exercised till the day of his death.

The Bishop was a hearty eater and fond of good things. It is said he was devoted to mince pies and used to butter them. He treated bread as if it were meant only to be an excuse for butter. His love for good food was one of the secrets of his long life—he lived to be eighty-nine—and he had but one intemperate habit, his propensity for green tea, which he liked and insisted on having brewed as black as lye. He was most hospitable and there was scarcely a meal at which he did not have a guest. He dined at two o'clock, at which meal he always had two glasses of wine. Beyond this limit he never went. Every night before going to bed he used to smoke a solitary cigar, drink one glass of sherry, and eat two roasted apples. One of his family has written that

he delighted in the evenings to have his grandchildren rub his hair behind his ears, which he called "teasling," and to rub his silk stockings before a hot open fire. He never wore a wig, as the fashion was, but powdered his hair.

All these homely details about an episcopal dignitary may seem trifling, but the little domestic sidelights and peeps at his personal habits go a long distance in helping to round out a full and true picture of a devoted father, a faithful pastor, and a most dignified and courtly gentleman. Bishop White died in 1836.

STOCKER HOUSE

404 SOUTH FRONT STREET



STRANGE as it may now seem to us, time was when South Front Street was a favourite place of residence for the wealthy and fashionable. A little examination of the remnants of old houses in this now unsavoury quarter is sufficient to carry conviction on that score. Many of these palatial dwellings belonged to wealthy merchants and importers who elected to live near their counting-houses and wharves.

John Stocker, whose house is well preserved and quite representative of the residences of the neighbourhood, was an affluent merchant of the eighteenth century. He was at one time an alderman of the city and among his other activities and interests he was concerned with the institution of the Mutual Assurance Company, whose history is itself of unusual interest.

It was the first insurance corporation to be created in free and independent America after the severance from England, and is the second-oldest fire-insurance company in Philadelphia, the first being the Philadelphia Contributionship for the insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire, or, as it is generally called, the Contributionship, which was founded in 1752. The circumstances connected with the origin of the Mutual Assurance Company throw light on an amusing phase of Philadelphia life.

Fires in Colonial Philadelphia were the cause of much excitement and the sight of a blazing chimney was enough to throw the whole community into an uproar. Blazing

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

chimneys were the subject of legislation by the Provincial Assembly of 1775, which enacted that

Every person whose Chimney shall take Fire and blaze out at the top, not having been swept within one Calendar Month, shall forfeit and pay the sum of Twenty Shillings; but if swept within that Time and taking Fire and blazing out at the Top, the Person who swept the same, either by himself, his Servants or Negroes, shall forfeit and pay Twenty Shillings.

With the ever-present danger of blazing chimneys, a number of people conceived that there was a grave jeopardy in the overhanging branches of shade trees that might catch fire from a blazing chimney and spread it farther in winter, and in both summer and winter must interfere with the application of water in fire extinguishment.

The apprehensive directors of the Contributionship called a general meeting of the subscribers of that organisation in April, 1781, to consider the propriety of "Ensuring or Re-insuring Houses having Trees planted before them in the Street." The owners of shade trees being in a minority at this meeting, it was resolved that "no Houses having a Tree or Trees planted before them shall be Insured or Re-insured," and "that if any Person in future having a House Insured shall plant a Tree or Trees before it in the Street, if not removed in three Months from the time of planting he shall forfeit the benefit of Insurance." Legislation was then invoked against the objectionable shade trees and passed by the General Assembly in 1782 only to be repealed a few months later upon the urgent solicitation of tree lovers.

STOCKER HOUSE

Despite the sense of the Contributionship meeting in 1781, no definite action was taken till April, 1784, when it was finally determined to put the resolution into effect. Thereupon the owners of the debarred properties set about organising for insurance and advertised a "New Society for Insuring Houses from Loss by Fire." They stated that a great number of the citizens of Philadelphia found it "agrecable and convenient to them" to have trees planted in the street before their houses, a thing prohibited by the Contributionship on pain of forfeiting insurance, and that they, therefore, would organise a company to insure such tree-adorned houses at a slight additional premium. Under the new conditions, trees might be planted before the houses or in the yards belonging to them.

By a curious regulation, it was also provided that "All Trees planted near Houses shall be Trimmed every Fall, in such manner as not to be higher than the Eaves of the Houses. And Trees planted after Insurance must be reported to the Office." The deed of settlement of the new company was dated October 21, 1784. The badge or house-mark adopted was a leaden tree on a shield-shaped board in allusion to the origin of the organisation, while that of the Contributionship was four interclasped hands. Many of these old house-marks are still to be seen on the fronts of buildings in the older portions of the city.

WALN HOUSE

254 SOUTH SECOND STREET

NICHOLAS WALN



AT 254 South Second Street, on the west side of the way between Dock and Spruce, is a spacious old house that stands considerably farther back than the neighbouring buildings, leaving an ample yard in front. This yard is piled high with hardwoods and cabinet-makers' lumber of various description and the lower part of the building does duty as an office for the lumber yard. The structure is in every respect substantial and striking, but in no way ostentatious. A broad flight of steps leads up to a wide doorway that opens into a still wider hall. The rooms of this house are proportionately lofty and spacious and its whole mien, despite its present sordid and dingy environment, proclaims that it was once the home of some notable person.

The notable person that lived there was none other than Nicholas Waln, the lawyer Nicholas, for there were several other Nicholases in the same family, one of the wittiest and keenest as well as one of the most able men in the Philadelphia of his day. The witticisms of Judge Peters, the master of Belmont, were not more delightfully trenchant than the speeches that were always bursting from the irrepressible Nicholas. In men of such temperament as Waln and Peters, men who saw the humour of every situation, the flow of *bon mots* could not be checked, and their sayings and doings contributed not a little to the store of anecdotal wit.

WALN HOUSE

Nicholas Waln was born in 1742. Although not in any way directly identified with the public or official life of the community he was a striking and well-known character. After completing the curriculum at the William Penn Charter School he began to study the law and pursued his labours with such diligence that he was admitted to the bar before he attained his majority. He went to England in 1768 and renewed his studies at the Temple, but after spending a little more than a year on the other side of the Atlantic, he came back to Philadelphia and entered into active practice both here and in Bucks. His brilliant intellect and legal acumen soon won him distinction as a barrister in Pennsylvania and his practice grew to be handsomely lucrative.

After practising less than ten years, however, when he was in the heyday of his professional career, he suddenly gave up his practice and became a deeply concerned member of the Society of Friends, devoting himself almost wholly to preaching and performing other ministrations in behalf of Quaker interests. A Philadelphia woman of the period writing to a member of her family in England and commenting on Nicholas Waln's sudden abandonment of his valuable practice says, "He has resigned on principle as he says no good man can practice law." It is related of him that one day as he was on his way to Newtown, where the county courts of Bucks were then held, he stopped to see a friend who lived near the Pennypack and remarked to him while there that he "was engaged in an important case that was to come before the court relative to property." On his way back to the city he stopped again to see the same friend and appeared

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deeply dejected. On being asked the cause of his depression he answered, "I did the best I could for my client, gained the cause for him, and thereby defrauded an honest man out of his just due."

This was in 1772, and following closely upon this episode he appeared one day in meeting and testified to his change of heart. He had hitherto been a man of the world and, though nominally a Quaker, he had not been in the habit of attending Friends' Meeting. On this memorable occasion, he walked into the preacher's gallery, knelt, and poured out a fervent prayer and confession, renouncing the worldliness of his former life, and professing his will to live thereafter more consistently with the promptings of his conscience. This he did and practised benevolence and good deeds instead of ingeniously contorting the intricacies of the law.

But however much Nicholas Waln might renounce his worldly ways, however much he might give up his former gay clothing and the yellow chariot in which he used to drive abroad in style, however plainly he might dress and forswear even coat collars, nothing could quench his sense of humour or keep his tongue quiet when something witty popped into his head. Once, when chidden by some of his oppressively dignified and duller friends for some of his rallies, he told them that if they only knew how much of his mirth he did suppress they would not think so ill of him.

Shortly after his conversion, as he was walking along the street one day in the plainest of garb, he met a young dandy of the town offensively fripped out in the extreme of the extreme fashions of the period. He had

WALN HOUSE

on a well-fitted topcoat surmounted at the shoulders by a collection of little capes each a bit smaller than the one beneath. Walking up to the festive youth, Nicholas took hold of the lowest cape and said, "Friend, what is this?" The would-be Beau Brummel, wishing to be facetious, replied, "That is Cape Henlopen." Touching the cape next above, Nicholas enquired, "And what is this?" "That," said the young popinjay, "is Cape Hatteras." "Then," said Nicholas, touching the jack-a-dandy's head with his finger, "this must be the lighthouse!"

On another occasion, as Nicholas was going along the street, he noticed a house where a pane of glass had been broken in the parlour window and a sheet of paper pasted over the aperture till new glass was set in. Seeing the mistress of the house at her knitting in the back part of the room, Nicholas jammed his walking-stick through the paper and, putting his mouth to the hole he had made, called in, "Sham pane and no glass!"

It was while living in the South Second Street house that Nicholas was much annoyed by repeated depredations on his woodpile. He not only suspected his next-door neighbour of purloining the wood, but assured himself of the circumstance before acting. He then bought a cartload of wood and sent it to the offending neighbour with his compliments. The man was naturally enraged as he had no notion that he was even suspected. He went to Nicholas in a temper and demanded to know what such a thing meant. "Friend," said Nicholas, "I was afraid thee would hurt thyself falling off my wood pile."

He was clerk of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, but, notwithstanding his exalted position among Friends,

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he was always keeping them on tenterhooks of suspense by his sallies, and on one occasion he so shocked them by one of his uncontrollable bursts that a deputation of "weighty Friends" was sent to labour with him.

Nicholas was nervous and fidgety and could not stand the extreme deliberation that some people affected in speaking. Once a visiting Friend was moved to speak in meeting and rising to his feet looked about him, cleared his throat loudly, and began, "I feel——" Then followed a long pause, more throat clearing, and, after another survey of the assembly, the speaker solemnly repeated, "I feel——" Again pausing and casting his eye over his hearers, he reiterated for the third time, "I feel——" This was too much for Nicholas's impatient spirit; he felt that something must be supplied to feel. In a tone louder than a stage whisper he burst out, "A louse!" The effect on the meeting can be better imagined than described. Nicholas knew that he was to be waited on because of this indiscretion and he likewise knew when he was to expect the visit of the elders. On the evening when the Friends went to his house, the windows were all dark and no answer was returned to their oft-repeated rappings. Finally concluding that Nicholas must be away, they were turning from the door when a window on the second floor went up and Nicholas's head, arrayed in a nightcap, came out. "Friends," said he, "you needn't come in. The Lord's been here before you!" A print representing this incident is still in existence.

Nicholas Wain's wife was Sarah Morris Richardson, the daughter of Joseph Richardson, a man of large fortune. It is said that she was an exceedingly small woman,

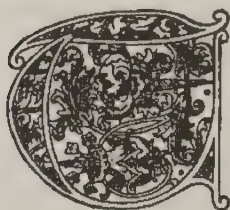
WALN HOUSE

and family tradition has it that her father weighed her in a pair of scales against a bag full of gold coin that was to be her wedding portion so that she was literally "worth her weight in gold." Nicholas died in 1818 universally loved and respected. It is said that even on his deathbed he could not refrain from joking. Almost with his last hard-drawn breath he said, looking up, "I can't die for the life of me."

BLACKWELL HOUSE

224 PINE STREET

STAMPER—BINGHAM—BLACKWELL—WILLING



HE front of 224 Pine Street arrests attention and compels the admiration of the passerby, if he has any eye for the beauties of our old Colonial architecture. Notwithstanding its mutilated and dingy condition—it now serves for a tenement house for immigrants and some of the front chambers are rented to socialist clubs; squalour unspeakable prevails—there is beauty enough left to demand more than a passing glance.

Built of the red and black bricks so characteristic of Philadelphia, the wall is pierced with broad windows filled with small square panes set in very wide sash-bars. Pilasters and pediment adorn the door and the cornice and ornamentation beneath the eaves surpass in richness of design and nicety of finish anything of the sort in the city. Until a few years ago, when the interior was despoiled of its wonderful woodwork, nothing could have been more exquisite than the carving and panelling there to be found. From the ground to the top floor, hall and staircase were wainscotted with mahogany and there were mahogany doors. The doorways from the hall to the drawing-rooms were enriched with fluted pilasters and deeply moulded and carved broken pediments. Immediately above the fireplaces were narrow panels on which hunting scenes were wrought in mastic. The wall above

BLACKWELL HOUSE

was panelled to the ceiling as was also the space on either side of the fireplace.

It was, past all question, one of the most elegant of the many elegant houses in Philadelphia. Here there was no reason for Quaker restraint or love of plainness that checked elaboration in such a number of instances. It was built for people whose every inclination was toward luxury of style in living and adornment in the objects about them and, as they had abundant means to gratify their tastes, nothing was stinted that might add comfort or elegance.

Here lived John Stamper, a wealthy English merchant who had been a councilman, alderman, and finally, mayor of the city in 1759, and had bought from Thomas and Richard Penn, in 1761, the whole south side of Pine Street from Second to Third and, at some time prior to the Revolution—probably about 1764 or 1765—built himself this house. It was surrounded by a fair garden filled with the choicest flowers, shrubbery, and fruit trees. At a later date, when Doctor Blackwell, into whose possession the property passed, built the house at 288 for his daughter on the occasion of her marriage to George Willing, the garden extended that far west and was enjoyed by both families in common.

John Stamper's daughter Mary married William Bingham the elder. Hannah, one of the daughters of William and Mary Stamper Bingham, married first John Benezet and secondly the Reverend Doctor Robert Blackwell. Doctor Blackwell was thus the brother-in-law of the Honourable William Bingham, who married the beautiful Ann Willing and later built and maintained a

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

principally establishment in Third Street when the "court life" of the early Republic found so brilliant a setting in Philadelphia.

Robert Blackwell, the son of Colonel Jacob Blackwell, was born in 1748 on Long Island where the family had long been prominent and possessed large estates along the East River. Blackwell's Island, opposite New York, was once a part of their property. Robert Blackwell graduated from Princeton in 1768. Before studying theology, he seems to have attained some proficiency in the science of medicine which he afterward made good use of. He apparently read divinity in New York either with Dr. Auchmuty, the rector of Trinity, or with Mr. Seabury, afterward Bishop Seabury. During that period he spent several years as tutor in the family of Colonel Frederick Philipse, the lord of Philipse Manor.

When his preparation for orders was completed, Doctor Auchmuty, in writing a letter of commendation to Doctor Peters, the then rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, says of Blackwell, "though . . . not very showy, yet he will make a solid . . . minister. . . . He is a lump of good nature and very diligent when he has anything to do." In another letter he says, "He is a good lad, and will be useful," a prediction that Dr. Blackwell fully justified—far better, after all, than being "showy." After ordination he served the missions at Gloucester and St. Mary's, Colestown, in New Jersey, until the war completely scattered both congregations.

On leaving his two missions he went to Valley Forge and served in the double capacity of chaplain and surgeon. His connection with the Continental Army con-

BLACKWELL HOUSE

tinued till the date of his first marriage in 1780. Not long after this, on the death of his father, he came into a large and valuable estate. In 1781 he was called to assist Doctor White in the joint cure of Christ Church and St. Peter's.

His first wife having died, he married Hannah Bingham in November, 1788, whose ample fortune, joined to his own, made him not only the richest clergyman in the country but one of the richest men in Philadelphia. Griswold in his "Republican Court" speaks of him as conspicuous in the society of Washington's time, and after referring to him as "a man of large fortune, fine appearance and singularly pleasant temper and manner," he adds:

Being withal a man of unquestioned piety and great propriety of life, he maintained a dignified position, and was extensively deferred to by an opulent and worldly class, who would probably have deferred to no one else less blessed with adventitious influence.

In the division of duties, the ministrations at St. Peter's fell largely to his share. In a way, he may be said to have been a "court preacher," for Washington was a member of the united parishes and frequently attended service at both churches as did also many of the Cabinet and members of Congress, for although, after the Revolution, there was considerable animus in some quarters against the Church because of its former connection with the State, there was still a good deal of the feeling that one might be a "Christian in any church but couldn't be a gentleman outside of the Church of England."

Not two squares away from Doctor Blackwell's house

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

was his brother-in-law William Bingham's spacious mansion where Mrs. Bingham reigned over a brilliant coterie in the day when she and Mrs. Robert Morris ruled Philadelphia society. During the time that Mr. and Mrs. Bingham spent abroad after the restoration of peace, they were busied with plans for the house they purposed erecting on their return home. In describing it in his "Republican Court," Griswold says:

The domestic architecture of London and Paris was a subject of special study, and the mansion of the Duke of Manchester, in Manchester Square, London, was selected as the model of the contemplated structure in Philadelphia—the dimensions of the original being somewhat enlarged in the copy. Soon after they came back to America they built their palatial edifice, so well remembered . . . as the Mansion House, in Third Street above Spruce, which was unhappily destroyed . . . by fire. Its width was spacious, its height not extended above a third storey, and it stood perhaps forty feet from the ordinary line of the street, being approached by a circular carriage way of gravel, the access upon both ends of which opened by swinging gates of iron open tracery. A low wall, with an elegant course of baluster upon it, defended the immediate front, and connected the gates which gave admission. The grounds about the house, beautifully diversified with walks, statuary, shade and parterres, covered not less than three acres . . . its entrance was not raised at all, as is the modern style, to a kind of second storey, but it brought the visitor by a single step upon the wide pave of tessellated marble. . . . Its self-supporting broad stairway of fine white marble—the first of that description, probably, ever known in America—leading to the second storey, gave a truly Roman elegance to the passage. On the left hand, as the visitor entered, were parlours; on the right, a room designed for a study; and



BLACKWELL HOUSE

opposite, separated by a lateral hall, a library. In the second storey on the south, were a drawing room and card rooms, the windows of which, looking down on an extensive conservatory, adjacent to the lower parlours of the same side, revealed a delicious prospect. . . . Much of the furniture, including the carpets, which were remarkable for their elegant richness, had been made in France. The site of all this magnificence was long ago covered by closely built city houses.

Let it not be supposed that Doctor Blackwell, either on account of wealth or the many social demands made upon him, was lukewarm in the discharge of his duties. He was a faithful and devoted parish priest and tireless in performing all the works of his office. He refused to leave the city during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1798, and was unremitting in his attentions to the sick and dying till he was himself stricken down with the pestilence and narrowly escaped with his life. He never fully recovered from the effects of this sickness and, in 1811, owing to failing health, he resigned from the charge of St. Peter's, thenceforth devoting himself to gardening and study till his death in 1881. The Pine Street house then passed to the Willings. In recent years it has changed hands a number of times.

EVANS HOUSE

322 DE LANCEY STREET



PERHAPS there is no family that has maintained so active a concern for the testimonies of the Society of Friends as have the members of the Evans family through many generations. They were established in this country by Thomas and Ann Evans who came from Merionethshire, Wales, to Gwynedd, Pennsylvania, in 1698. Thomas was the son of Evan Ap Evan and one of the band that established the Welsh settlement on the east side of the Schuylkill and called it North Wales. The Evans family of Gwynedd are to-day the only descendants of the settlers who own a portion of the original tract granted to them by William Penn. Thomas's son Evan was born in Merionethshire, Wales, and came to America with his parents. His wife was Elizabeth Musgrove. Jonathan Evans, his son, removed from Gwynedd to Philadelphia and married Hannah, daughter of Michael Walton. To them, on January 25, 1759, was born a son, Jonathan, who learned the trade of carpentry and built the house at 322 Union Street, now De Lancey, which is so well preserved to-day. The "Testimony of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia for the Southern District" says that Jonathan Evans had a liberal education in Friends' schools and was somewhat given to dissipating with "gay and volatile companions, giving himself up to mirth and conviviality." He was led into a religious life and convictions by reading William Penn's "No Cross No Crown" and separated himself much from

EVANS HOUSE

the world. He refused to fight in the Revolution and was imprisoned for sixteen weeks therefor. He was very firm in his support of the discipline of the Society, was an overseer at twenty-four and an elder at thirty-six. In 1786, he married Hannah, daughter of David and Mary Bacon, who lived on Market Street near Second. Their living was very plain as was the furniture of the house, and Jonathan was careful, in his business of building houses, not to infringe upon this principle.

Jonathan Evans is particularly known among Friends for the prominent part he took in the troubles of the Society from 1823 to 1827, which led to a division in the latter year. He never flinched from the scorn and suffering which were heaped upon him at that time and was one of the principal witnesses for the so-called "Orthodox" party in the lawsuits which arose over the disposal of property belonging to the Society. He was very zealous in his denunciation of Elias Hicks, a minister of Jericho Monthly Meeting, New York, and attacked him for unsoundness upon several occasions, propounding a definite Evangelical creed for the Society.

He retired from business with a competency many years before his death and gave himself up to the concerns of Friends. His wife died in 1829 and after an illness of two years he passed away February 8, 1839. His whole life seems to have been passed in troublous times, first for the country and afterward for his beloved Society of Friends, so that we can imagine the house on Union Street as the scene of many solemn gatherings of notable people.

The next occupant was a son, William, who appears

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

to have been a youth of some spirit, since the story is told of him, when quite young, that he escaped one night in his night-clothes, went down to Third Street, and thence to his uncle's near Second and Market. The memorial of him states that he was exposed to many temptations during his youth, but seems to have withstood them, for he appeared in the ministry in 1817, and was always careful to decline business transactions not in accordance with the principles of Friends.

In 1811 he married Deborah, daughter of Aaron and Abigail Musgrove, who died in 1815. His second marriage was in 1824, with Elizabeth, daughter of John and Rebecca Barton, a minister among Friends. She died in 1861, and after long suffering and confinement, which he bore with a fine fortitude, William Evans died May 12, 1867. He was ill with yellow fever in 1820, travelled widely in the ministry, and was much interested in the education of Friends' children. An occurrence in his youth illustrates the liberality of the early Friends. Walking one day along Second Street near Spruce, he passed the house of Nicholas Waln, now number 254, and was called in by this eminent Friend who was seated on the front steps. Going into the house, he brought forth a bundle of church-warden pipes which he handed to young William Evans with the remark, "Take them home to thy father, he will need them at Yearly Meeting time."

In connection with his brother Thomas, beginning in 1837, he edited a series of fourteen volumes of "Friends' Library," made up of "Journals, doctrinal treatises, and other writings of Friends." In 1854 they edited a new edition of "Piety Promoted." He was the

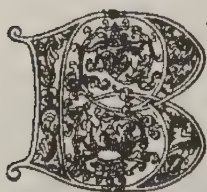
EVANS HOUSE

clerk of the Yearly Meeting, which meets at Fourth and Arch Streets, for many years, and his journal was published in 1870.

The last to live in the house was William Evans, a son, who had also lived in the Pine Street house directly back of 822 De Lancey, as the Evans ground extended through to Pine Street. William Evans is an elder of the Society of Friends and is actively engaged in its welfare as his ancestors have been before him. An incident is told of an Evans who occupied a responsible position among Friends, and during the faithful performance of his duties in the meeting had occasion to seek an opportunity with a Friend whose preaching was not acceptable. His labour seemed to be unavailing and finally it became necessary to exclude the offending Friend from the meetings. Whereupon he obtained access to the cellar and one First Day morning during the silence of the meeting his voice was heard crying up through the radiator, "— Evans is a speckled bird."

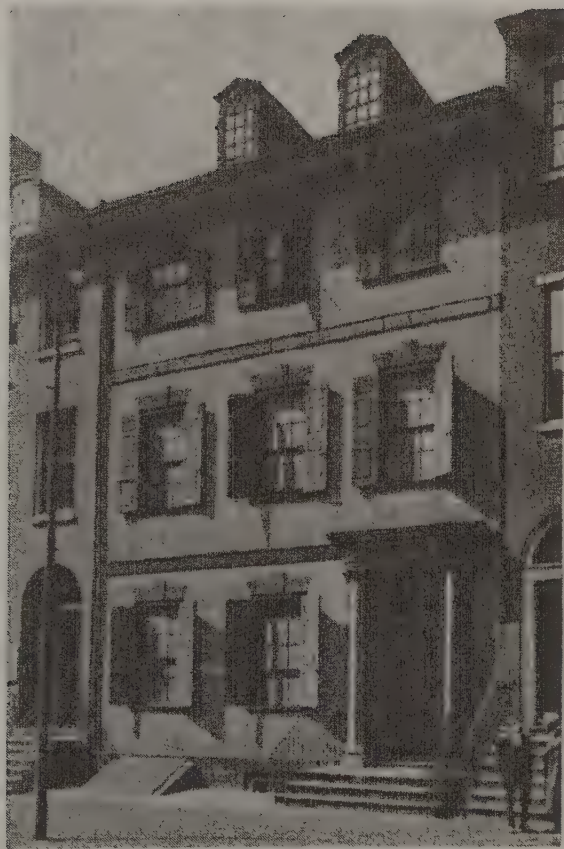
The Evans family were distinguished members of the Pine Street Meeting, near Front Street, where Dorothy Payne married James Todd. She afterward became the famous Dolly Madison, wife of President James Madison.

POWEL HOUSE
244 SOUTH THIRD STREET
POWEL—BARING—RAWLE



BARRING dingy and discoloured paint, Samuel Powel's house at 244 South Third Street shows the same front as when its distinguished owner lavishly entertained the notables of the country and eminent foreigners under its hospitable roof. A low flight of broad stone steps ascends to a wide pilastered doorway beyond which a spacious hall and staircase are open to view. Quaint turns and closets are at every hand. No expense that might contribute to elegance or comfort was spared when the house was built about 1769, and the doors of the rooms are of solid mahogany, while a rich mahogany wainscoting runs all the way up the staircase. The front is of unusual breadth and, as might be expected, the rooms are of dimensions far beyond the ordinary. The largest apartment in the house is the second-storey front chamber which was the ball-room in days gone by. In this state apartment, the overmantel was an exquisite piece of the wood-carver's art and represented a hunting scene above which were wrought armorial bearings in high relief. Delicately finished carving was also to be found in other parts of the house.

Round about were extensive grounds beautifully laid out, and in the garden was a profusion of lemon, orange, and citron trees along with other exotics, while the walks and alleys were adorned with costly statuary. When the



POWELL HOUSE, NUMBER 244 SOUTH THIRD STREET
Built c. 1764.

POWEL HOUSE

Powels lived there, in the whole square from Willing's Alley to Spruce Street, there were only three houses beside their own—that of Mr. Powel's brother-in-law, Thomas Willing, at the corner of Willing's Alley, the palatial dwelling of William Bingham, and the house of his wife's brother-in-law, Colonel William Byrd, of Westover in Virginia, that dour old gentleman whose sneering ghost still haunts the rooms of the stately southern manor house where he died by his own hand. The surrounding neighbourhood was considered the most fashionable in the city, and was regarded as the court end of town. Now, there is only a large backyard in place of the old garden, and much of the fine woodcarving within has been torn away, although the mahogany doors and wainscot remain to attest former magnificence.

Samuel Powel, born in 1738, was the grandson of the emigrant, Samuel Powell, who came to Philadelphia in 1685. He inherited a large fortune and after receiving the best education the city could afford, graduating from the College a Bachelor of Arts, he made an extended tour of Europe, where he and his friend, Doctor Morgan, met the Duke of York in Rome and were "often at conversations and assemblies with him." The Pope gave them an audience and they were introduced at the Court of the King of Sardinia. In England, where he was widely entertained, he spent much time, and also "had the honour of being presented to His Majesty."

Though a birthright member of the Society of Friends, he was baptised by the Reverend Richard Peters before his return from England and on reaching home became an active and prominent member of St. Peter's parish.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

He was a man of public spirit, took keen interest in the political life of the city and country, and held responsible offices, being elected a common councilman in 1770, alderman in 1774, and mayor in 1775. He was the last to hold that office under the old charter and the first to hold it under the new charter in 1789. From the fact that he was the last mayor under the royal government and the first under the republican, he is often referred to as the "Patriot Mayor."

Besides his interest in civil matters he was a man of literary and scientific attainments and a member of the American Philosophical Society. Of sound judgment and business ability, he was frequently consulted in matters of state and was intimately associated with General Washington, who was often a guest in his house.

During the British occupation of Philadelphia, the Earl of Carlisle, one of the English commissioners, had his quarters in Mr. Powel's house and in writing thence, on the eve of his departure, to a friend speaks in the most laudatory terms of the host upon whom he had been quartered. After some apologetic remarks about

coming into a gentleman's house without asking his leave, taking possession of all the best apartments and placing a couple of sentries at his door, using his plate, etc.,

he says of Mr. and Mrs. Powel,

I make him and his wife a visit every day, talking politics with them, and we are the best friends in the world. They are very agreeable, sensible people, and you would never be out of their company.



FIREPLACE AND OVER-MANTEL IN BEDCHAMBER OF POWEL HOUSE

POWEL HOUSE

Both before and after the Revolution, the Powel House was famous for its hospitality and both Mr. and Mrs. Powel were chiefly remembered for the lustre they shed on the city's social life. The many distinguished men who for official or other reasons visited Philadelphia from time to time, or were in residence here during the period when Philadelphia was the national Capital, were repeatedly their guests. While Washington was in attendance at the Constitutional Convention in 1787 and during his presidency, such entries in his diaries as the following are met with again and again:

Saturday, 9.—Dined at the Club at the City Tavern, drank tea and sat till 10 o'clock at Mr. Powel's.

Friday, 15.—Dined at Mr. Powel's and drank tea there.

The Father of his Country was not the only person to make a note of the Powel dinners. John Adams, who could always be trusted to chronicle duly anything that tickled his palate, licks his chops, so to speak, in his diary over Mayor Powel's dinners, and sets down a list of good things to eat almost as long as a detailed menu. Here is one of his diary entries:

September 8, Thursday.—Dined at Mr. Powel's with —— and many others; a most sinful feast again! everything which could delight the eye or allure the taste; curds and creams, jellies, sweetmeats of various sorts, twenty sorts of tarts, fools, trifles, floating islands, whipped sillibub &c., &c. Parmesan cheese, punch, wine, porter, beer, etc.

From this it may be seen that the Powel household fully sustained Philadelphia's reputation for good living.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Mrs. Powel, some years after her husband's death, sold the house in 1798 to her nephew, William Bingham, who deeded it next year to his daughter, Ann Bingham Baring. The Barings lived there but a short time and then the property passed to various owners, William Rawle among others.

RANDOLPH HOUSE
321 SOUTH FOURTH STREET
HILL—PHYSICK—RANDOLPH—KEITH



HE large house at 321 South Fourth Street, occupying with its high-walled garden all the space on the east side of the way between De Lancey Place and Union Street, always attracts attention by the beauty of the great fan-light over its door. It stands on what is known as the Old Almshouse Lot which included all the ground between Spruce and Pine Streets and Third and Fourth. In 1772 this tract was sold and Henry Hill, of Madeira wine fame, eventually became owner of that part now occupied by the house under consideration. Here he built, in 1786, and lived for some time.

About 1800 he rented the property to the McCalls, and it was here that General George McCall was born. In 1817 Doctor Philip Syng Physick bought the premises and from him the house has descended, through the Randolphys, to its present owner, Mrs. Charles Keith.

Doctor Physick has fitly been called the "father of American surgery." No man did more than he for the advancement of the science in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Born in 1768, he studied both here and in Scotland, returning in time to perform invaluable services during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1798 when, as resident-physician in charge of the plague hospital, established by the city authorities at Bush Hill,

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

the old Hamilton place, he distinguished himself by signal bravery and devotion.

Doctor Physick was pre-eminently a thinker and worker but not an author, and seems to have had an invincible repugnance to appearing in print. He stood for all that was highest and best in the profession he graced, both as lecturer at the University of Pennsylvania and practitioner, and was thoroughly typical of the old Philadelphia physician—a classical scholar, a man of broad general culture, as well as a master of medical science and, before all else, a gentleman in the truest sense, courteous, kindly, considerate, and self-sacrificing.

WHARTON HOUSE

336 SPRUCE STREET

LEWIS—FISHER—WHARTON



NUMBER 336 Spruce Street stands on what was originally the "Old Alms House Square" deeded July 6, 1767, by the Mayor and Commonalty of Philadelphia to the Contributors for the Relief and Employment of the Poor, and bounded by Third, Pine, Fourth and Spruce Streets, three hundred and ninety-six feet broad and four hundred and sixty-eight feet long. April 28, 1772, these deeded it to Edward Shippen. It was broken up and came through various hands to Samuel Pancoast, January 1, 1796. Samuel Pancoast, "House Carpenter," was of Mansfield Township, Burlington County, New Jersey, and it was he who built the brick house then numbered 180. On January 14, 1796, he conveyed it to Mordecai Lewis. Mordecai Lewis was descended from William Lewis of Glamorganshire, South Wales, who came to Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1686, where he resided until 1707. His son Evan was a prominent Friend and served in the Provincial Assembly from Chester from 1706 to 1719. Evan's younger son, Jonathan, removed to Philadelphia in 1747 and married Rachel, daughter of John Breintnall. Mordecai Lewis was the only son of this union and was a proficient student of the classics and a prominent merchant of the city. He was first a member of the firm of Neave, Harman & Lewis, shipowners and importers, then with Harman &

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

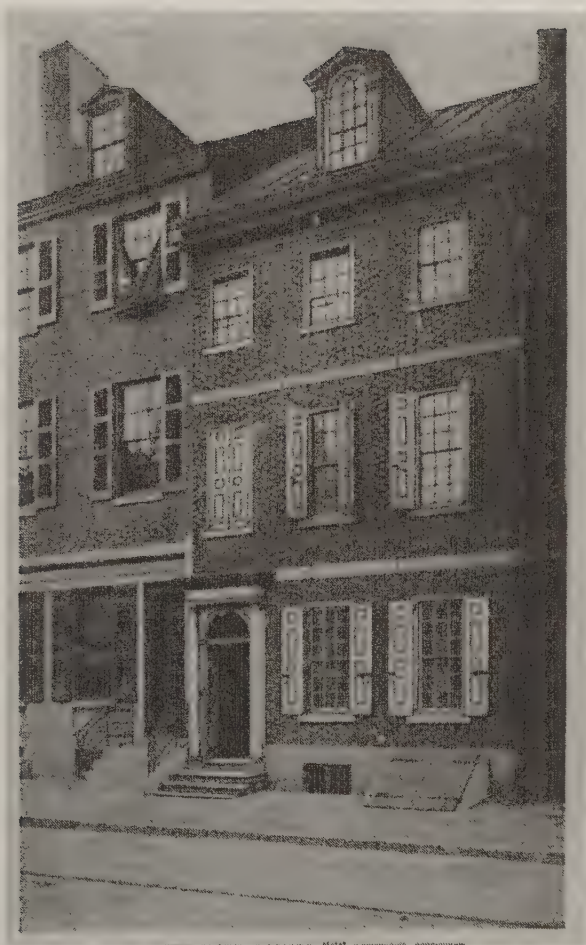
Lewis, and finally with Mordecai Lewis & Company, composed of William Bingham and himself, until William Bingham withdrew in 1794. They owned seven ships in the East India trade and did a large business. Mordecai Lewis's name appeared on much of the Continental currency issued by Congress in 1776. He was a member of the volunteer military company but never saw active service. His integrity and ability caused him to be chosen a director of the Bank of North America, the Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire, the Philadelphia Library, and the treasurer of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

The Philadelphia Contributionship is an ancient institution formed in April, 1752, by John Smith, Benjamin Franklin, Philip Syng, Samuel Rhoads, Hugh Roberts, Israel Pemberton, Jr., John Mifflin, and Joseph Morris. The announcement was

Notice is hereby given, That the INSURANCE OFFICE for Shipping and Houses is kept by Joseph Saunders at his House where Israel Pemberton Sen. lately lived near the Queen's Head in Water Street.

The scheme was an application of the Amicable Contributionship or Hand-in-Hand Fire Office of London and thus the four hands grasping each other's wrists were put on the seal and house-mark.

On his return from Europe in 1772, Mordecai Lewis married Hannah, daughter of Joseph Saunders, the keeper of the insurance office. He died March 13, 1799, beloved for his integrity, unobtrusive benevolence, and public service. The house was sold by his executors May



1872. The building was built by the city of New York.

WHARTON HOUSE

5, 1809, to his son, Samuel N. Lewis, who became a successful merchant as his father had been and was noted for his enlarged views and public spirit.

Samuel N. Lewis seems to have lived in the house until November 4, 1817, when it was conveyed to Samuel Rowland Fisher, a distinguished man and prominent Friend. Samuel Fisher was a merchant noted for his hospitality, charity, and sympathy for negroes and Indians. He was a member of his father's firm of Joshua Fisher & Son for whom he made several visits to England and became well known among Friends there. During the Revolution he had much trouble owing to his neutrality and consistent Friendly life. He was exiled to Virginia from 1777 until 1779 and was arrested for a letter to a business partner in New York which was considered inimical to the government. He was committed to gaol by Chief Justice McKean and refused bail because he was unwilling to acknowledge in any way the legality of his arrest.

He was held in close confinement in the "Old Gaol," tried, and twice declared not guilty, but the jury being sent out again, amid the clamour of the mob outside, returned a verdict of misprision and treason, so that he was sentenced to imprisonment during the war. A pardon was soon offered him but he refused it and suffered imprisonment for two years, finally being invited to leave without terms, so that he walked out of open doors with his health broken.

The old house was his wedding gift to his daughter, Deborah, who married William Wharton in 1817.

William Wharton was the son of Charles Wharton

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

and Hannah Redwood, who renounced the vanities and temptations of a worldly career and dedicated the powers of a cultivated intellect and of a most cordial and attractive character to the requirements of a religious life among Friends. He was a gentleman of genial wit and gracious dignity which matched well with his wife's charm and singular beauty. Their country house, Bellevue, near the Schuylkill River below Manayunk, was long the mecca for their friends and descendants.

Deborah Wharton became one of the most widely known ministers of the Society of Friends and visited many different parts of the country on behalf of Indian welfare. She was one of the earliest and most efficient managers of Swarthmore College, as a descendant in each generation has since been. Possessed of ample means, she gave liberally to philanthropic endeavours and was known to say that she could never afford to wear a silk dress. Her children were trained in domestic arts and also to work with their hands, and her genuine kindness, goodness, and strong intelligence were factors in their notable careers. Ten children were born on Spruce Street: Hannah, who married Robert Haydock; Rodman, who married Susanna D. Parrish; Sarah, who married Abraham Barker; Charles W., who married Mary Lovering; Joseph, who married Anna Corbit Lovering; Mary, who married Joseph D. Thurston; William, who married Anna Walter; Esther Fisher, who married Benjamin R. Smith; and Samuel and Anna, who died unmarried.

Of these Joseph Wharton became, perhaps, the most distinguished for learning, philanthropy, and commercial

WHARTON HOUSE

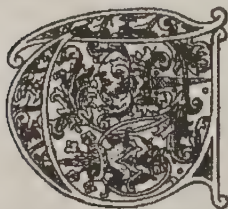
success. He was one of the most prominent and successful ironmasters of the United States, owner of the Bethlehem Steel Works and of similar undertakings elsewhere. He was the founder of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy at the University of Pennsylvania, a liberal benefactor, and for many years the president of the board of managers of Swarthmore College and a prominent member of the Society of Friends.

Upon his mother's death in 1888, the house on Spruce Street came to him and is still owned by his estate. It is in good condition and beside the beautiful doorway is the ancient foot-scraper and the sloping outside cellar door. Back in the side yard is a trellis for vines reaching to the top of the house and upon this young Charles Wharton was wont to display his agility to the dismay of his anxious nurse. On each anniversary of Deborah Wharton's birth after the seventy-ninth, she received her family and friends and at one time there were four generations represented.

The house is the one well-preserved abode upon Society Hill where the quality of the city lived and prom-
enaded in Colonial days.

WISTAR HOUSE

SOUTHWEST CORNER FOURTH AND LOCUST (PRUNE) STREETS
SHIPPEN—WISTAR—TYSON

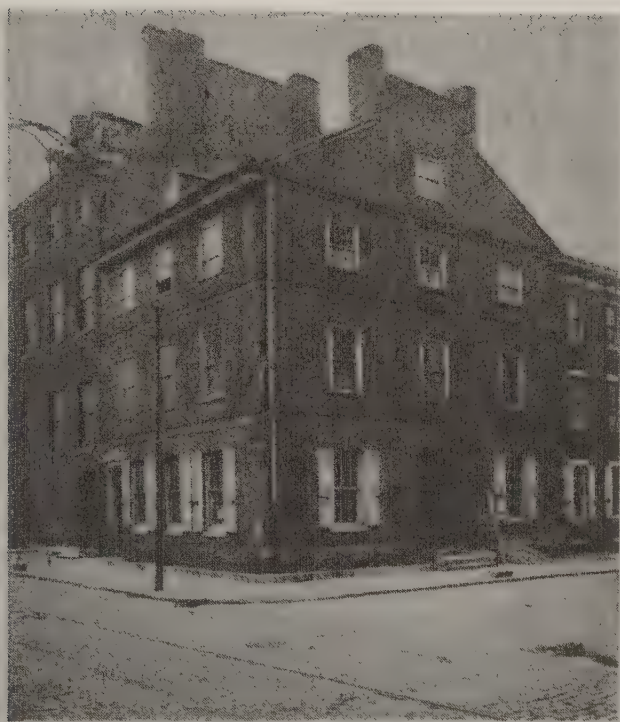


HE black and red brick house at the southwest corner of Fourth and Locust Streets was built about 1750 and in both the Colonial period and the early part of the nineteenth century was the scene of much hospitality and entertaining. Here, for a time, lived Doctor William Shippen, the most talented member of his family, perhaps, who married Alice Lee, the daughter of Thomas Lee, of Virginia, and sister of Richard Henry and Arthur Lee. This was only one of the many marriages that wove a web of relationship between the Colonial families of Philadelphia and the county families of Virginia and Maryland, a connexion that is too frequently ignored.

Doctor Shippen's alliance with the Lees made his house the natural centre and resort of most of the Virginia aristocracy, who came to Philadelphia in great numbers when the city was the seat of the national government. During the winters of those years there was an endless succession of balls, dinners, routs, and all manner of gaieties and dissipation.

Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. Robert Morris gave the most elaborate and sumptuous dinners. Mrs. Adams writes:

I should spend a very dissipated winter if I were to accept one-half the invitations I receive, particularly to the routs or tea-and-cards.



WISTAR HOUSE, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF FOURTH AND PRUNE (LOCUST)
APPROXIMATELY 1880-1885

WISTAR HOUSE

One man writing to a friend abroad says:

You have never seen anything like the frenzy which has seized upon the inhabitants here; they have been half mad ever since this city became the seat of government; there is no limit to their prodigality and . . . might say, profligacy. The probability is that some families will find they cannot support their dinners, suppers, and losses at too great a while.

Speaking of the frequent tea-drinkings, an amusing incident, illustrative of the customs of the time, occurred at the house of Mrs. Robert Morris upon the occasion of the Chevalier de la Luzerne taking the Prince de Broglie into that hospitable household. The Prince writes:

Monsieur de la Luzerne conducted me to the house of Mrs. Morris to tea. I partook of most excellent tea, and I should be even now drinking it, I believe, if the Ambassador had not charitably notified me at the twelfth cup that I must put my spoon across it when I wished to finish with this sort of warm water. He said to me: "It is almost as ill-bred to refuse a cup of tea when it is offered to you as it would be for the mistress of the house to propose a fresh one when the ceremony of the spoon has notified her that we no longer wish to partake of it."

In 1799, Doctor Caspar Wistar moved into the house and continued to live there until his death in 1818. From the time Doctor Wistar took up his residence there it became a centre from which hospitality radiated. Thither flocked the most eminent citizens, men of note in every professional and scientific walk of life, and thither also gladly came the most distinguished visitors to the city, attracted one and all by the magnetism of Doctor

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Wistar's remarkable traits of character and his genius for intellectual leadership. As a result of this affectionate homage by his friends, on the one side, and the genial doctor's courteous and unfailing hospitality on the other, grew up one of Philadelphia's most cherished institutions, the Wistar Parties.

They originated, it seems, in the following manner. As Doctor Wistar was extremely busy with the professional duties incident to an extensive practice and as, in addition to this, the chair he held at the University of Pennsylvania made heavy demands upon his time, his leisure moments were necessarily limited. It was generally understood, however, that he was at home on Sunday evenings and his friends fell into the habit of dropping in when they were reasonably sure of finding him. As the years passed, these weekly gatherings became a regular institution, the same group of friends meeting week after week at Doctor Wistar's house at the southwest corner of Fourth and Locust Streets, or Prune Street as the latter was then called.

Doctor Wistar's close association with the Philosophical Society made his house the rallying-point of all the choicest spirits in the learned world and, in time, there came to be an approximate identity between the personnel of the smaller organisation for weekly social intercourse and that of the larger and world-famous scientific body, the Philosophical Society, of which Philadelphia has just cause to be proud.

In 1811, the night of meeting was changed from Sunday evening to Saturday, and the refreshments, which had hitherto been of the simplest, being merely wine and cake,

WISTAR HOUSE

became more elaborate by the addition of ice creams, raisins, and almonds. The terrapin and oyster decadence had not yet set in. The number of guests usually ranged between ten and fifty and the regular *habitues* had the privilege of bringing whom they would. Invitations began to be sent out in October or November and continued till March or April.

After Doctor Wistar's death in 1818, a few of his more intimate friends, who had been in the habit of attending at first the Sunday and then the Saturday gatherings for many years previously, determined to continue their accustomed meetings and retain the name of "Wistar Parties" out of a warm regard for the memory of the originator. It was at this time that membership in the Philosophical Society became a requisite for eligibility for the Wistar Parties. The meetings under the new régime were held during the winter every year till the outbreak of the Civil War put an end, for the time being, to all the former wholesome conviviality.

It was not until 1886 that the Wistar Parties were resumed. Ancient traditions, however, have been loyally adhered to save in the matter of the viands now set before the Wistarians, in which respect, early simplicity has yielded to a desire for more bountiful provision of tempting cates. It is safe to say that all or nearly all the most distinguished visitors to the city, whether from our own country or beyond the sea, have been invited to attend the Wistar Parties and they have all been enthusiastic in their praise of the hospitality shown them. Not a few of them, including Thackeray, have recorded in print their impressions of these symposia of wit and wisdom.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Among the noted guests who made either regular or occasional visits to Doctor Wistar's house, as the circumstances of their being or not being residents of the city permitted, may be mentioned the great naturalist, Baron von Humboldt, and the botanist Bonpland, who visited Philadelphia in 1804, Captain Riley of Arab fame, the witty Abbé Correa de Serra, John Vaughan, Samuel Breck, Doctor Benjamin Rush, Chief Justice Tilghman, John Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary, Peter Du Ponceau, and a host of other celebrities whose names are a sufficient guarantee of the brilliance of these gatherings.

MORRIS HOUSE

235 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET
REYNOLDS—DUNKIN—MORRIS

NLMOST the only one of the really notable old houses in the city that has not in some way been abandoned to business purposes or at last made into a lodging house for immigrants is the Morris House at 225 South Eighth Street. Built in Flemish bond of alternating red stretcher and black header bricks, the doorway set between delicately fluted and quilled pilasters is surmounted by a pediment of excellent proportions and chaste design, while on one of the narrow double doors a brass nameplate bears the name of Morris, the letters of which have been almost obliterated by brass polish and the elbow-grease bestowed by generations of housemaids. On each side of the door are two windows, while on the second and third floors are ranges of five windows, all with small panes and broad sash-bars. To the front wall is affixed the old Contributionship insurance badge.

The lock inside the door is massive enough for a gaol and the key looks as though it might belong to the Tower of London. Straight through the house runs a hallway to a door opposite the entrance, opening into a garden full of box-bushes and rose trees and old-fashioned flowers. It is a veritable oasis in the surrounding desert of city bricks and mortar. To the right of the door, on entering, is the parlour; to the left, the library, and back

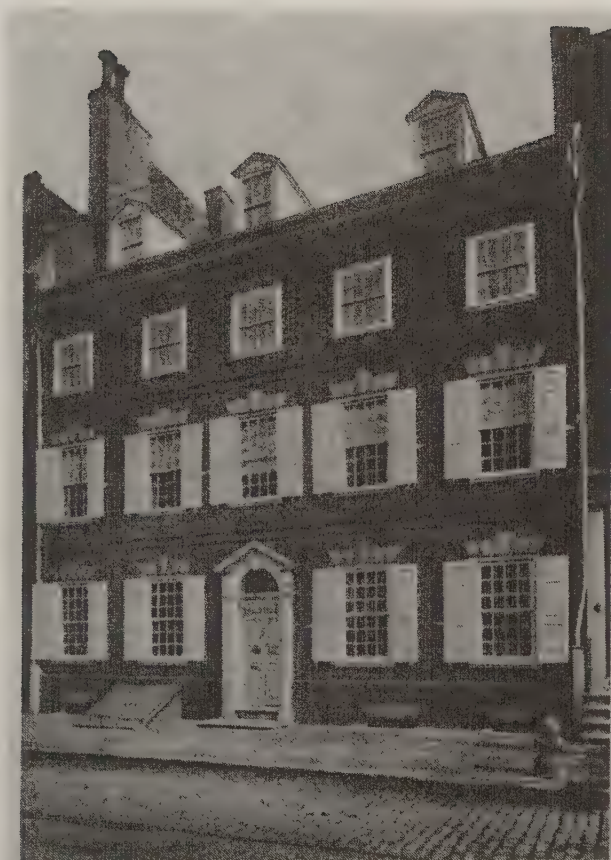
COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

of that the dining-room, while to the rear of the dining-room, in an ell extension, are the kitchens.

The house was built in 1786 by John Reynolds, was sold in course of time by the sheriff to Ann Dunkin, and finally was purchased from her in 1817 by Luke Wistar Morris, the son of Captain Samuel Morris, since which time it has passed by inheritance from one occupant to another until it has come to the present owner, Mrs. Israel Wistar Morris. The Morris family in all its branches seems always to have possessed the fortunate habit of never throwing anything away and, at the same time, the equally happy attribute of keeping everything in order. Consequently one might say that the house is a veritable museum of Wistar and Morris heirlooms. Every bit of old furniture and china has been carefully preserved and its history kept fresh at the same time. Among other cherished objects dutifully treasured there is the celebrated Tally-Ho punch-bowl, presented to Captain Samuel Morris by the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club.

The house in which Captain Samuel Morris lived at 65 South Second Street is still standing, but has been so altered for mercantile purposes that it seems better to speak of him in connexion with his son's house, which has remained, in every respect, characteristic of the life of Colonial and post-Colonial days, and where so many things connected with his personal use are preserved.

Captain Samuel Morris was a man of singularly amiable personality and one of the best-known and best-beloved citizens of his generation. This was equally true of him in his public capacity and in his social relations. An excellent horseman, a keen sportsman delighting in



MORRIS HOUSE, NUMBER 225 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET
Built by John Reynolds, 1780

MORRIS HOUSE

all outdoor recreations, his inclinations led him to assist in forming the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, of which he was president until his death in 1812. He was also, for a term of forty-odd years, Governour of the "Colony in Schuylkill."

His association with the first-named organisation is of very general interest because it brings out clearly the fox-hunting side of old Philadelphia life and at the same time calls attention to a striking bit of City Troop history. Philadelphia has always clung tenaciously to the manners and customs of the mother country—among them fox hunting, dear alike to hearts of the English country gentry and to the hearts of their descendants on this side of the Atlantic and, outside of Virginia and Maryland, it has always centred around Philadelphia.

On the 29th of October, in the year 1766, a number of gentlemen of Philadelphia and of Gloucester County in West Jersey met together at the Philadelphia Coffee House at the corner of Front and Market Streets for the purpose of organising a fox-hunting club. They each agreed to subscribe five pounds, current money, for the maintenance of a kennel and pack and for defraying other incidental expenses. It was decided that as soon as a sufficient number of gentlemen had subscribed, another meeting should be held, when rules and regulations should be adopted as might be agreeable. Accordingly, on December 15, a second meeting was held and rules adopted, among them one rather quaint regulation providing:

That at the death of every fox, one of the company shall carry about a cap to collect what the company may please to give the huntsman.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

The name fixed upon for the organisation was the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, and the clubhouse and kennels were to be at Gloucester, in West Jersey, as this was an eminently convenient point of meeting, both for the members from Philadelphia and for the members from Jersey, of whom there were not a few. On the roll of the Gloucester Hunt, that forerunner of our more modern organisations, were the names of many who afterward became famous in the history of our country and are regarded as the most estimable men of their day and generation.

These merry gentlemen used to meet at first twice, afterward once, a week at William Hugg's Inn, Gloucester Point Ferry, New Jersey, or at the company's kennel on the banks of the Delaware near this point. They would set forth in the keen frosty air, after an early breakfast, and with the aid of their faithful hounds, Ringwood or Slouch, Tippler or Tuneall, Bumper or Sweet Lips, Singwell or Doxy, Droner, Toper, Bowler or Bellman, or a dozen others bearing equally suggestive names, would pursue puss over field and hedge, through woodland or marsh, till, sometimes late in the day, they would run the wily object of the chase to earth, and then would come the task of digging out in order to secure the brush for which all had laboured so diligently.

We may form some notion of the appearance of the Provincial hunters as they took the field from the following description of the hunting uniform of the club as noted in 1774. It consisted of "a dark brown cloth coat, with lapels, dragoon pockets, white buttons and frock sleeves, buff waistcoat and buff breeches, and a

MORRIS HOUSE

black velvet cap." Thus equipped they followed the music of the pack, and after the chase sat down with sharpened appetites to a "bountiful hunting dinner, flowing bowls of governour and sparkling goblets of Madeira," joyful in the display of the brush, and frequently two or three, as trophies, and cheerful in a sense of jovial fellowship in a noble sport.

The fox hunting of the Philadelphia gentlemen was not confined to the Jerseys, for we find frequent mention of hunts held at places in both Chester and Delaware Counties. Jacob Hiltzheimer, who saw most of the sporting side of Philadelphia life in his time, makes note in his diary of fox hunts which occurred with considerable frequency at Darby, Tinicum, and even within present city limits, for on December 12, 1767, a fox was dropped at Centre Woods (where City Hall now stands), "which," he says, "afforded an agreeable ride after the hounds till dark. The fox ran up a tree on the Schuylkill side, and when Levi Hollingsworth climbed up after him, it jumped down and was killed." For such a clever and unique performance one almost regrets that it was not allowed to go free. No doubt it would have afforded an equally agreeable chase again.

When the dispute with Great Britain was waxing hotter and hotter, Captain Samuel Morris and a number of his fox-hunting friends were in sympathy with the popular feeling even to the point of preparing for resistance by arms and when the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, the oldest military organisation in Pennsylvania and in the United States, was organised in November, 1774, out of a membership of twenty-six no less

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

than twenty-two were members of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club. It appears indisputably, on inspection of records, that the troop originated in, and was chiefly composed of and officered by, the fox-hunting gentlemen of the Gloucester Club and members of the old Schuylkill Fishing and Fowling Company; many of the sporting gentlemen on the muster rolls, it seems, belonged at that time to both associations.

The officers first chosen were captain, Abraham Markoe; first lieutenant, Andrew Allen; second lieutenant, Samuel Morris; cornet, James Mease. Captain Markoe, being a Danish subject and hence forbidden by the edict of King Christian VIII, of October, 1775, from engaging in the war against Great Britain, resigned his commission and Samuel Morris was elected in his stead.

Before his resignation, Captain Markoe presented the troop with a silken standard of thirteen stripes. This fixes the date of the manufacture in 1775 and prior to the Union flag raising at Cambridge. Rear Admiral Preble in his "History of the Flags of the United States" says:

The earliest known instance of the thirteen stripes being used upon an American banner, is found upon a standard presented to the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse in 1775 . . . it is possible, that it may have suggested to him [General Washington] the striped Union flag at Cambridge six months later.

Throughout the Revolutionary struggle, Samuel Morris served with distinction both as captain of the City Troop, and, in his individual capacity as a member of the Committee of Safety in 1775, as a special agent for

MORRIS HOUSE

General Washington with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, as a justice of the peace and as a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly from 1781 to 1788.

At some time prior to 1797, the members of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club presented Captain Morris with the handsome china punch-bowl already referred to, on one side of which a huntsman is taking a fence while on the other his long-necked barb is jumping a ditch. Captain Morris always retained his love for outdoor sports and when too infirm to ride on horseback he often appeared at the meets of the Gloucester Hunt riding in a chaise.

It was not until five years after Captain Samuel Morris's death that his son, Luke Wistar Morris, bought and moved into the house on Eighth Street, but the punch-bowl of the foregoing story and so many other personal mementos of the captain are there preserved so that the place seems instinct with his presence and the connexion is appropriate.

BONAPARTE HOUSE
280 SOUTH NINTH STREET
MEANY—PRICE—POTTER—JAMES



PHILADELPHIA has ever offered a safe and peaceful asylum to refugees of whatever rank or condition, regardless of creed or the country of their birth. In consequence, not a few engaging characters, with strange and thrilling histories back of them, have walked her streets, sometimes as merely passing visitors, sometimes as abiding guests. One of the most picturesque of all these august personages was Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's elder brother, who, when he had in turn worn the crowns of Naples and Spain, came here an exile after the erstwhile master of Europe had paid at Waterloo the reckoning of his overvaulting ambition.

The ex-king of Naples and Spain found awaiting him the cordial and kindly reception his countrymen had always met with in the City of Penn. He reached Philadelphia under the title of Comte de Survilliers, a name by which he usually chose to be known during his residence here, in September, 1815, at about the same time as a number of other eminent Bonapartist refugees. At his very arrival he experienced an act of signal consideration and urbanity that made a fitting prelude to the cordial attitude invariably shown toward him by his American neighbours whether at Philadelphia or Bordentown. Henry Clay had just returned from his mission to Ghent, and the Mansion House was full to overflowing with his

BONAPARTE HOUSE

entourage of friends and servants. He, however, courteously vacated some of his apartments that the ex-monarch might be accommodated.

Joseph Bonaparte, or the Comte de Survilliers as we shall call him, rented from Chandler Price the house at 260 South Ninth Street as a city residence. This house, though not Colonial, is of early date and is included among the Colonial Homes because of its interesting history. It was built about 1812 by a Captain Meany, who became involved a few years later in financial difficulties and sold it to Chandler Price shortly before the coming of the Comte de Survilliers. Not wishing to live there himself, Chandler Price rented the property to the count, who proceeded to furnish it magnificently.

The front door at the side of the house, if one may be pardoned the Hibernianism, opens into a wide hallway, to the east of which, looking out on Ninth Street, is a small breakfast-room. All the rest of the front part of the house is taken up by a large drawing-room. Back of the drawing-room is the dining-room, an apartment of most ample dimensions, big enough to hold a regiment. The paper that the Count had made for himself still hangs on the walls. The cartoons, representing scenes from the story of the amours of Cupid and Psyche, were taken from the designs executed by the artist David upon a commission given him by Napoleon. They retain their beauty to-day in almost pristine freshness. Some of the Count's furniture from his estate at Borden-town stands in this room. The windows facing west open on a broad verandah overlooking the garden. The kitchen is in the basement and there are no back build-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

ings. His house was always open to all Bonapartists and became a gathering-place for them, although as a rule he seemed to enjoy, particularly in his country homes, "the elegant seclusion of a private gentleman so much more than he had the cares and honours of royalty."

For a summer place, in 1816, he rented Lansdowne from the Bingham, who had bought it from the Penns. Here he was a near neighbour to Samuel Breck of Sweet Briar, who recorded some of his impressions of the eminent refugee in his "Recollections." He notes in his diary on April 21, 1816:

Farmer Bones, who keeps the key of Lansdowne House, had another opportunity of seeing Joseph today and ventured to ask him to his house to take a drink of cider. Joseph went in, took a chair, and after drinking praised it much, inquiring where Bones bought it.

A little over a year later, in conversation with Miss Rush, he learned from her that she had dined not long since at Joseph Bonaparte's or rather had a second dinner there, "for the ex-king's hours were breakfast at eleven o'clock and dinner at eight o'clock." From this it is quite plain that the Count did not adopt Philadelphia hours for meals, as dinner somewhere about two o'clock or three was the order of the day. Supper was at seven or sometimes tea was at six and a hot supper was served at nine at night. Some years after this Breck notes:

I met Joseph Bonaparte in the street yesterday. His appearance is that of a very plain country gentleman. I thought one of the nine servants he brought from England might have brushed his hat, which looked rather shabby.

BONAPARTE HOUSE

He was elsewhere described as "a short, muscular, amiable country gentleman," so that the rusticity of his mien seems to have impressed more than one person.

After several years Chandler Price rented the house to John Potter, an English merchant, who subsequently purchased the property. Thereupon the Comte de Survilliers then rented from Stephen Girard a house at the southeast corner of Twelfth and Market Streets, formerly occupied by several of the French ministers. At Bordentown Bonaparte bought for himself—the Pennsylvania authorities would not consent to his purchasing property in this State—an estate called Point Breeze on the river bank, and spent a great sum in building and planting.

Mrs. Potter for a short time after her husband's death rented number 260 South Ninth Street to the Philadelphia Club before it moved into its present quarters. She afterward returned and her family have lived there ever since. It is occupied now by her granddaughter, Mrs. Walter James.

PROVOST SMITH'S HOUSE

NORTHEAST CORNER FOURTH AND ARCH STREETS



At the northeast corner of Fourth and Arch Streets stands a house whose patrician mien compels regard. Dingy though it be, shorn of its glory, and given over to ends of traffic, it arrests the eye and prompts a question anent its story. In 1760 the University of Pennsylvania had it built for the use of its provosts, the first of that honourable line, and the first to dwell there, being the Reverend William Smith, Doctor of Divinity. It was in this same house, nearly a hundred years later, that James Russell Lowell, then living in Philadelphia, took lodgings for himself and his bride.

From the time of his arrival on the Philadelphia stage of events in 1751, Doctor Smith played a prominent part in both the social and political life of Colony and State and was unceasingly and aggressively active in the interests of the Church and education. His pamphlet, "The College of Mirania," dealing with educational matters, attracted favourable attention and, in 1754, not long after his arrival in America, he was chosen to preside over the College and Academy of Philadelphia. To his intelligence, energy, and activity in its behalf its immediate and great success was mainly due. He visited England on several occasions and solicited aid for the infant institution, returning with substantial contributions. His efforts for the College and Academy were unwearying and his zeal for any worthy public or philanthropic



HANCOCK HOUSE. DOORWAY OF NUMBER
321 SOUTH FOURTH STREET



HOUSE OF REV. WILLIAM SMITH, D.D., FIRST PROVOST
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, NORTH-
EAST CORNER OF FOURTH AND ARCH STREETS
James Russell Lowell brought his bride here in 1844

PROVOST SMITH'S HOUSE

cause fully employed his splendid equipment of mental and physical powers.

Apart from his ecclesiastical and educational interests, he pursued scientific investigations, was most active in the formation of the American Philosophical Society, edited the "American Magazine," speculated in lands, and took an active part in politics. In fact, there were few of the affairs of the Province in which his voice was not heard or his hand felt. Not only of an active and resourceful genius, but of a combative and determined disposition as well, in the accomplishment of the ends he was pursuing, it is not to be wondered at that he aroused antagonisms nor that his enemies seized the opportunity to attack him when they could. A happy combination of militant instinct and good judgement, however, generally brought him out on top.

Attached by personal and political sympathy to the Proprietary party, he cordially disliked the Quakers who controlled the Assembly, and the German sectaries whose support enabled them to do it. In 1758 Doctor Smith and Judge Moore of Moore Hall were imprisoned at the instance of the Assembly and kept in gaol for three months or more—Judge Moore, because of his published attack upon that body, the final event in a contention of three years' standing, and Doctor Smith, because of his alleged aid in the preparation of the obnoxious document. As they were unjustly imprisoned they refused to make a defence and were eventually released.

Doctor Smith was not idle during this period of confinement. His classes came to him in gaol, where he lectured to them as usual, and he was also busied with a

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

matter of serious moment to his future happiness—his courtship. Miss Rebecca Moore visited her father constantly, and a previous acquaintance between herself and Doctor Smith, through the medium of kinship in misfortune, grew into a mutually tender affection that resulted in their betrothal. After the release of Judge and Provost, the wedding was celebrated at Moore Hall.

Doctor Smith went to England to prosecute an appeal to the Crown and had the satisfaction of procuring "His Majesty's high displeasure" to be "announced to the Assembly at their unwarrantable behaviour in assuming power that did not belong to them, and invading the royal prerogative and the liberties of the people." Doctor Smith continued at the head of the College till the Revolution, when the Assembly, with the memory of "His Majesty's high displeasure" and the cause of it still ranking, ousted him and proceeded to some ill-advised and unjust legislation regarding the institution, reversed in large measure, however, in 1789, through Doctor Smith's efforts.

In addition to the town house, Doctor Smith had an estate of his own at the Falls of Schuylkill where he lived almost entirely during his last years. This house of curious design, called at the time of its erection, "Smith's Folly," is still standing near Queen Lane and the Ridge Road, though much altered. Doctor Smith was known to be fond of a good dinner and once, when he reproved one, Godfrey Shronk, for fishing at the Falls on Sunday, the fisherman promptly replied, "Doctor, if your Sunday dinner were at the bottom of the Schuylkill, you would be very apt to fish for it whether it were Sunday

PROVOST SMITH'S HOUSE

or not." The Doctor had no further objection to offer after that home thrust.

After an eventful and most useful life, Doctor Smith died in 1808 at the house of his son, William Moore Smith, at the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets whither he had been removed from the Falls by his daughter-in-law.

Connected with the childhood of this same daughter-in-law, who was Ann Rudolph, the daughter of Colonel Jacob Rudolph, of Darby, a most interesting story is told and the tangible mementos of the occurrence are still carefully treasured in the family. Her father had given her a calf which in time had attained to cowhood and was a great pet. When the British troops were encamped in the neighbourhood, Cornwallis's soldiers drove off the Rudolph cows and with them Ann's pet. Filled with rage and indignation, Mistress Ann, then aged twelve or thirteen, went straightway to the British camp and demanded to see Lord Cornwallis. She was led to his tent and on seeing him she exclaimed, "I want my cow!" His lordship spoke kindly to her and enquired whether she hadn't a father or brothers who could have come for the cow. "My father is fighting against you and you have him shut up in prison in Philadelphia," she answered with flashing eyes. Further enquiries brought the information that her brothers were all busied in the same cause. Lord Cornwallis, pleased at her spirit, sent the cow back with a soldier to drive it and as the little maid was leaving, he stooped down, took off his knee-buckles set with brilliants, and gave them to her for a token, so he said, "to remember a British officer by."

THE WOODLANDS

BLOCKLEY TOWNSHIP, WEST PHILADELPHIA
HAMILTON



HE Schuylkill's banks were once a veritable paradise. This it is easy enough to believe of the part of the river that flows through Fairmount Park, but it takes a good stretch of the imagination to picture to oneself that portion of the stream below Callowhill Street bridge as ever possessed of alluring sylvan characteristics. Before factories, wharves, and gas-works blemished its shores, however, heart could not wish a fairer spot than the rolling ground that extended all the way to the borders of the reedy marshes near the mouth. So, at any rate, it seems, thought the Colonial worthies who built their countryseats overlooking its waters as they wound by, to lose themselves in the distance amid beds of rushes and sedgy flats that well-nigh conceal the entrance and caused the early Dutch explorers to bestow the name "Schuylkill" meaning "Hidden River."

Below the Market Street bridge, the site of the old "Middle Ferry," the nearest Colonial mansion still standing, built on one of the highest points of the west bank, is the Woodlands, the countryseat of the Hamilton family, from whom a part of West Philadelphia, east of Fortieth Street and south of Market, took its name of "Hamilton Village." The grounds of the Woodlands long since became a cemetery, but the old name remained with a new association, far different from that to which the

THE WOODLANDS

gay society of a century ago was accustomed. The house itself, one of the noblest of a period when they were wont to build nobly, now contains the offices of the cemetery company and shelters the family of the superintendent.

Like so many of the old houses, the Woodlands has no back nor front, or rather, to be more accurate, we should say it has two fronts and no back. Architects in the eighteenth century thought it not necessary to make a great parade of the scullery and kitchen arrangements and, for the most part, kept them well out of sight. Their existence, however, was fully proved by the excellent and bountiful dinners that came thence.

Across the north front at regular intervals are six Ionic pilasters above whose tops runs an elaborately ornamented cornice, the whole surmounted by a pediment. Before the house is a low and broad paved terrace filling the space between the semi-circular bays that project from the ends of the building. Between the two middle pilasters, a round arched doorway with a fan-light opens into the hall. On the south or river front a flight of steps ascends to a lofty white-pillared portico from which a door opens directly into the oval-shaped ball-room, once the scene of many a brilliant social gathering.

The Hamiltons were noted for their entertaining and both at the Woodlands and Bush Hill, the latter their town house of which nothing is left but the memory and the seldom-heard name of the adjacent neighbourhood, lavish hospitality was extended to the numerous guests whom it pleased them to honour. The land comprised in the Woodlands estate came into the possession of the family in 1785, being purchased by Andrew Hamilton, the first

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

of his race in America. Not long afterward, a house was built thereon which was occupied by the second Andrew, who in turn was succeeded by his son William.

Before the Revolution this first house made way for the present spacious and elegant structure which was more in keeping with the luxurious tastes and manner of life of its builder, the William Hamilton just mentioned. The walls within were hung with valuable paintings and in the library were shelves well furnished with the choicest books, for the master of the Woodlands was a man of catholic interests and withal something of a connoisseur. Extensive gardens surrounded the house and contained an extraordinary collection of exotic trees and plants as well as an abundant collection of such native North American plants and shrubs as could stand the Philadelphia winters. There was a greenhouse whose front, including the hothouses on each side, measured one hundred and forty feet. When Hamilton was in England after the Revolution, his letters to his secretary show the utmost solicitude about all his plants and sometimes there is evidence of considerable irritation because the secretary does not remember or, at any rate, does not tell all the minutiae of every plant on the place. William Hamilton was a born gardener; his secretary was not. This visit to England proved a great incentive to his gardening activities and on his return he redoubled his efforts to make the grounds of the Woodlands second to none and succeeded. He it was who introduced the Ginkgo tree and the Lombardy poplar into America, besides many other plants.

William Hamilton loved display, kept a retinue of



THE WOODLANDS, BLACKLEY
Built by William Rosalton, c. 1770

THE WOODLANDS

servants, and maintained a splendour of style that quite eclipsed the domestic arrangements of most of his neighbours. This he could well afford to do for he was one of the wealthiest men of his day. When he drove abroad he commonly went in a chariot-and-four and postillion boys in livery. He was fond of giving dinner parties and always surrounded his well-laden board with an assemblage of eminent men of various professions in addition to the usual coterie of social celebrities. Sunday was one of his favourite days for dinner giving and many were the notable gatherings that took place on Sunday afternoons in spring, summer, and autumn. Thursday was also another day always associated with Woodlands parties.

In 1762 when he graduated at the Academy of Philadelphia—that was before the present house was built—he gave a fête for his college friends, among whom were men afterward prominently known in the affairs of the State and Nation as Judge Yeates, Judge Peters, Mr. Dickinson Sergeant, the Reverend Doctor John Andrews and Bishop White. This is probably the first University class dinner of which we have any record.

When the Revolution broke out William Hamilton at first espoused the patriot side and raised a regiment in the neighbourhood of the Woodlands. He was, however, opposed to a complete break with the mother country and upon the Declaration of Independence he resigned his commission. After the British evacuation of Philadelphia he was arrested for high treason, charged with assisting the British troops. Notwithstanding the ran-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

corous zeal of his ancestors, he was acquitted and allowed to remain in possession of his estates.

Until the time of William Hamilton's death in 1811, the Woodlands remained one of the most notable seats about the city. Additions were constantly being made to the collections both within the house and in the gardens. Even after his death, and until the estate passed from the hands of the family and heirs and was converted into a place of sepulture, it retained not a little of its wonted charm and state.

William Hamilton of the Woodlands was a nephew of Governour James Hamilton to whom William Hallam and his Old American Company made application to be allowed to open a theatre and give a series of plays in Philadelphia. Further than granting this permission, the Hamiltons had no particular connexion with the city's theatrical history except that they were always interested patrons and fautors of progress and art in whatever form. No better opportunity than this, however, will offer to touch upon a subject that played an important part in the social life of the period in which the Hamiltons figured largely.

In 1749 an abortive attempt had been made by a band of strolling players to give dramatic productions in Philadelphia. Pursuant to the permission granted, the drama was really introduced in Philadelphia in April, 1754, in a storehouse on Water Street near Pine, belonging to Mr. William Plumstead. Despite the storm of opposition on the part of the Friends and the stricter sort among the sects, this building was secured and fitted up as a theatre and the company started its run of twenty-four plays

THE WOODLANDS

with their attendant afterpieces, having previously given their assurance that they would offer "nothing indecent and immoral." The first performance consisted of "The Fair Penitent" followed by "Miss in Her Teens." The venture was so great a success that the authorities extended the time beyond the limit at first set for the stay of the troupe.

The forebears of modern theatre-goers paid for their amusement at the following rates in 1754:

Box, six shillings; pit, four shillings; and gallery, two shillings, six pence.

The performances began at six o'clock, as the players deemed "it would be a great inconvenience" to keep their patrons out late. When the play was over, link-boys and servants were waiting to light their masters and mistresses home. If the weather was wet and the walking bad, the fine ladies and gentlemen, who had just been regaled by the art of the Thespians, were obliged to wend their way gingerly on clogs and mud-pattens at the imminent risk of spoiling their silks and satins.

Years after this, when the old Southwark Theatre was in the heyday of its glory, the mud and water in bad weather were serious obstacles to those attending the plays, carriages were very frequently stuck in the mire, and on one occasion, General Washington had to wait an hour after the play before his coach could get to the door. Pedestrians had to walk on planks laid to the door of the theatre, and at last, when a brick pavement was laid from Lombard Street, its advent was hailed with delight.

The first theatre in Philadelphia, purposely erected for the exhibition of plays, stood at the southwest corner of Vernon and South or Cedar Streets, and was opened in 1759 by David Douglass, the manager of the American company started by the Hallams. A few years later, in 1766, the first theatre at South

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

and Vernon Streets proving too small, another was built in South Street above Fourth, and this old Southwark or South Street Theatre continued a fashionable place of amusement long after the new theatre in Chestnut Street was opened in 1794.

An amusing incident showing the rancorous anti-theatrical spirit of some, even after the theatre was fully established, comes to light in a letter to the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of 1768. The correspondent (he was not a Friend) feels deeply outraged because, a few evenings previous to his communication, being invited out to tea with a company, to most of whom he was an entire stranger, one of the gentlemen present had generously bestowed tickets for the play upon all who were there. Being a stranger, he had accepted the ticket out of complaisance, but was determined not to use it. The company was much embarrassed about using the tickets, for some of them had been minded to go to St. Paul's Church that evening to hear a sermon. It was finally agreed to settle the question, whether they should hear a sermon or see a play, by drawing cards. The result was in favour of the theatre. The scandalised correspondent, having no taste for such exhibitions, and being too good to go to such an infamous place, with rare generosity bestowed the ticket, which granted entrance to the "temple of perdition," on a negro. The "virtuous slave," instead of having *his* morals corrupted, "sold the ticket for half price, with which he immediately purchased a prayer-book"! The slave's example is highly commended by the correspondent. His own virtue (?) in giving a ticket to an "immoral place" to an irresponsible slave apparently did not strike him. His conduct was much like that of a young woman, who, feeling that her fondness for flummery and furbelows was dragging her soul to perdition, "took 'em all off and gave 'em to her sister."

At the time of the Revolution, theatres were closed for two reasons: in the first place, the Continental Congress had recommended that all unnecessary expenses and extravagances should

THE WOODLANDS

be dispensed with, and in the second place, nearly all the actors were Loyalists, and the patriots commonly felt that "loyal sentiments from the mouths of equally loyal players" would not aid the cause of liberty. The actors, therefore, their occupations gone, betook themselves either to England or the West Indies, those more loyal colonies of George III. The British, on the other hand, Durang tells us in his history of the American stage, fostered the theatre at every town: "Wherever the British army was garrisoned during the Revolutionary War, there did they declaim Shakespeare and other productions of English authors, if a dramatic temple could be found." The officers began their theatrical career in Boston, and General Burgoyne appears in the rôle of playwright, giving us "The Maid of the Oaks," "The Heiress," and a farce entitled "The Blockade of Boston."

During the British occupancy of Philadelphia, the theatre in South Street was reopened, and the officers diligently set about giving plays for their own pastime and the amusement of the Loyalist citizens. The proceeds were given for the relief of widows and orphans of soldiers. Major André and Captain Delancy, both talented artists, busied themselves painting scenes. The drop curtain painted by Major André, remained in use until the theatre was destroyed in 1821.

According to the description given of him by a contemporary employee of the theatre, "Major André was a very slight figured young man, with a round, fair face, and fair hair. He was very active, always hopping about the stage, and never out of humour." He was once heard to say that he "could out-hop, skip, and jump any man about the theatre." From the same source, we learn that play-books were very scarce, and all the officers used to sit around a table on the stage, trying to copy their parts out of one book. When any piece was to be rehearsed, the soldiers' wives and other idlers would flock about the back door and peer in at what was going forward.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Many good plays were creditably presented by the officers, and fully appreciated by the audience. General Howe often attended and sat in one of the stage boxes, over which hung the British arms, the same box afterwards used by General Washington when President, the British arms being replaced by those of the United States.

In the early days, reserved seats were unknown, and it was the custom for people to send their servants to get good seats and occupy them until they arrived themselves. It was found necessary to make a regulation to the effect that all servants must be out of the theatre before the curtain rose, and also that no children in laps would be admitted.

Notice had to be given that no airs would be played except those that had been requested the day before the performance, and that no demands for popular tunes would be acceded to at the time of the play.

Patrons were requested to bring the exact amount of the price of their admissions, as much difficulty was occasioned in making change. In some cases, no one was admitted without a ticket previously purchased, as the doorkeepers were prohibited from taking money.

Trouble was often caused by gentlemen insisting on going back of the scenes, and sometimes they got on the stage and seriously interfered with the performance of the play. This was quite a common occurrence on benefit nights.

It is amusing in these days of iced air for cooling theatres in warm weather to note early attempts at making the Southwark Theatre comfortable in summer. We are told that "during the month of June (1791), in order to keep the place cool, two fire-engines were employed daily, to play on the roof and against the walls."

During the latter part of the Revolution, and for some time after the close of the war, dramatic affairs were in sorry plight,

THE WOODLANDS

but in 1786, the Old American Company, as it called itself, returned in all its glory, and the theatre in Southwark once more opened its doors to thronging audiences. President Washington frequently attended the play, and whenever he did so, his presence always filled the house with a large following of the most prominent people. He was especially fond of "The School for Scandal" and "The Poor Soldier," and both these plays were often acted at his request.

BARTRAM HOUSE

KINGSESSING, WEST PHILADELPHIA
BARTRAM—EASTWICK



DESCENDING the Schuylkill, the next Colonial seat of interest on the right bank of the river below the Woodlands is the Bartram House which, with the surrounding gardens, the City now owns. The Lower Ferry or Gray's Ferry, it was known by both names, was originally the means by which almost all southern and western travel entered the city so that it was an extremely important place. Just south of this spot, in 1728, John Bartram bought a tract of land afterward to become famous as a botanical garden. On this farm was a small house dating from Swedish times but insufficient, presumably, for the needs of Bartram for, in 1780, he began to build what may be considered the main portion of the house and finished it in 1781, perpetuating the date of its completion by setting a stone in the gable bearing the inscription:

ΘΕΟΣ ΣΩΖΩ
(May God save)

JOHN AND ANN BARTRAM, 1781

That he actually laboured on the walls with his own hands is, perhaps, too much to say positively, but at any rate tradition, and seemingly reliable tradition at that, has it that he did. Of the many successive alterations and additions the house has undergone and of which it shows more traces inside than out, it appears that the last must



PARLIAM HOUSE, ON THE MOUNTAIN, IN KINSHASING.
Built by the Swedes in 1701 (destroyed by John Patton, 1721; enlarged, 1770)

BARTRAM HOUSE

have been made somewhere near 1770, at which time he placed a carven stone above his study window bearing the inscription:

It is God alone almyty Lord
The holy One by me ador'd.
John Bartram, 1770.

The Bartram House, like the Woodlands, though by no means nearly so pretentious, has interesting fronts both east and west. The east or river front with its great roughly hewn stones, its rude pillars, its clustering ivy, and the rose vines by the windows has an air of mingled refinement and rusticity, a strange combination of simplicity and stateliness. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else. The usual entrance is on the west side of the house by a trellis-shaded doorway at each side of which are little Dutch seats.

Within, the house discloses no particular plan, as indeed it could scarcely be expected to since it has grown through so many years by capricious additions, made when divers occasions and times demanded. In the space it contains, without appearing spacious, and in the unexpected way that rooms multiply, it is not unlike some of the old Dutch houses of the Hudson.

The story is told of Bartram that one day as he was ploughing he stopped to rest in the shade of a tree. By chance he plucked a daisy as he sat there and musing upon its structure was impelled to learn something concerning its history, habits, and uses. From this small beginning came the impulse that spurred him to the studies and investigations that placed him in the foremost rank

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

of botanists. Ordinarily in autumn, when he could spare the time from his farm labours, Bartram travelled extensively through the Colonies gathering plants for his collection.

The great cypress tree, twenty-seven feet in circumference, whose lifeless trunk is still standing, he brought with him as a seedling in his saddle-bags from Florida. The rare trees and shrubs of which the garden is full he collected with indefatigable enthusiasm during many years. Some of them have grown to a size rarely seen, such, for instance, as the box trees which are exceeded only by those at the Grange. Throughout his life Bartram strove with untiring zeal to make his botanical collections as complete as the limited facilities at his command would permit, and what he accomplished in this respect was little short of marvellous.

Hector St. John, in his travels, gives a striking picture of the simple mode of life in the Bartram household in 1785, when William Bartram was master in his father's stead, maintaining everything both within the house and outside as it had been during the lifetime of the elder Bartram. At the head of the long table, says St. John, sat the master, below him sat family and guests, still lower at the board were the men who laboured on the farm, and lowest of all were the negro slaves. The fare was plentiful and well cooked. Notwithstanding this exceedingly patriarchal and democratic custom of the household, Bartram cherished the traditions of his family's descent and had his arms properly blazoned hanging on the wall.

As one wanders about the gardens to-day, it is no

BARTRAM HOUSE

unusual thing to chance upon some rare plant, brought thither and naturalised more than a century ago, not to be found anywhere else perhaps for hundreds of miles. Everything about the place is impressed with Bartram's personality. The inscriptions on the wall, the old cider-mill hewn out of the rock by the river bank, the grave of a favourite Indian slave not many rods away, the great stone trough for gold-fish by the east end of the house—all these seem in some indefinable way to reflect the presence of that simple-minded great man, the father of American botanists.

John Bartram was succeeded by his son William, also a distinguished botanist, and it was during his ownership of the place that the ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, newly come from Scotland, became a frequent visitor at the Bartram home.

After William Bartram's death the gardens were conducted by Colonel Carr, his son-in-law. In the early forties Andrew Eastwick, who had recently come back from an extended stay in Russia where he had been employed to build railroads, bought the estate, and in 1851 built a large mansion in another part of the grounds. In 1898 the City acquired the old house and a portion of the grounds, long since abandoned as a place of residence and thickly overgrown, and in 1897 acquired the remainder, making the estate into a park. The Bartram descendants have furnished the house and kept it in admirable condition.

WHITBY HALL

KINGSESSING, WEST PHILADELPHIA
COULTAS—GRAY—THOMAS



F all the Georgian houses in the Philadelphia neighbourhood none has more striking individuality, none is of purer architectural type than Whitby Hall. Of all the Colonial homes in the same vicinage, none has richer memories of a vigorous and engaging personality among its early masters; none has a closer bond with the picturesque social life of a period of robust and ingenuous manners and morals. It is a house on which the individuality of its first inmates is indelibly impressed. Its very name links it with the old Yorkshire home of the many-sided man who reared it and dwelt within its walls.

On this plantation James Coultas, merchant, ship owner, farmer, mill owner, fox hunter, vestryman, soldier, judge, High Sheriff of Philadelphia from 1755 to 1758, and enthusiastic promoter of all philanthropic and public enterprises, established himself in 1741. Until very recently, the house stood on the southern brow of a hill rising from the banks of the Ameasaka, a small stream that issued at this point from the seclusion of a shady combe and flowed out into a broad, peaceful meadow before joining its waters with Cobb's Creek. A lane, heavily shaded by giant sycamores, dipped down into the dale, crossed the Ameasaka on a stone-arched bridge, and climbed the hill past Whitby's gates. This road connecting the Darby



WHITE HALL, KINGSTON (WESTERN ENH)
Built by Colonel James Corlies, 1754

WHITBY HALL

Road with the Baltimore and West Chester Pikes was once called Coultas's, afterward Gray's, Lane.

Now the march of city extension has changed the face of nature. Gray's Lane exists no longer at this point. Fifty-eighth Street has been cut through and crosses the ravine on a filled causeway that chokes the Ameasaka and blocks the mouth of its valley. A network of streets has been opened where, but a few years since, were open rolling fields, and multitudes of jerry-built houses have sprung up round about so that Whitby, nestling among its great spreading trees, a proud and venerable landmark of braver days, surrounded by the brummagem, pinchbeck growth of a sordid age, must now be described as located at Fifty-eighth Street and Florence Avenue.

Colonel Coultas occupied the house he found there, making little change until 1754, when he added the beautiful and stately western end with its high-pitched roof, the gables facing south and north with quaint oval windows to light the cockloft. The walls, not on one side only, as is often the case, but all the way round, are built of carefully squared and dressed native grey stone. On the south front is a flag-paved piazza, and around the western and northern sides runs a penthouse with gracefully coved cornice. On the north front is a tower-like projection in which the stairway ascends with broad landings. The low doorway in this tower has always been used on occasions of large gatherings at Whitby, whether grave or gay, because it admits to the wide hall running clear through the western wing, giving admittance to the large rooms on either side.

The doorway and windows in the tower are all sur-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

rounded with brick trims, which give both variety and distinction against the grey stone walls. It may be remarked that this is an architectural treatment not often met with near Philadelphia. In the top of the pediment with its dentilled cornice, a bull's-eye light, also surrounded with brick trim, is of particular interest because it was a porthole glass from one of Colonel Coultas's favourite ships, and was set there because of a cherished sentiment. On the peak and corners of the tower pediment three urns add a note of state.

All the woodwork and sundry embellishments of the 1754 addition were fetched overseas in Colonel Coultas's ships. The pilasters and cornices in the hall and the spindles of the banisters are exceptionally fine. Rosettes are carved in the dogears of the door trims, and the cheeks and soffits of the jambs are set with bevel-flush panels. In the parlour the fireplace opening is faced with black marble brought from Scotland, while the carving of the overmantel and the panelling are unsurpassed for either execution or design. The central panel above the fireplace is three feet wide and nearly six feet long, and not a joint can be discovered in it. Below it is a band of exquisitely wrought floriated carving in high relief. Although it is possible to find more elaborate woodwork, it is rarely that one meets with a degree of elaboration tempered with such dignified restraint and consummate good taste.

In 1842 the then owners of Whitby Hall, conceiving that the oldest part of the house had fallen into irreparable decay, demolished it and built the present eastern wing with scrupulous care that it should match in style

WHITBY HALL

and texture the structure of 1754. One could wish that they had repaired instead of building anew, but their work was done so well that the effect of the whole is harmonious and their effort is witness to a degree of architectural intelligence scarcely to be looked for at a time when such matters were not sufficiently regarded. The 1754 end of the house is, therefore, the only old part, but it is the most conspicuous portion and forms the subject of the illustrations both inside and out.

On the south front, on the side of a steep terrace, a doorway opens into a cavernous tunnel that connects with the cellar of the house. Through this tunnel firewood and supplies were taken in. Once, in the old days, the slaves all became hilarious and continued in that happy state of undue exhilaration so long that an explanation was sought. An investigation showed that a cask of wine had been waylaid in its passage through the tunnel to the cellar and that the blacks were taking toll of it each time they went by. East of the house are the barns and slave quarters that were there in 1741 and earlier—a queer, conglomerate pile, on the face of the slope, built of quarry-faced rubble, and of architecture absolutely nondescript. It might, perhaps, be African.

Born near Whitby in Yorkshire, James Coultas received his early education in England, emigrating to the Colony of Pennsylvania at some time prior to 1782. Of an active and energetic disposition, and endowed with social qualities well calculated to attach numerous friends, he soon attracted favourable attention. That he was esteemed by his associates for his agreeable manners is proved by the fact that he was chosen as one of the char-

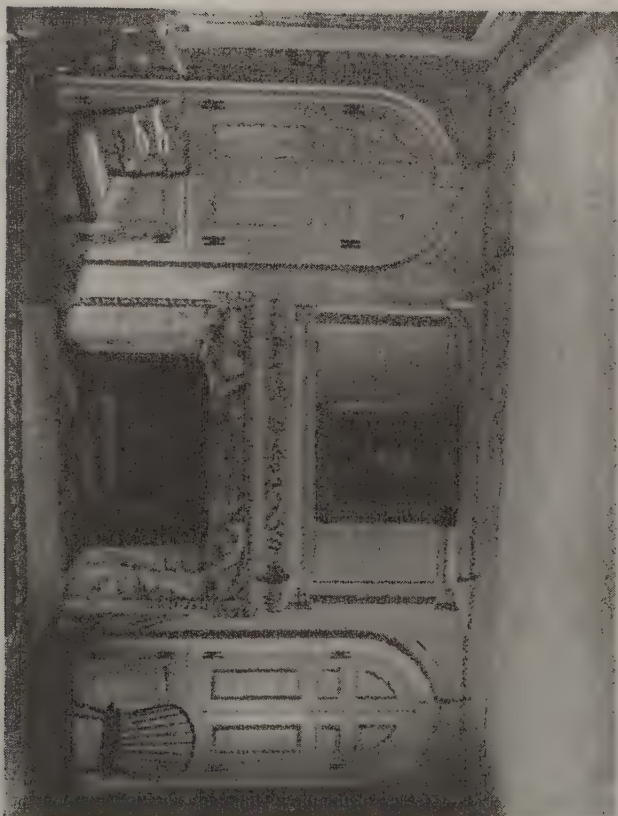
COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

ter members of the "Colony in Schuylkill," an organisation in which, since its beginning, good-fellowship has been held a prime requisite. Of his early pursuits and business activities, we know little save that he was supposedly busy farming his plantation in Blockley and engaged in various private enterprises by which he amassed a considerable fortune. Of his family affairs we know that in March, 1785, he married at Christ Church, Elizabeth, daughter of Mary and Joseph Ewen, of Germantown. At the date of this marriage, Mrs. Coultas's mother (Joseph Ewen having died many years before) had long been the wife of George Gray of Gray's Ferry and thus came about the close connexion between the Coultases and Grays that apparently led James Coultas to settle at Whitby Hall, not far from the Grays, and later led to a strengthening of the family tie when James Coultas's niece, Martha Ibbetson, became the spouse of his wife's half-brother, George Gray.

As Colonel Coultas died without issue it was to this niece, Martha Ibbetson Gray, that Whitby Hall passed by inheritance and the estate has descended to her great-great-grandchildren, the present occupants. Whitby is one of the comparatively few estates that has not been alienated from the family of the first owner.

From 1744 to 1755, Colonel Coultas held the lease of the Middle Ferry (where Market Street bridge now stands) from the City Council. He was always foremost in any movement for good roads or the developement of natural resources, particularly in the matter of making streams navigable. He was also, in 1748, one of the captains of the Associators, a battery for the defence of

PARKING AT WHITEY BALL.



WHITBY HALL

Philadelphia from French insolence to which fuller allusion is made elsewhere. In 1756, when Indian incursions were assuming a menacing attitude, he was chosen lieutenant-colonel of the county regiment. In the half century preceding the Revolution no citizen was more enterprising, energetic, and public-spirited than James Coultas, and the esteem in which he was held and the confidence placed in him are shown by the public offices he filled. He was repeatedly commissioned justice of the peace, from 1755 to 1758 he was High Sheriff of the county, and in 1765 he was appointed judge of the Orphans' Court, Quarter Sessions, and Common Pleas. Besides these offices he was frequently named on various commissions where the public interest was concerned.

It was principally owing to the initiative of Colonel Coultas that the first steps were taken to render the Schuylkill navigable. He was one of the commissioners to survey that stream, and first succeeded in showing that it was possible for large boats to go above the Falls. He was zealous in his efforts to prove what he confidently believed could be done and, actuated by a waggish humour, adopted the following artifice to gain public attention and interest and impress the public mind. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of November 1, 1764, appeared the following advertisement:

This is to give Notice that James Coultas, Esq., one of the Commissioners for clearing Schuylkill, hath this Day made a Bett of One Hundred Pounds current Money of Pennsylvania, with Captain Oswald Eve, that he, the said James Coultas, will, on Saturday the 3d of November inst., at Ten o'Clock in the morning, take up two Flat Loads of Hay from the lower Part of the

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Big Falls in the said river Schuylkill to the Ferry Wharff, adjoining the Land of the Reverend William Smith, in 30 Minutes from the Time the Word is given to Pull away. If the Weather that Day should prove bad, it will be deferred to the Monday following, the same Time of Day. As the clearing and making Rivers navigable, must be of the greatest Advantage of the Community in general, and raise the Value of their Lands and lower the Price of Firewood and Timber in the City, it is desired that all Persons who have the good of their Country at Heart will give their Attendance, as it must be more laudable than to spend their Time and Money to go and see Horse racing, the Consequence of which is the Corruption of Youth, being an Encouragement to Vice and Idleness.

JAMES COULTAS.

A few days afterward the following appeared in the newspaper:

This is to acquaint the Public that, agreeable to the Notice given by me, I did, on Saturday, the 3d Day of this inst. take up the Great Falls on Schuylkill, to the Ferry Wharff two Flats, with 4823 Pounds of Hay, in 21 minutes from the Word given Pull away, under the Disadvantage of the River having less Water than for severall Years past, owing to the dry Season. Great Numbers attended, and were highly pleased with the Performance. And it is to be hoped that all Persons who have Lands adjoining the said River, will further contribute to enable the Commissioners to make it further useful, by clearing other Obstructions, as what is already done hath raised the Price of Lands. I must now beg to be excused for my inserting in my former Advertisement a Bett laid of 100 Pounds with Captain Oswald Eve; I before the Performance acquainted all my Friends there was no Wager laid, but the name of that drew there the greater number of Spectators.

JAMES COULTAS.

WHITBY HALL

Shortly after this episode we find him pushing another public improvement in the beneficent rôle of road-maker. The newspaper advertisement of December 18, 1764, tells its own story:

Whereas Good Roads are of the greatest Use and Benefit to the Inhabitants, both as to Profit and Pleasure; and altho' the Legislature of this Province hath taken much Pains to make Laws for the Amendment of the Highways, yet they do not seem to answer for the end thereby intended,

I do therefore humbly propose to undertake the Amendment of the Road from the first Hill to the Westward of the Lower Ferry on Schuylkill to the Borough of Chester, Deemed the Distance of about eleven Miles, making Stone Bridges over all the Runs and Hollows in the said Road, if Money to defray the Expense of the same can be raised by Subscription from the Inhabitants, Travellers, County Commissionera, and the Overseers of the Highways. I have given Two Thousand Pounds Security to the Treasurers of the Counties of Philadelphia and Chester, and their Successors that the Money so raised shall be expended for the aforesaid Use, and no other whatsoever.

JAMES COULTAS.

That he was conscientiously rigorous in the discharge of his official duties may be gathered from the following entry in an old account book of the Overseers of the Poor, for the year 1758:

Nov. 9th. By cash of James Coultas late Sheriff, being a fine paid by Loughlane McClane for kissing of Osborn's wife, after his commissions and writing bond were deducted, £24, 5s.

When such a strenuous man as Colonel Coultas was sheriff, the kissing of other men's wives was apparently a very expensive diversion.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

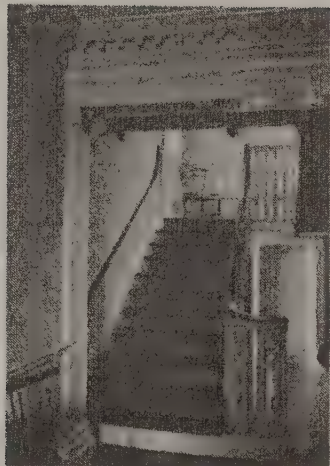
In 1750, Colonel Coultas, among his other interests, owned the large sawmill on Cobb's Creek north of the Blue Bell Inn, and a few years later, in the same neighbourhood, we see him actively instrumental in the erection of the Church of St. James, at Kingsessing, a fine specimen of English masonry and highly creditable to his taste. It was he who laid the cornerstone in 1762.

Colonel Coultas rode to hounds and entered into the wonted diversions of his day with just as much zest as he displayed in quitting himself of the more serious businesses of public and private life, and was all the better for it. Jacob Hiltzheimer, that bibulous, gossipy, garrulous old diarist who has left us such charming pictures of the gayer side of Philadelphia life in the eighteenth century, tells us that on December 27, 1765, he set off in the

morning at five o'clock, with Thomas Miffin, Sam Miles, Jacob Hollingsworth and young Rudolph from my house; proceeded to Darby to meet the other gentlemen hunters; from there to Captain Coultas's house, and to the woods. About thirty-five gentlemen attended with thirty dogs but no fox was secured.

Despite the bountiful breakfast they doubtless had at the meet at Whitby Hall, it was discouraging to get no fox.

Colonel Coultas hunted not only with the men who lived immediately around him but was also a member of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club. Another time-honoured and still more ancient convivial club of which Colonel Coultas was an interested, and as mentioned before a charter, member, was the Schuylkill Fishing Company, or, as it was then known, the Colony in Schuylkill, to become at a later date the State in Schuylkill.



STAIRWAY AT WHITBY HALL



WHITBY HALL (SOUTH FRONT)

Showing eastern wing that replaced original house built in first half eighteenth century

WHITBY HALL

James Coultas died in the latter part of January, 1768, after rendering signal benefits to the neighbourhood of Philadelphia that cannot be too highly rated, and serving the city "both as an official and private citizen with zeal, integrity, and intelligence." His widow and her half-brother, George Gray, were the executors of his estate, and we get a living touch of the humbler side of life at Whitby from part of the advertisement announcing the sale of his effects:

N.B. To be sold at private sale 6 Negroes, viz. a Negroe man, a cooper by trade, a very good workman; his wife, a very good house wench, with one female child, two years old; one other Negroe woman, a good house and dairy maid; likewise two twins, a boy and Girl, ten years old, smart lively children.

From the Grays, Whitby passed by inheritance to the Thomases who had extensive family connexions in Maryland. There is a tradition that when a law was enacted in Pennsylvania freeing slaves who were here for six months, a relay would be kept at Whitby for somewhat less than that period, then sent back to Maryland, their places being taken by a fresh relay from below Mason and Dixon's Line. Thus, by a series of black relays, Whitby was always worked by slave labour. Whether there were any "smart lively children, ten years old," among them we are not told.

Disappointing as it may seem, no ghosts haunt Whitby Hall. The explanation of this lack appears to be that all the occupants have spent such exemplary lives and tarried till such a ripe old age that they were perfectly ready to depart when the time came for them to pass on and join the great throng of those who have gone before.

THE SOLITUDE

BLOCKLEY TOWNSHIP, FAIRMOUNT PARK

PENN



SOLITUDE was a name not only befitting the former character of the place but also according well with the recluse mood of its builder, John Penn, who went thither to escape the vexings of a perverse and naughty world.

John Penn, "the poet," was a grandson of the Founder and a son of Thomas Penn and Lady Juliana Fermor, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret. He was born February 28, 1760, and proceeded a Master of Arts from the University of Cambridge in 1779. A scholarly man, he travelled extensively in Europe and became a liberal patron of art, something of a poet, and an idealist.

Nervous, near-sighted, of an ardent temperament, he was inclined to be an enthusiastic American. He came over to look after the Proprietary interests in Pennsylvania in 1783 and lived at first in Philadelphia at Sixth and Market Streets. He soon discovered, however, that the State was not disposed to honour his claims, made under hereditary rights, and so decided to remain an Englishman, concluding that the people of this country were not lovers of justice.

He lived here for four years, nevertheless, and purchased for six hundred pounds fifteen acres of the high, west bank of the Schuylkill River where the Zoological Gardens now are. Here, in 1785, he erected his two-

THE SOLITUDE

storey box which he called the "Solitude" after a lodge belonging to the Duke of Württemberg.

The house was literally a box, foursquare, twenty-six feet in each direction. Extending entirely across the Schuylkill front was a large parlour from whose windows, opening on a portico, there was a fine view both up and down the river. From here Penn could see the ramparts on the once-wooded Fairmount on the farther shore, the site of the British entrenchments when Sir William Howe was in the city. All the space on the first floor not occupied by the parlour is given over to a hall, nine feet wide, extending across the whole house. In the southwest corner a stairway, with hand-wrought iron railing, rises to the second floor. In this storey is the library, a room about fifteen feet square, with bookcases built into the walls. On the shelves were about six hundred volumes, in which number the classics and English poets were largely represented. To the north of the library is a small bedroom connecting with another bedroom in the centre of the house. In his own room was an alcove for his hours of rest and a secret door by which he shut himself from intrusive friends. On the third floor are several more bedrooms and the roof rises in a hip broken by two dormers. The cellars are deep and roomy for wine, and an underground passage communicates with the kitchen built separately about twenty-five feet distant from the rest of the house. Altogether Solitude made a most comfortable and convenient establishment for a bachelor of quiet tastes.

John Penn loved solitude and spent days in reading his own poems, sitting in his sunny sitting-room, dreaming

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

the summer days away in the companionship of Dante, Chaucer, Petrarch, Tasso, and Anacreon. The stucco work on ceiling and cornice in this room is very beautiful and was brought from England. The chair rail and sub-base are of carved wood. A poem published in London in 1801 gives a view of "The Solitude" with a picture showing a favourite white dove flying close along the lawn, whose death his verses deplore:

Thine, oft I said (nor hoped so near thy end),
Are all things round, the grove, the cloudless sky;
While cheers the enlivening sky, sport and enjoy;
Thine are yon oaks that o'er the stream impend,
And rocks that, as I stray with musing eye,
Or wander from the shed, can never cloy.

It is said that John Penn planted every tree about the house and there are few primeval ones remaining. He had pleasant neighbours. In fine weather the good fellows of the "State in Schuylkill" met at the "Castle" on the Warner farm just north of him on the other side of the point where the Girard Avenue bridge now touches the western shore. His cousin, Governour John Penn, lived at "Lansdowne" just above and farther on was Judge Peters at Belmont.

He seems to have been friendly with these and with most of the best citizens, gay parties coming to his place in boats to spend the week-ends. Washington spent the day with him during the sitting of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia.

Here he lived in sweet peace until 1788, when he returned to England and suddenly developed an interest

THE SOLITUDE

in worldly affairs, erecting a handsome residence at Stoke. He became sheriff of Bucks in 1798, member of Parliament in 1802, and was the royal Governour of the island of Portland in Dorset from 1805 for many years. Cambridge made him an LL.D. in 1811, and he also became lieutenant colonel of the First Troop of the First Regiment Royal Bucks Yeomanry.

While he courted only the muses in the wilderness of the Schuylkill, he formed in his declining years the "Outinian Society," whose purpose it was to encourage young men and young women to enter wedlock. This matrimonial society sent out a blank to be filled in under fifty-one different headings describing the eligible parties. It was called "The True Friend, or a Table showing the Exact Situation in Life and Personal Qualities of Known Marriageable Ladies." Finally, Mr. Penn's social benevolence shifted to the promotion of an invention of lamp labels for street corners and an improved breakfast waiter. He was indeed a many-sided man.

Despite his efforts to land others in the holy estate of matrimony, he very inconsistently died unmarried, June 21, 1834, and the Solitude passed to Granville Penn, his youngest brother, who held it for ten years. It then descended to Granville John Penn, a nephew, who died in March, 1867. Granville John Penn was a great grandson of the Founder and the last private owner of the Solitude.

He came to Philadelphia in 1851, a dapper and well-preserved middle-aged gentleman. The city made much of him, he was lionised by Councils, the Historical Society, and by all who could trace ancestral connexion with the

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Penns in former years. In return for these attentions he gave a grand "Fête Champetre" at the Solitude, with lavishly furnished marquees and a collation to which the quality of the city was invited. This was the last time a Penn was at the Solitude, and it was the last property here of a family that once owned the State. Without a tenant for some years it passed into the ownership of Fairmount Park in 1867 and is now well preserved in its original state as the administration building of the Zoological Society.

CLUNIE—MOUNT PLEASANT

IN THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES, FAIRMOUNT PARK

MACPHERSON—ARNOLD—SHIPPEN—WILLIAMS



MOUNT PLEASANT is fitly so named. Surely no pleasanter place for habitation could be found than the spot where this noble eighteenth century house rears its balustraded roof above a sea of surrounding greenery on the east side of the Schuylkill not far north of the Girard Avenue bridge. The site commands a broad view upstream and down and over the wooded slopes of the farther shore. Though in summer the density of the foliage somewhat obscures the prospect, at other seasons, when the trees are less fully clad, the eye sweeps the valley for miles.

Then it is, as the once elegant countryseats are seen crowning every hill, that one feels how ample and almost princely must have been the manner of life that prevailed there in the long past days when the young city was still miles distant from these sylvan fastnesses. In Virginia the James River, in all the pride of the manorial estates that lined its banks, could not have surpassed the loveliness and charm of the Schuylkill winding among rolling highlands on whose summits spacious homes of comely dignity sheltered some of the most distinguished citizens of the metropolis of the Colonies.

Society was gayer, more polished, and wealthier in Philadelphia than anywhere else this side of the Atlantic and the affluence and culture of the people were reflected in the houses in which they chose to spend their summers

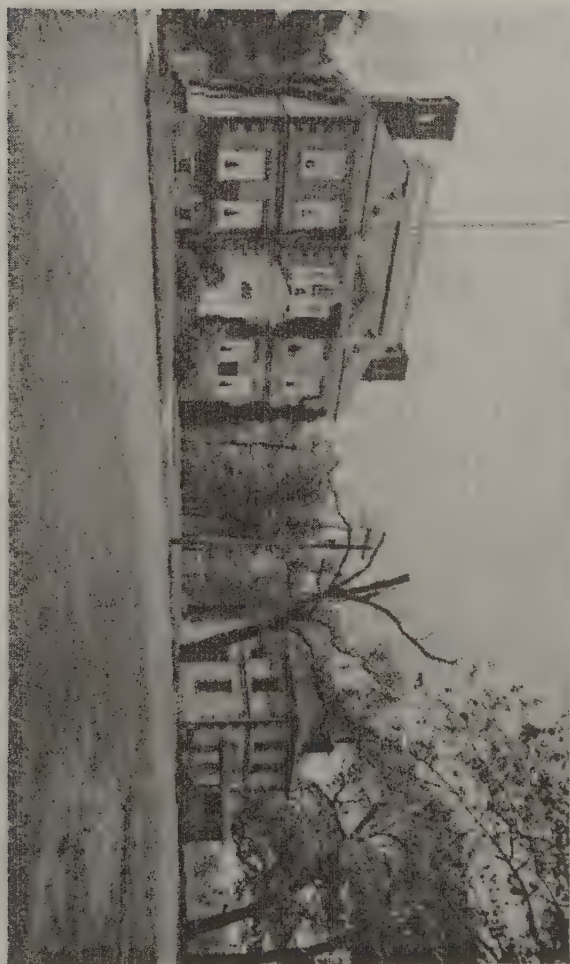
COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

or sometimes to live the year round. Of no locality was this truer than on both the east and west shores of the Schuylkill, whose waters imparted an agreeable element of life to the scene and at the same time supplied the best of fish to grace the boards of gentry who were notoriously addicted to the pleasures of the table.

In one of the choicest spots of this fair paradise of peace and plenty, Captain John Macpherson bought land in September, 1761, and set to building a great house, of almost baronial aspect, that commands consideration by its architectural presence alone, quite apart from the rich historic glamour that hangs over it. From the west or river front of the house, the land falls away rapidly so that the driveway approach is brought up to the east front. East and west fronts alike are of imposing mien. A high foundation of carefully squared stones is pierced by iron-barred basement windows set in stone frames. Above this massive grisly base, the thick stone walls are coated with yellow-grey rough-cast. Heavy quoins of brick at the corners and, at the north and south ends of the building, great quadruple chimneys joined into one at the top by arches, give the structure an air of more than usual solidity.

A broad flight of stone steps, their iron balustrades overgrown with a bushy mass of honeysuckle, leads up to a doorway of generous breadth. The pillars at each side of the door and the superimposed pediment, the ornate Palladian window immediately above on the second floor and, above that again, the corniced pediment springing from the eaves, all contribute to set a stamp of courtly distinction upon the pile, a distinction for which only

MOUNT PILGRIM, FROM DRIVEWAY APPROACHING EAST FRONT



CLUNIE—MOUNT PLEASANT

Georgian architecture has found utterance. Above the second floor the hipped roof springs, pierced east and west by two graceful dormers and crowned by a well-turned balustrade that traverses nearly the whole distance between the chimneys. The fan-light over the door has remarkably heavy fluted mullions and all the detail throughout the house, though highly wrought, is heavy as it was wont to be at the precise period when Mount Pleasant was erected.

If one were asked, however, to say what it is before all else that gives a peculiarly striking appearance to Mount Pleasant, the answer would straightway indicate the two flanking outbuildings, set thirty or forty feet distant from the northeast and southeast corners of the house. Though designed for servants' quarters and various domestic offices, these two-storey hipped-roof buildings are made of the same material and finished with the same care as the rest of the house. Without them Mount Pleasant would be only an unusually handsome Georgian country house; with them it at once takes on the manorial port of one of the old Virginia mansions. Beyond the circle before the house, where grows a mighty spreading sycamore, and at some distance from either side of the road, are two barns. The grouping is impressive and eloquent of the state maintained by the Colonial occupants of this truly noble seat.

The history of Mount Pleasant is not less engaging than its aspect. Captain Macpherson is one of the most picturesque personages to be met with in the picturesque pages of Colonial annals. Sprung from the Macphersons of Clunie in Scotland, he left his native country

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

and followed the sea, coming out to America at what time is not exactly known. He first came into prominent notice in Philadelphia, however, in 1757, when he took command of the privateer *Britannia*. Privateering, or licensed piracy, to give it its unvarnished title, was apt to land them that practised it in all manner of troubles. Captain Macpherson was no exception and met with his full tale of thrilling deeds and bloody fights, in the performance of which he lost an arm. After numerous engagements with the Spanish and French, from whom he made not a few brilliant and profitable captures, he succeeded in amassing a goodly fortune and came back to rest from his seafaring, a rich man for those days.

With a part of the spoils of his privateering he built Clunie as he at first named his estate after the seat of his clan. The name Clunie he subsequently changed, however, to Mount Pleasant, the style it still bears. Here he lived in a manner becoming a man of his substance, exercising a hospitality that won the commendation of John Adams, who never failed to chronicle the good things he had to eat and drink. A man of intense activity, Macpherson busied himself by inventing various contrivances, one of which was a device for moving brick or stone houses bodily—a piece of mechanism that worked successfully.

Another fruit of his ingenuity was an “elegant cot which bids defiance to everything but Omnipotence.” The occupant, according to the captain’s assertion, was warranted immunity from flies, mosquitoes or any other entomological irritant. In his later years he gave lectures on astronomy, published papers on moral philosophy and



PABLOU AT MOUNT PLEASANT

CLUNIE—MOUNT PLEASANT

issued the first city directory (1785) wherein he took occasion to express his personal pique at those that proved uncommunicative to his canvassing queries. Under the "I's" we find "I won't tell you," or "I don't care! Put down what you please," and so on with the numbers of the houses, while under the "C's" there is a whole regiment of "Cross women" dotted about the city so that we might fancy Philadelphia a very unsafe place to live in.

Unfortunate in some of his financial affairs and wearying of the seclusion of Mount Pleasant, as well as longing again for the smell of the sea, this gallant but eccentric gentleman, at the outbreak of the Revolution, applied to the Marine Commission of the Continental Congress for the chief command of the navy, a position for which his past achievements bespoke favourable consideration. Despite his importunities to gain his point, however, the honour was given to another.

After Macpherson left Mount Pleasant he leased it to Don Juan de Merailles, the Spanish ambassador, and finally, in the spring of 1779, sold the estate to General Benedict Arnold, who gave it as a marriage gift to his bride, Peggy Shippen. Here they lived much of the time for more than a year after their marriage and here they gave some of those splendid entertainments that increased the cavilling and carping of the general's enemies and creditors when his personal fortunes were sinking into hopeless embarrassment.

Despite Judge Peters's deep-seated dislike and distrust and his accusation that Arnold embezzled the money with which he bought Mount Pleasant, justice demands that

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

we examine his case fairly. In the first place, the position in which he was placed as military administrator, after the British evacuated Philadelphia, required the exercise of the utmost patience and tact in order to avoid clashes. Neither of these qualities did Arnold possess. The city was a hotbed of bickering and contention and he was not fitted by temperament to handle the situation.

He was nagged at, hectoring and badgered almost beyond endurance by meddlesome people who must needs interfere even in his love affairs. His repeated requests for money long overdue him from Congress were unavailing. When he set out to see Washington about resigning his commission and settling on an estate in Western New York, no sooner was his back turned than General Joseph Reed, who seems to have pursued him with the vindictive malevolence of a peevish dyspeptic, brought a tale of charges against him that could not be substantiated in the trial before a committee of Congress, except in two trifling matters. General Reed then moved for a new examination and the matter was referred to another Congressional committee which dodged the responsibility and suggested a court martial. The sitting of the court martial was deferred again and again at the request of his accusers that they might collect evidence. Finally it was held and exonerated him, but as a sop to his influential enemies it suggested a reprimand from Washington for two very insignificant matters, the utmost that could be proved. Washington's reprimand was practically a letter of recommendation.

Nothing can ever palliate his unfaithfulness to Wash-



MOUNT PLEASANT, ON THE SEVENTH HILL. THE REAR FRONT
Built by Captain James Mifflin, 1781. Since then, the home of General Benedict Arnold.

CLUNIE—MOUNT PLEASANT

ington and his gigantic treachery in asking an important command that he might betray it, but historic justice compels us to "give the devil his due" and admit that he had much provocation for the discontent and resentment that he allowed to lead him at last to the blackness of villainy.

After Arnold's attainder and the confiscation of his property, Mount Pleasant was leased to Baron Steuben, but it is doubtful whether he ever lived there, as his duties took him to the South at that very time, and when he returned thence the estate had another tenant. Passing through several hands, the property eventually came to General Jonathan Williams, of Boston, the Revolutionary worthy, who remained there and his family after him till the middle of the nineteenth century, shortly after which period Mount Pleasant and all the surrounding estates were acquired by the city and made a part of Fairmount Park.

Knowing thus a little of its history, the interior of the house, where personal memories seem to cling more persistently, can be better appreciated. A spacious hallway as wide as a room runs through the house from east to west. In summer, if the doors at the ends are open, delightful prospects open up in either direction. The detail of classic ornament on cornice, pilaster, and door-trims is wonderfully rich and remarkably well preserved. To the north of the hall is the great drawing-room running the full depth of the building, with windows looking both east and west. In the middle of the north side is a full-throated fireplace above which is an elaborately wrought overmantel, in whose central panel one instinc-

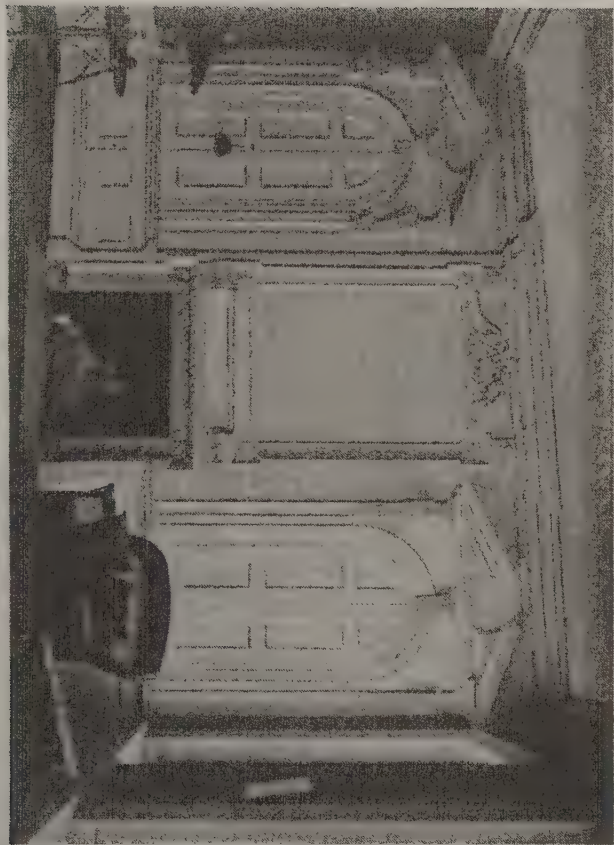
COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

tively feels that a canvas from the brush of Gainsborough or Kneller ought to hang. The door-frames, with their heavily moulded pediments, are exceptional. In fact all the woodwork both downstairs and up is richer in elaboration of detail than is usual in our Colonial Georgian. East of the dining-room is an ell extension from the hall and there a wide, easy staircase with a balustrade of gracefully turned spindles ascends to the second floor.

From the moment you cross the threshold, fancy peoples the rooms with a shadowy throng of those that once dwelt there or came beneath the hospitable roof when some festive occasion drew them from the city or the neighbouring seats. There stands the old captain in a cocked hat, his armless sleeve hanging limp at his side; here a courtly personage in satin breeches, velvet coat, and powdered periwig treads a measure with a dame arrayed in flowered brocade, who nods the plumes of her turban coquettishly at her partner in the minuet; there goes the gallant Spanish Don in a resplendent uniform and close behind him follows a martial figure in whose dour comeliness can be recognised the betrayer of his country's trust. All these and many more, not forgetting the ebony-faced and liveried lackeys, discover their presence to our fleeting glimpses and only disappear entirely when we look directly at them to be assured of their reality. They all form a part of this old house, intangible and elusive, to be sure, but none the less real.

These personal memories inwoven with material fabric, like all-permeating ether, are the very soul of the charm we feel in old buildings. At Mount Pleasant, how-

GREAT CHAMBER ON SECOND FLOOR AT MOUNT PLEASANT



CLUNIE—MOUNT PLEASANT

ever, Arnold is more than a mere evanescent memory, so former occupants aver. They swear they have seen him glowering malignly at them and have distinctly heard his heavy tread resounding in the halls.

It is gratifying to say that Mount Pleasant has fallen into good hands. The city has entrusted the property to an automobile club, "La Moviganta Klubo," whose members and officers have spent liberally for intelligent restorations and repairs. A competent custodian is in charge and it is safe to say that this historic house will always be a cherished object of judicious care.

ORMISTON

IN THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES, FAIRMOUNT PARK
GALLOWAY



ORMISTON, on the verge of a deep glen that separates it from Laurel Hill, is a square rough-cast building of two storeys and a hipped roof, substantial and comfortable but without much architectural pretension.

Its principal charm is its site overlooking the river far below. There are broad porches on both the land and river fronts, and in the days when its condition was properly kept up, it must have been a delightful place to pass the summer months.

Towards the end of the Colonial period it was the home of Joseph Galloway, an eminent lawyer and one of the most distinguished Loyalists. He was born at West River in Maryland, in 1731, but came to Philadelphia at an early age. In 1748 he was elected a member of the Colony in Schuylkill. While still a young man he attained great distinction in the law and was held an authority in all matters touching real estate. He was the intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin and when the latter went to England in 1764 he placed his valuable papers and letter books in Galloway's hands for safekeeping. In 1757 he was elected to the Assembly, and from 1766 to 1774 was speaker of that body, being usually elected by unanimous vote. In 1758 he married Grace Growdon, the daughter of Laurence Growdon, of Trevoze.

After serving in the Congress of 1775 he withdrew from politics. Doctor Franklin then sought to induce him

ORMISTON

to espouse the cause of independence but he could not conscientiously do so, and in December, 1776, joined General Howe and accompanied the British army. During the British occupation of Philadelphia, at the request of General Howe, he assumed the duties of Superintendent-General of Police and Superintendent of the Port, being assisted by his friend and neighbour, Samuel Shoemaker.

Because of his outspokenness and unhesitating action in support of the King, his name has been loaded with obloquy, which only in recent years has somewhat disappeared as people have begun to realise that the Loyalists were entitled to their opinions as well as the Whigs and as much privileged to act upon their convictions in what was, after all, only a very violent political struggle between Englishmen as those who differed from them, without being held up to the execration of all future generations.

In speaking of the Philadelphia Loyalists of whom there were many, Thomas Allen Glenn says:

' family traditions of loyalty to the Crown were not to be lightly thrown aside. The position of the Loyalists of Philadelphia has never, perhaps, been properly presented. They were, as a class, the best people in the Province and the descendants of those settlers who, by hard work and unceasing effort had brought Philadelphia to be the chief city of Great Britain's American Colonies. They were, most of them, people of wealth, education, culture and refinement. Many, like the Rawles, were descended from the best of those who, in Penn's time, had planted the Province. Belonging to families that for generations, despite persecution, at times, for religious belief, had continued unwaveringly loyal to their King, they hesitated now to cut themselves loose from an authority which they had so long and faithfully obeyed,

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

and which, taken all in all, had treated them well. They had, indeed, waxed rich and prosperous under the rule of King George and his predecessors, and the great principles of liberty and self-government were to such people but shadowy phantoms of a dream. Not a single instant did they believe that the Continental army would ultimately conquer, or that the Continental Congress would achieve aught save ruin to its members. The Loyalists, or "Tories," as their enemies called them, had property at stake which in money value far exceeded that of those engaged in the struggle for independence, and they could not bring, as they thought, irretrievable ruin upon their families, their kindred and themselves. It was not, with some of them, that they were Friends, or Quakers, for many of that belief either entered the Continental Army or else, because of religious scruples, declined to take part on either side, but they felt that in turning their backs on Washington and the cause he represented they were doing loyal service to their King and country. Had the American Revolution failed, they would have been praised instead of scorned, applauded instead of hissed.

After the British evacuated Philadelphia, Galloway was attainted of high treason and his estates adjudged confiscate. Mrs. Galloway in order to protect her property remained at Ormiston until she was forcibly ejected by the commissioners in charge of confiscated estates. In this connexion the great Charles Wilson Peale does not appear in an amiable light. He was one of the commissioners and he it was who ran Mrs. Galloway out by the shoulders, forcing her from her home and into Benedict Arnold's coach—he was then a near neighbour and had not yet fallen into disgrace—which was waiting at the door to convey her away.

Ormiston along with all the neighbouring seats is now a part of the park property, and is used by the family of one of the park employees.

LAUREL HILL

IN THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES, FAIRMOUNT PARK
SHUTE—RAWLE—PHYSICK—RANDOLPH



CONSPICUOUS among the seats that line the east bank of the Schuylkill is Laurel Hill. Separated from Ormiston by a deep-wooded combe and standing on a high bluff overlooking the river, it commands an unexcelled view up and down the banks of that stream, which for natural beauty has few peers and for the social distinction of the dwellers along its shores had not its equal in the Colonies. In Colonial times and for long afterwards, until the land was taken for park purposes, within the compass of a few miles, beside its waters were to be found more plantations belonging to folk of quality and substance than in any like neighbourhood. Great distances separated many of the Hudson manors, and on the James a like state of comparative isolation was not uncommon. The Schuylkill, on the contrary, combined virgin loveliness of scenery with an unsurpassed opportunity for easy and frequent intercourse with the most agreeable of neighbours as well as convenient proximity to the city.

The house at Laurel Hill—the name, by the way, is derived from the luxuriant growth of laurel for which the bluffs along the river were once noted—though not as large as some others nearby, is a striking sample of Georgian architecture, two storeys in height with hipped roof. The walls are of brick painted yellow and all the woodwork is white. The main entrance, on the eastern

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

or land front, is through a spacious classic doorway with flanking pilasters and a pediment above. A pediment likewise springs from the cornice in a line with the doorway pediment and this repetition of the motive imparts a dignified emphasis to the façade. A transverse wing with octagon ends at the northern side of the house is characteristic of a number of countryseats erected about the same period. This device relieves the angularity of the exterior and gives an opportunity to make an apartment of notable elegance within.

Entering the door, one steps at once into a long gallery extending across the front of the house. At one end is a small room containing a square staircase, while at the other is a door opening into the great drawing-room, a chamber of truly princely dimensions with octagon ends. A handsome fireplace adorns the side opposite the entrance and, over against it, balancing the door from the gallery is a door into the dining-room. The interior woodwork of Laurel Hill is admirably wrought and in good preservation.

Joseph Shute, who owned large tracts of land close by, built Laurel Hill about 1748. In 1760 Francis Rawle bought the estate for his summer residence and it was during the occupancy of the Rawle family that the place began to figure on the stage of history. Francis Rawle, born in Philadelphia in 1729, was an only child and inherited an ample fortune from his parents. As a young man he made the "Grand Tour" of Europe as a part of his education and, after travelling extensively, returned to his native city. He was a broadly educated, cultured gentleman of wide interests. In 1756, shortly



SCHULTZ, ON THE SCHUTTKILL.
Built by John Penn, 1785



LAUREL HILL, ON THE SCHUTTKILL.
Built by Joseph Skute, c. 1785

LAUREL HILL

after his homecoming, he married Rebecca, daughter of Edward Warner, a wealthy and prominent citizen.

At Laurel Hill they had as neighbours on either bank of the river the Whartons, Mifflins, Fishers, Simses, Swifts, Galloways, Penns, Peterses, Warners, and many more well-known families. Unfortunately Francis Rawle did not live long to enjoy the pleasures of his plantation. In 1761, he was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece while shooting near the Delaware and died, leaving a wife and three small children, to wit, Anna, who later became Mrs. Clifford; William, and Margaret, who in time married Isaac Wharton. By his will he left all his property to his widow, including Laurel Hill, and there during the summer months they lived.

Mrs. Rawle, in 1767, married Samuel Shoemaker, himself a widower with children and formerly the intimate friend of her first husband. Thereafter the united Rawle and Shoemaker families divided their time in summer between Laurel Hill and Mr. Shoemaker's own estate in Germantown. Mr. Shoemaker was an accomplished, estimable and much respected gentleman of large means. He held many important public posts in Philadelphia under the Royal and Proprietary governments, and from 1755 to 1776 was continually in office, serving at one time or another as councilman, alderman, assemblyman, city treasurer, mayor, judge of the County Courts and justice of the peace.

When the War for Independence broke out he, like many other conscientious and worthy people, remained staunchly loyal to the government under which he had so long lived and held office, and when Philadelphia was oc-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

cupied by His Majesty's forces during the fall, winter, and spring of 1777-1778, at the request of Sir William Howe, he assumed charge of the city's civil affairs along with his friend and neighbour, Joseph Galloway. In consequence of their attitude and action, the State Legislature, then sitting at Lancaster, declared him and other prominent citizens guilty of high treason and all their property forfeited to the State unless they surrendered themselves by the twentieth day of April following. This Shoemaker did not do and, with his stepson, William Rawle, left for New York, in June, a few days before the British forces evacuated Philadelphia.

Directly the Revolutionary authorities returned to the city, they directed strenuous measures of confiscation against the Loyalists and Mr. Shoemaker's property was among the first to claim their notice. The Act of Attainder provided that after twelve months the real estate of the attainted persons should be sold and that in the meanwhile the president or the vice-president and Supreme Executive Council might rent out the said estates for a time not exceeding two years, paying the taxes and other expenses and managing them until they should be sold in the manner thereafter directed. In their excess of vindictive zeal the agents of the State seized Laurel Hill, disregarding the fact that it did not belong to Mr. Shoemaker, but to his wife, and did not therefore come within their purview, and allowed the President of the State, General Joseph Reed, to occupy the premises.

The diaries kept and exchanged by the separated members of the Rawle and Shoemaker families during this period throw much interesting light upon what was going

LAUREL HILL

on here and in New York, and make it quite plain that the lot of the Loyalist families and sympathisers who remained in Philadelphia was not one of unalloyed bliss. A chronicle of the annoyances and indignities to which they were subjected by the authorities and the rowdiness they suffered at the hands of the baser sort would fill a volume. Several extracts from Anna Rawle's diary which she wrote for the information of her mother, then in New York, in the latter part of October, 1781, when tidings of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown had reached Philadelphia and were received with acclamations of joy, show the plight of quiet and inoffensive neutrals and Loyalists because they did not choose to illuminate their houses in honour of an event they honestly regarded as a disaster.

October 25.—Fifth Day.—I suppose, dear Mammy, thee would not have imagined this house to be illuminated last night, but it was. A mob surrounded it, broke the shutters and the glass of the windows, and were coming in, none but forlorn women here. We for a time listened for their attacks in fear and trembling till, finding them grow more loud and violent, not knowing what to do, we ran into the yard. Warm Whigs of one side, and Hartley's of the other (who were treated even worse than we), rendered it impossible for us to escape that way. We had not been there many minutes before we were drove back by the sight of two men climbing the fence. We thought the mob were coming in thro' there, but it proved to be Coburn and Bob Shewell, who called to us not to be frightened, and fixed lights up at the windows, which pacified the mob, and after three huzzas they moved off. A number of men came in afterwards to see us. French and J. B. nailed boards up at the broken pannels, or it would not have been safe to have gone to bed. Coburn and Shewell were really very kind; had it not been for them I really believe the house would have been pulled down. Even the firm

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Uncle Fisher was obliged to submit to have his windows illuminated, for they had pickaxes and iron bars with which they had done considerable injury to his house. In short it was the most alarming scene I ever remember. For two hours we had the disagreeable noise of stones banging about, glass crashing, and the tumultuous voices of a large body of men, as they were a long time at the different houses in the neighbourhood. At last they were victorious, and it was one general illumination throughout the town. As we had not the pleasure of seeing any of the gentlemen in the house, nor the furniture cut up, and goods stolen, nor been beat, nor pistols pointed at our breasts, we may count our sufferings slight compared to many others. Mr. Gibbs was obliged to make his escape over a fence, and while his wife was endeavouring to shield him from the rage of one of the men, she received a violent bruise in the breast, and a blow in the face which made her nose bleed. Ben. Shoemaker was here this morning; tho' exceedingly threatened he says he came off with the loss of four panes of glass. Some Whig friends put candles in the windows which made his peace with the mob, and they retired. John Drinker has lost half the goods out of his shop and been beat by them; in short the sufferings of those they pleased to style Tories would fill a volume and shake the credulity of those who were not here on that memorable night, and to-day Philadelphia makes an uncommon appearance, which ought to cover the Whigs with eternal confusion. . . . J. Head has nothing left whole in his parlour. Uncle Penington lost a good deal of window glass. . . . The Drinkers and Walns make heavy complaints of the Carolinians in their neighbourhood. Walns' pickles were thrown about the streets and barrells of sugar stolen.

Strange as it may now seem, the ruffianly behaviour of this rabble crew appears to have been condoned, and even to some extent concurred in, by those that would not

LAUREL HILL

naturally be expected to countenance such doings. Highly respectable people among the Whigs told Mrs. Galloway and others, who had sustained much loss through the animosity of the mob, that they were "sorry for her furniture but not for her windows"—a rather peculiar and inconsistent distinction to draw. Though brimful of partisan bias and hot prejudice, Miss Rawle's account of the activities of several of the Whig ladies of the city in behalf of the army a little prior to this, is too amusing, as seen by Loyalist eyes, to omit:

But of all absurdities the ladies going about for money exceeded everything; they were so extremely importunate that people were obliged to give them something to get rid of them. Mrs. Beech [Bache] and the set with her, came to our door the morning after thee went, and turned back again. The reason she gave to a person who told me was that she did not chuse to face Mrs. S. or her daughters.

H[annah] Thompson, Mrs. [Robert] Morris, Mrs. [James] Wilson, and a number of very genteel women, paraded about streets in this manner, some carrying ink stands, nor did they let the meanest ale house escape. The gentlemen also were honoured with their visits. Bob Wharton declares he was never so teased in his life. They reminded him of the extreme rudeness of refusing anything to the fair, but he was inexorable and pleaded want of money, and the heavy taxes, so at length they left him, after threatening to hand his name down to posterity with infamy.

In February, 1782, Mr. Shoemaker's life-interest in his wife's estate at Laurel Hill was sold by the State agents to Major James Parr, an extensive investor in confiscated lands. Parr almost immediately thereafter leased the place to the French minister, the Chevalier de

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

la Luzerne, who will ever remain famous for the magnificent celebration he gave at his town house in honour of the birthday of the Dauphin. As he was so lavish in his entertainment, we may well believe that Laurel Hill during his occupancy was the scene of much social gaiety. It was certainly the scene of much good dining. The chevalier, of course, had his French cook and the French cook, to be sure, had his truffle-dog and the truffle-dog, forsooth, was fain to follow the occupation for which he had been bred. That sagacious animal, to his everlasting credit be it said, did what no botanist had ever done before or has ever succeeded in doing since. He dug for truffles on the lawn of Laurel Hill and found them! Could we now secure others of his breed we might add a new article to our native food supply.

After the peace, when the zeal against the Loyalists had in some measure abated, the authorities viewed the matter more calmly and saw that the title was still vested in Mrs. Shoemaker. Pursuant to some negotiations with Major Parr and his tenant, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, the estate was restored to its rightful owners, who returned after an absence of five years. In 1828, William Rawle, as trustee under his mother's will, sold Laurel Hill to Doctor Philip Syng Physick, reference to whom is made elsewhere, and from him the estate passed to his descendants, the Randolphs, who retained it till the city bought it for a part of Fairmount Park in 1869. After being let out for divers uses by the park commissioners the house was at last put in the care of the Colonial Dames of America, who now maintain it in good order and there hold stated meetings.

WOODFORD

IN THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES, FAIRMOUNT PARK
COLEMAN—BARCLAY—FRANKS—PASCHALL—LEWIS
—WHARTON



WOODFORD is situated in the East Park at York and Thirty-third Streets near the Dauphin Street station of the Fairmount Park Electric Railway. The fine old doorway is reached by six soapstone steps and opens into a large hall with an entrance at once into front rooms on either side. Beyond these doors are square columns against the walls of the hall with crosspiece of detail work, but no stairway appears. This ascends from a large hall in the centre of the house reached by a door in the side. The stairway and halls are spacious and the rooms large, each with a fireplace with ornamental iron back and square bricks for hearth. In the front south room the tiles surrounding the fireplace are blue and represent Elizabethan knights and ladies. The cornices in the rooms are rounding, the boards of the floors an inch and a half thick and dowelled together. The doors have brass hanging loops instead of knobs and the woodwork, including mantels and wainscot, is in fine condition.

The ground upon which it stands was granted by William Penn, February 16, 1698, to Mary Rotchford, who deeded the tract of two hundred acres to Thomas Shute in the same year. At his death in 1754 it was sold to Abel James, a son-in-law of Thomas Chalkley and one of the consignees of the tea in the *Polly* which was sent

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

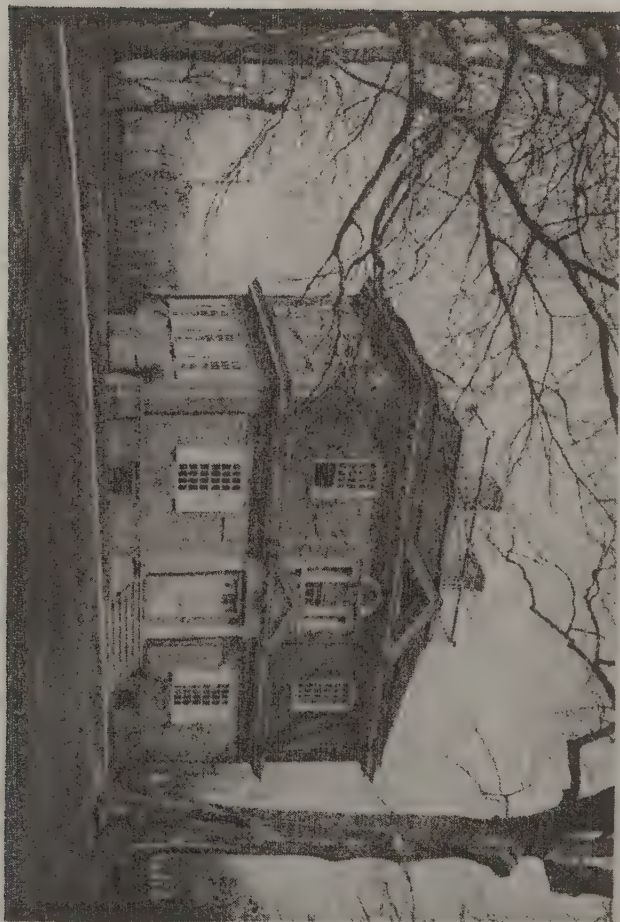
back to England. He sold it to Joseph Shute, son of Thomas, in 1756, and immediately afterward it was sold at sheriff's sale, twelve acres going to William Coleman, who built the house. He was a friend of Franklin, member of the "Junto," a scholar, and an eminent jurist. Franklin says of him:

And William Coleman, then a merchant's clerk, about my age, who had the coolest, clearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with. He became afterwards a merchant of great note, and one of our provincial judges. Our friendship continued without interruption to his death, upwards of forty years.

This in describing the members of the "Junto" which met on Friday evenings and was for mutual improvement. Every member must produce in his turn one or more queries on any point of morals, politics, or natural philosophy, to be discussed by the company, and once in three months produce and read an essay of his own writing, on any subject he pleased. Franklin says it "was the best school of philosophy, morality and politics that then existed in the province."

William Coleman was a member of Common Council in 1739, justice of the peace and judge of the County Courts in 1751, and judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania from 1759 until he died, aged sixty-four, in 1769. The mansion on the "East side of the river Schuylkill and west side of Wessahykken Road" shows him fond of study and retirement.

The executors of William Coleman sold the place to Alexander Barclay, Comptroller of His Majesty's Customs at the Port of Philadelphia. He was the son of



WOODWARD, NEAR THE HURD ROAD
Built by William Woodward in 1750



WOODFORD

David Barclay and the grandson of Robert Barclay of Ury, the famous Quaker theologian and "Apologist."

He died in 1771 and the property then became the home of David Franks, the son of Jacob and Abigail Franks, and an eminent Jewish merchant. He was very prominent socially and a public-spirited man, the signer of the Non-Importation Resolutions in 1765, in which the signers agreed "not to have any goods shipped from Great Britain until after the repeal of the Stamp Act," a member of the Provincial Assembly in 1748, the register of wills, and a subscriber to the City Dancing Assembly. He married Margaret, daughter of Peter Evans, and has been thought to have deserted the faith of his fathers. This, however, is disproved by an affidavit he made before Judge Peters in 1792. The family was descended from Aaron Franks, the companion and friend of King George of Hanover, to whom he loaned the most valuable jewels in the crown at the coronation. The son Jacob came to New York about 1711, and his son David came to Philadelphia soon after 1738, a niece having married Haym Salomon, whose money joined with Robert Morris's in financing the Revolution.

David Franks was the agent of the Crown in Philadelphia during the troublous times and was made commissary of the British prisoners in the American lines until 1778, when he was detected in endeavouring to transmit a letter inimical to the American cause. His neighbour, General Benedict Arnold, in command of Philadelphia and living in the Macpherson mansion nearby, arrested him and threw him into gaol. He was deprived of his commission as commissary and compelled to re-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

move to New York in 1780. His sister, Fila Franks, married Captain Oliver De Lancey, of New York, who, with Major André, painted the decorations for the "Mischianza" and served with credit in the Provincial troops during the Revolution. He was made a brigadier-general, and died in England in 1785.

David Franks had four children—Abigail, who married Andrew Hamilton of the Woodlands, afterwards attorney-general of the State; Jacob, Mary or Polly, and Rebecca, who married Lieutenant-Colonel, afterward General, Sir Henry Johnson, defeated and captured by General Anthony Wayne at Stony Point. Rebecca Franks was the most striking figure in a notable galaxy of society lights. She was brilliant, witty and of a winsome presence, the most graceful among the graceful, the most beautiful among the beautiful. Born about 1760, well educated, at home in the classics, familiar with Milton, Goldsmith, Swift, and others, she was of that group of aristocrats, who having derived their wealth and prosperity from the favour of the Crown, sided with the Loyalists and favoured law, order, and property as opposed to mobs and violence. She was a gifted writer and has left in her letters interesting accounts of the society of the day as well as a poem of some fifteen hundred lines written in the summer of 1779, which is a political satire full of unmeasured abuse of the leaders of the Revolutionary War. General Howe was in the habit of tying his horse in front of the house in which the Franks lived and going in to have a chat with the wit of the day.

This sprightly person was naturally one of the belles of the celebrated "Mischianza" given May 18, 1778, by

WOODFORD

the British officers in honour of General Howe upon his departure. The word is an Italian one and signifies a medley. It was celebrated upon a scale of magnificence rarely equalled in those days and its description reads like a page from *Ivanhoe*, forcibly calling to mind the days of chivalry. The guests embarked from Green Street wharf and proceeded in a river pageant to what is now Washington Avenue, where they landed and advanced to Joseph Wharton's place, Walnut Grove, situated at about what is now Fifth Street and Washington Avenue. After this there was a tournament in which England's bravest soldiers appeared in honour of Philadelphia's fairest women, being divided into six Knights of the Blended Rose and six Knights of the Burning Mountain, each wearing the colours of his particular princess. Lord Cathcart led the former, appearing in honour of Miss Auchmuty, the only English maiden present and the betrothed of Captain Montresor, chief engineer. The Knights of the Burning Mountain were led by Captain Watson, who appeared for Miss Franks.

She was dressed in a white silk gown, trimmed with blue and white sash edged with black. It was a polonaise dress, which formed a flowing robe and was open in front to the waist. The sash, six inches wide, was filled with spangles, also the veil which was edged with silver lace. The headdress was towering, in the fashion of the time, and filled with a profusion of pearls. Major André planned most of the entertainment and has left a detailed account of it as well as drawings of the costumes. He painted many of the decorations and Captain Montresor of the engineers planned the fireworks. After

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the tourney there was a supper with royalist toasts followed by dancing until four o'clock, and all in the midst of a bloody war and within a few miles of the enemy!

After the evacuation of the city by the British army, Lieutenant Jack Stewart of Maryland, calling upon Miss Franks in a scarlet coat, remarked, "I have adopted your colours, my princess, the better to secure a kind reception; deign to smile on a true knight." The beauty did not reply, but addressing some friends in the room exclaimed, "How the ass glories in the lion's skin." A commotion arising in the street at the time, they looked out and saw a figure in female attire with ragged skirts and bare feet, but with the exaggerated headdress of the Tory ladies. The unfortunate officer remarked that, "the lady was equipped altogether in the English fashion." "Not altogether, Colonel," replied Miss Franks, "for though the style of her head is British, her shoes and stockings are in the genuine Continental fashion." When the French Alliance was announced, the patriots wore cockades in its honour. Miss Franks tied one of these to her dog and bribed a servant to turn it into the ball-room where Mrs. Washington was giving a reception to the French minister. It is to be hoped that having lost her manners she lost her dog as well.

In a letter to her sister, Mrs. Hamilton, she writes the most detailed and piquant account that we possess of New York social life during the Revolution.

She thinks that it is in the powers of entertaining that New Yorkers are most deficient:

Bye the bye, few ladies here know how to entertain company in their own houses, unless they introduce the card table. . . .

WOODFORD

I will do our ladies—that is, the Philadelphians—the justice to say that they have more cleverness in the turn of an eye, than those of New York have in their whole composition. With what ease have I seen a Chew, an Oswald, an Allen, and a thousand others, entertain a large circle of both sexes, and the conversation without the aid of cards not flag or seem the least strained or stupid.

She finally settled down in Bath, England, with her husband, and when General Winfield Scott visited her in 1816 she had become, from bad health, prematurely old, a very near approach to a ghost, and was rolled about in an easy chair. Still maintaining some of her fire she exclaimed to him, pointing to heaven with both hands, "Would to God I, too, had been a patriot."

At a ball given by the English officers in New York, General Sir Henry Clinton requested the band to play "Britons Strike Home," whereupon Miss Franks exclaimed, "The Commander-in-Chief has made a mistake, he meant to say 'Britons Go Home.'"

His adherence to the British side caused the confiscation of David Franks's property and, November 22, 1780, Woodford went to Thomas Paschall, son of Stephen Paschall and a friend of Benjamin Franklin. William Lewis, a famous advocate, also lived in it and finally, in 1798, it came into the Wharton family, Isaac Wharton being the purchaser. Isaac Wharton was born September 15, 1745, the son of Joseph and Hannah Carpenter Wharton and the grandson of Thomas and Rachel Thomas Wharton. He was married to Margaret Rawle, daughter of Francis and Rebecca Warner Rawle. Isaac's father, Joseph Wharton, was the owner of Walnut Grove

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in Southwark where the "Mischianza" was held in May, 1778. At Isaac Wharton's death in 1778, the partition of the estate brought the seat to his son, Francis Rawle Wharton, who married Juliana Matilda, daughter of Isaac Gouverneur of New York. He was the last private owner of Woodford and it came to Fairmount Park in 1868. It was occupied by Chief Engineers John C. Cresson and Russell Thayer and since May 16, 1887, has been used as a guardhouse. The two small lodge-houses on the place are still standing and in use.

BELMONT

BLOCKLEY TOWNSHIP, WEST PHILADELPHIA
PETERS



F all the multitudes that each year visit Fairmount Park and pass the door of Belmont Mansion, it is safe to say that hardly one in a thousand thinks of it as the former home of one of the most eminent men of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods. Here was born, here lived, and here died the Honourable Richard Peters, sometime judge of the United States District Court in Pennsylvania, Commissioner of War during the struggle for Independence, and the country's first Secretary of War, in deed, if not in name.

So many changes have been wrought in the house and surroundings since Judge Peters's time, that the picturesque charm of its Colonial character is obscured. It has been turned into a restaurant and so altered and added to that it is not easy to discern what part of the present structure was, in its day, one of the handsomest seats in the neighbourhood. A third floor has been piled atop and wings and back buildings have been built on to such an extent that the original fabric is almost smothered. Examine closely, however, and you will find unmistakable traces of age in parts of the walls. Then enter the distressingly ugly modern doorway and you will find yourself in a delightful room that was once the great hall of the house. The present furnishing of little ice-cream tables and flimsy chairs is sadly out of keeping

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

with the stately panelling and carving and the ornate plaster work of the ceiling—one of the most elaborate examples of Colonial plaster work known—where viols and guitars, trumpets and shepherd's reeds are intermingled with the arms and crest of the Peters family. In the dog-ears of the door-trims are carved dainty little rosettes, while the pediments above are finished with the infinite pains of the woodcarver's art. The embellishment of the overmantel matches the rest of the carved woodwork. If one has the courage to face further desecration to which this lordly old dwelling is subjected, he can pursue his investigations and find other rooms with gems of carving and staircases whose balustrades and spindles might grace a Georgian museum.

Of all the houses in Fairmount Park, Belmont has suffered most at the hands of the vandal. Apart from its commanding site, whence an extensive panorama of the West Park, the Schuylkill River, and part of the city spreads out before the eye, and the beautiful interior woodwork and remarkable ceiling of the great hall, its chief attraction for us lies in the memory of the remarkable man who dwelt under its roof through eighty-four years of an eventful life passed in a most eventful period of our national history.

Belmont, in the township of Blockley, as all that section immediately west of the Schuylkill was called, from Blockley in England whence came the Warner family who first owned this tract, was built in 1742 or 1748 (probably finished in the latter year) by William Peters, the father of the judge. William Peters, who was a younger brother of Richard Peters, sometime secretary

BELMONT

of the Land Office, secretary of several Provincial governors, rector of Christ Church and subsequently, by order of the Proprietaries, Councillor of the Province came from England to Pennsylvania prior to 1789 and practised law in Chester County, which reached at that time to the borders of the city. He seems to have been induced to come out to the Colonies partly to assuage his grief at the death of his first wife, and partly by the fact that his elder brother was already here. In 1741 he married Mary Breintnall, a lady equally charming in character and person, the daughter of a prominent family. It was on the occasion of this marriage that he made his home at Belmont.

Here Richard Peters first saw the light of day in June, 1744. He received his education in Philadelphia, and at the time when he entered upon the practice of law he was known as an excellent Latin and Greek scholar and was well versed in both French and German. His fluency in the latter tongue served him in good stead in his country practice which lay largely among the Germans. Richard Peters was a keen wit and a most brilliant as well as incessant conversationalist. It was his wont to follow the assizes or circuits of the courts in all the surrounding counties, and on these occasions he always relieved the tedium of the legal atmosphere by his humorous sallies. When the Pennsylvania delegation went to the conference with the Indians at Fort Stanwix, in New York State, Peters accompanied them and, during the negotiations, so insinuated himself into the good graces of the Indian chiefs that they proposed to adopt him into their tribe. Their offer was accepted and Peters

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was introduced to his adoptive relatives by the name "Tegohhtias," meaning "Paroquet," bestowed in allusion to his amusing talkativeness.

When the storm of the Revolution broke, though his associations with the Proprietary government might have been expected to attach him to the King's interests, he did not hesitate to espouse the defence of American rights and organise a company in the neighbourhood of his home, filling the post of captain. His military career, however, was of short duration, for his administrative and executive abilities were so well known that he was soon summoned "from the camp to the cabinet." As Commissioner of War he faithfully and ably served the country in a most difficult and trying position and it is no exaggeration to say that, had it not been for his indomitable energy and unceasing labours, Washington's forces would many a time have been far more sadly handicapped than they were for lack of provisions and ammunition, and it is not impossible that the event of the war might have been different.

Some notion of the Continental Army's frequently grievous state as well as some notion of the tremendous burden Peters bore on his shoulders during all the anxious years of strife may be gained from Peters's own words taken from one of his letters.

I was Commissioner of War in 1779. General Washington wrote to me that all his powder was wet and that he was entirely without lead or balls, so that, should the enemy approach, he must retreat. When I received this letter I was going to a grand gala at the Spanish Ambassador's who lived in Mr. Chew's fine house in south Third street. The spacious gardens were su-

BELMONT

perbly decorated with variegated lamps, the edifice itself was a blaze of lights, the show was splendid, but my feelings were far from being in harmony with all this brilliancy. I met at this party my friend, Robert Morris, who soon discovered the state of my mind. "You are not yourself tonight, Peters, what is the matter?" asked Morris. Notwithstanding my unlimited confidence in that great patriot, it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to disclose the cause of my depression, but at length I ventured to give him a hint of my inability to answer the pressing calls of the Commander-in-Chief. The army is without lead and I know not where to get an ounce to supply it; the General must retreat for want of ammunition. "Well, let him retreat," replied the high and liberal-minded Morris; "but cheer up; there are in the Holker Privateer, just arrived, ninety tons of lead, one-half of which is mine and at your service, the residue you can get by applying to Blair McClenachan and Holker, both of whom are in the house with us." I accepted the offer of Mr. Morris.

Peters then goes on to relate how he approached McClenachan and Holker, both of whom, however, demurred because of the large sums already owing them. Thereupon Morris came forward, assumed the whole responsibility, the lead was delivered and so the army for the nonce had a supply of bullets.

Peters's assiduous labours as Commissioner of War were continued throughout the Revolution. He toiled unceasingly to keep the army furnished with necessary ammunition and supplies at a time "when wants were plenty and supplies lamentably scarce." After the surrender of Cornwallis, Mr. Peters resigned his post in the War Office, December, 1781, whereupon Congress resolved:

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

that Mr. Peter's letter of resignation be entered on the Journal and that he be informed that Congress are sensible of his merit and convinced of his attachment to the cause of his country and return him their thanks for his long and faithful services in the War Department.

Upon leaving the War Office Mr. Peters was elected a member of Congress and had his share in the business of ending the war and arranging the longed-for peace.

Soon after the close of the war, in 1785, Mr. Peters visited England, having among other objects of his visit a commission of a semi-public nature that brought him into acquaintance with the primate and principal prelates of the English Church—the securing of consent for the English bishops to consecrate to the Episcopate three American priests, Doctors White, Moore, and Provost. His mission, it is needless to say, was ultimately successful. After the conclusion of peace, Mr. Peters was speaker of the State Assembly until President Washington appointed him judge of the United States District Court of Pennsylvania, a position he held until the time of his death thirty-six years later.

During Judge Peters's lifetime, Belmont was the scene of lavish and constant hospitality and while Philadelphia was the seat of Federal government the chief statesmen, diplomats, and foreign notables were frequent guests there. The judge dearly loved to surround himself with his friends, and his political prominence, his intellectual brilliance, and above all his genial personality drew a large coterie about him. Washington and Lafayette were on terms of great intimacy with him and the former, "when-ever a morning of leisure permitted," was in the habit

BELMONT

of driving to Belmont and there, free for a time from the cares of State, would enjoy his host's vivacious flow of conversation, walking for hours with him in the beautiful gardens between "clipped hedges of pyramids, obelisks and balls" of evergreen and spruce, or beneath the shade of ancient trees. So much for the more serious side of Richard Peters's career.

Notwithstanding his high reputation as a patriot, statesman, and jurist, he is best remembered as a brilliant wit and many stories of his *bon mots* have been carefully treasured. His was the eminently happy faculty of always being able to raise a wholesome, good-natured laugh without the least trace of ill-humour or sharpness. Despite his scintillating gaiety, his bursts were always well-timed and his manner and behaviour were never wanting in dignity and decorum. On one occasion the judge was attending a dinner of the Schuylkill Fishing Company and was seated beside the president, Governour Wharton. Toward the end of the dinner more wine was required and the Governour called a serving-man named John to fetch it. Said the judge, "If you want more wine, you should call for the demi-John."

In the latter part of his life Judge Peters was deeply interested in real estate matters and tried to develop a suburban tract he owned. To advertise it he posted a plan of the locality on a signboard and carefully covered it with glass. When asked the reason for the glass covering, he promptly responded, "Oh, if I leave it exposed, every hunter who comes along will riddle it with shot and then everybody will see through my plan." The project was not successful and one of his friends advised him to

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

have it officially laid out. "All right," said Peters, "it's time to lay it out. It's been dead long enough." At another time, according to Samuel Breck, who chronicled a good many of the judge's *jeux d'esprit*, a very fat and a very slim man stood at the entrance of a door into which his honour wished to pass. He stopped for a moment for them to make way, but perceiving they were not inclined to move, and being urged by the master of the house to come in, he pushed on between them, exclaiming, "Here I go then, through thick and thin."

Judge Peters was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, the first agricultural society in America. From the farm at Belmont came many model things. Dairying among other matters came in for a share of attention and Belmont butter found its way to market put up in one pound packages. Unfortunately for the judge, his one pound weight, according to a new assize of weights and measures, was too light, and the whole consignment was seized by the inspector and confiscated for the benefit of the poor. The judge then sent his old weight to be examined and corrected by the standard, and when it was returned the letters "C. P." (for Commonwealth of Pennsylvania) were stamped upon it. The servant who brought it back carried it at once to the judge, who was at dinner with a party of friends. Taking it he carefully inspected it and looking gravely at his wife, said, as he held it up for her to see, "My dear, they have at last found us out. Here is the old weight come back with C. P. stamped in it which can stand for nothing in the world but Cheating Peters."

BELMONT

Although the surroundings of Belmont were unusually beautiful, so that the French traveller, Chastellux, was quite warranted in his remark about the place being a "tasty little box in the most charming spot Nature could embellish," the fields often presented a shabby appearance, for the judge was so occupied with public affairs and also with agricultural experiments that he had little time to devote to the practical management of his farming operations. One day an old German, who had often read the judge's agricultural reports, made a pilgrimage to Belmont. He found the gate without hinges, fences dilapidated, and the crops not equal to his own. When the judge came out to speak to him, the rustic bluntly expressed his disappointment at the appearance of the place. "How can you expect me," said the judge, "to attend to all these things when my time is so taken up in telling others how to farm?" The old German was disgusted and drove away without asking any more questions.

Judge Peters was one of the courtliest of men and retained the ancient mode of dress long after others had abandoned it. To his dying day he wore knee-breeches and silver buckles on his shoes, always powdered his hair and dressed it in a queue. An old friend of the family, Miss Molly Delaney, was wont to perform the service of queue dressing for him every morning. After his death in 1828 Belmont remained in possession of the family but played no prominent part in the social life of the period. It was sold to the city for incorporation in the park in 1867.

PENCOYD

BALA, LOWER MERION TOWNSHIP, MONTGOMERY

ROBERTS



JUST beyond city line, about half a mile from Bala station, at the break of the hill that goes down to Pencoyd Bridge over the Schuylkill, is Pencoyd, built in 1683, one of the earliest houses in the Welsh Barony. Pencoyd means "head of the woods," and was so named by the Colonist John Roberts, presumably either because the woods on the slope from the river ended there or else because the land was a wooded headland.

The entire four walls of the old house, two feet thick, are still standing though hidden in part by later additions. The material of the structure is native grey field stone of varied sizes—some of them probably turned up in the course of clearing the fields—pointed with white mortar. In the rear of the house still remain marks of old mud plaster, and until fifty years ago there was a portion of the log cabin standing that doubtless served John Roberts as a temporary domicile while the house was a-building.

John Roberts, of Llanengwan, in the parish of Lynn, near Bala, in Wales, came over in 1683, and before his departure received a grant from Penn of twelve hundred acres. He was one of the first settlers of Merion Township, which he named after Merionethshire, the county of his origin in Wales, and his grant in the Welsh Tract

PENCLOYD

early became a productive plantation. Not many years after his first occupation of the land, he wrote, "What was then a howling wilderness is now become, by the grace of God, a peaceful and fruitful farm." John Roberts was one of the heads of Merion Meeting and is buried in the grounds of that Meeting House which was built in 1695.

Pencoyd was typical of the plantations throughout the Welsh Barony which extended over a large part of what is now Montgomery County. Here, in a great stretch of wild rolling land that appealed to them because of its resemblance to their dearly loved Cambrian Hills, the Welsh people settled near one another and chose to live quite apart and aloof from the Colonists of other nationalities. Even now, under a grey November sky, when the freshening winds of autumn rustle the seared oak leaves, a wild Cymric spirit seems to sweep through the air calling back half-legendary memories. For a long time the Welsh settlers had their own courts, their own customs, their own churches and meetings, and jealously preserved the use of the Welsh tongue both in public and private but, as the years passed, intercourse with their non-Gaelic neighbours increased and they were ultimately assimilated by the more numerous element, contributing, however, one of the best and strongest strains to the State's population.

Robert Roberts, whose pistols and powder-horn are still kept at Pencoyd, and Lieutenant-Colonel Algernon Roberts, both served with distinction in the American army during the Revolution; the latter was a warm friend

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

of his near neighbour, Judge Peters of Belmont, between whose place and Pencoyd there was much visiting back and forth. Since the date of the original grant Pencoyd has never been sold nor deeded, but has always passed by will from owner to owner. At this time the ninth generation of Robertses is living in the house that the Colonist John builded in 1688.

WYNNESTAY

WYNNEFIELD, WEST PHILADELPHIA

WYNNE—SMEDLEY



THOMAS WYNNE, chirurgion, came over in the *Welcome* with his friend William Penn. He was the son of Thomas Ap John Wynne of the parish of Yskeiviog, Flintshire, Wales, and lived at Brenvedog.

The Wynnes trace their ancestry to Ednowain Bendow, Lord of Tegaingl, a district of Flintshire, and chief of the fifteenth Noble Tribe of North Wales in 1079. Thomas was baptised July 20, 1627, and early in youth wished to be a physician. The loss of his father when he was eleven years old caused such financial stress in the family that he was compelled to forego this desire for a time and to learn the trade of a cooper. In 1655 he married Martha Buttall of Wrexham, by whom came all his children. She died in 1670, and he married Elizabeth Rowden, who died in 1676, and lastly, Elizabeth Maule, who survived him. At the first opportunity he sought out Richard Moore, of Salop, "a good Artist in Chyrurgery," and Doctors Needham and Hollins, anatomists. He was one of the early converts to the Society of Friends and became an eminent minister, suffering imprisonment at Denbigh for six years. In 1677 he published a pamphlet entitled:

The Antiquity of the Quakers, proved out of the Scriptures of Truth. Published in Love to the Papists, Protestants, Presby-

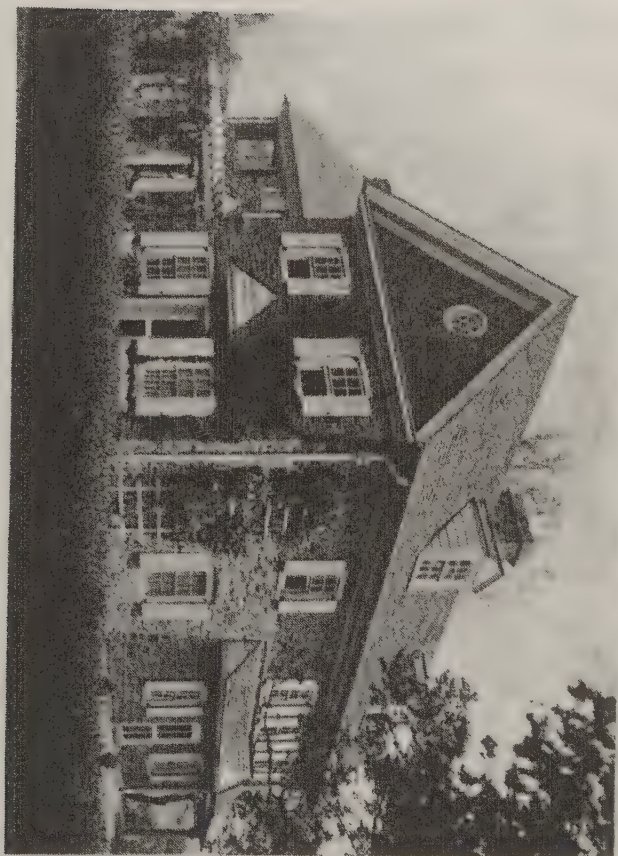
COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

terians, Independents and Anabaptists. With a Salutation of Pure Love to all the Tender-hearted Welshmen. But more especially to Flintshire, Denbigshire, Caernarvonshire and Anglesea. By their Countryman and Friend Thomas Wynne.

Besides the English part, this address contains two pages in Welsh. It was replied to by a Welshman named William Jones, and in 1679 Thomas broke out again in

An Anti-Christian Conspiracy Detected and Satan's Champion Defeated. Being a Reply to an Envious and Scurrilous Libel, without any name to it, called work for a cooper, Being also a vindication of my Book entitled The Antiquity of the Quakers. From the base Insinuations, False Doctrine and False Charge therein contained against me, my Book and against God's People, called Quakers in general, by me Thomas Wynne.

Thomas Wynne and John Ap John, for themselves and as trustees for others, purchased five thousand acres of the Welsh Barony from Penn and came over with him in 1682, Dr. Wynne finding ample practice for his profession in the outbreak of smallpox which occurred on the *Welcome*. His house in Front above Chestnut Street was one of the first brick houses in Philadelphia, and Chestnut Street was originally called Wynne Street. In 1684, with the approval of his Monthly Meeting, he returned to England, probably with William Penn in the ketch *Endeavour*. Coming again to America he lived at Lewes, Delaware, where, in 1688, he was associate-justice of Sussex County. He had been its representative in the first Assembly held at Philadelphia January 12, 1688, and was chosen the first speaker, receiving the charter of the Colony from William Penn April 2, 1688. Friends



WYNNSTAY, LOWER MERION
Built by Dr. Thomas Wynne, 1889



WYNNESTAY

appointed him as one to prepare an account of the order of the Society of Friends in the meetings for discipline in England and for government of meetings here and also one of a committee to select the site and to build the Bank Meeting House near Front and Arch Streets, erected in 1685.

At about the centre of the five thousand acres purchased and along the line of what was afterward the old Lancaster Road, Wynnestay was built, the older part being erected in 1689 as is inscribed on a wide joint of mortar in the gable end. The other end was built in 1700, and while it is doubtful whether Doctor Wynne lived in the house it is known that his only son Jonathan lived there and it was probably erected for him. Doctor Wynne died in 1692 and the estate went to Jonathan and his wife, who was Sarah Greaves and whom he had married in 1694.

The house is now located at Fifty-second and Woodbine Avenue in the Thirty-fourth ward of Philadelphia, and the land of the Wynnes is now largely in Fairmount Park, in the George's Hill section, and where the centennial buildings of 1876 stood. The first house was a two-storey stone building with a single room on each floor and a pent roof above the first. The second part was a trifle higher than the first, but a new roof, which is the only change, has put all on a level. There is a new wing now, in the rear, built in conformity with the original and the fences surrounding it have given way to hedges. The nine Lombardy poplars, five running parallel to the south front of the house and four at a right angle, have gone.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Jonathan Wynne was succeeded at Wynnestay by his son Thomas, who married Mary Warner in 1722. Their son Thomas, who married Margaret Coulton, was the next owner. At the outbreak of hostilities with England he was taken prisoner and remained in captivity until 1781. His wife and children remained at Wynnestay and bravely resisted the harassing British soldiery. Thomas was a lieutenant in the "Flying Camp" under command of Colonel Lambert Cadwalader and was captured at Fort Washington on the Hudson.

A skirmish occurred at the Black Horse Tavern, near Wynnestay, and during one of the excursions of a British troop some of them attempted to steal all the eatables, but Margaret Coulton Wynne resisted them until a detachment of Continentals under Potter came up and drove them off, killing three who are buried in the lawn. Many bullets and cannon balls found in the grounds prove the troublous times that surrounded the little family then. In 1782 Thomas was dead and his son Thomas took possession with his wife, who was Elizabeth Reese. He ran away to the army when fourteen, but returned after three months. After them came the son Samuel, who married Phoebe Sharp from Cumberland County, New Jersey, and then their son Joseph whose wife was Elizabeth N. Matlock.

The eighth generation and the last of the name to live in the house was the present Thomas Wynne, and from the heirs of Samuel Wynne the estate was sold, about 1872, to the Smedley family who now own it and preserve it in splendid condition. There is only about

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an acre of open ground surrounding the house and the present pretty suburb of Wynnefield has sprung up about it. Thomas Wynne still sits in the gallery of Merion Meeting, as his ancestors have done before him, and takes an active interest in the concerns of the Society of Friends.

Descendants of Doctor Thomas Wynne are numbered among the families of Cook, Wister, Cadwalader, and Roberts, and the family name has been made widely known by Doctor S. Weir Mitchell's novel, "Hugh Wynne."

THE GRANGE

HAVERFORD TOWNSHIP, MONTGOMERY

LEWIS—WILCOX—CRUICKSHANK—BOSS—BRINTON—
EYRE—ASHHURST



IN the year of grace 1682 Henry Lewis, a Welsh Quaker, established himself in Haverford Township, then Chester, now Delaware County, on the banks of Cobb's Creek near the city line and the present Old Haverford Road, and named his estate Maen-Coch. He shortly built a substantial stone house that afterward became a part of Clifton Hall, as the estate was called by a subsequent owner and so styled until it received the title of the Grange in 1780. About seven miles from the old Court House at Second and Market Streets, this abode of Henry Lewis was then in the depths of the wilderness and even now after the lapse of more than two centuries it enjoys a measure of rural seclusion that is scarcely to be looked for in a place so near the city.

Under a succession of owners Maen-Coch, Clifton Hall, or the Grange, experienced many vicissitudes of addition and embellishment until in late Colonial times it became one of the most justly celebrated seats in the vicinity of Philadelphia and so remained until a very few years ago. Now, shorn of its former honours, deserted, dilapidated, overgrown, with rank weeds profanely encroaching on its once faultless walks and borders, and an unrestrained confusion of lawful growths jostling each other in unkempt array, the Grange yet maintains a cer-

THE GRANGE

tain steadfast dignity of mien that, in its day of decadence, seems to bespeak a proud consciousness of its former high estate and a determination to preserve to the end an unruffled exterior, come what may, like a thing of truly gentle race enduring the buffetings of the storms of misfortune. Despite the alterations made after the Civil War, alterations that destroyed its Georgian aspect, on account of which in part no illustrations are given, it is unquestionably one of the great houses of the country, where from earliest Colonial times lavish hospitality was wont to be dispensed and the most honourable and notable men of their several generations were entertained.

The aforesaid Henry Lewis, being one of the most staid and straight-laced members of the Society of Friends, carefully eschewed all outward display and contented himself with an unpretentious dwelling of modest dimensions. He, and his son Henry after him, lived for many years in what is now the rear portion of the house. About the middle of the eighteenth century we find the estate in the possession of a Captain John Wilcox, who enlarged the house, adding all or nearly all of the front part, and changed the name to Clifton Hall. Tradition has it that Captain Wilcox surrounded his broad lands with a ditch of some depth which he caused to be dugged by his negro slaves of whom he had a considerable number. It is said that he devised this scheme for keeping them employed and out of mischief when there was nothing else to be done. In the middle of the last century, traces of this ditch were still discernible.

About 1760 Captain Charles Cruickshank, a Scotch gentleman of wealth, came to America and in 1761 pur-

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chased Clifton Hall from Captain Wilcox. He indulged in various enlargements and modifications of the mansion, though in exactly what respects it is scarcely possible to say. He was a person of cultivated tastes and appears to have had a strong bent for gardening, for it was at this period that the terraced walks were cut, the green-houses and hothouses established and the "natural beauties of the place . . . developed by the appliances of art." The landscape gardening begun by Captain Cruickshank and continued by succeeding owners has given the Grange a position in this respect unexcelled in all the surrounding country. Captain Cruickshank also added to the acres of Clifton Hall.

On December 8, 1768, John Ross, another Scotchman afterward extensively engaged in Philadelphia as an East India merchant and shipowner, married Clementina, the daughter of Captain Cruickshank, the wedding taking place at the Grange, or Clifton Hall as it was then called. During and after the Revolutionary War, John Ross was a prominent figure in the counsels of the infant nation and in the conduct of affairs. His devotion to the American cause cost him dear and very nearly ruined him, for in ready response to an order from Congress's Committee of Commerce in May, 1776, "to procure cloths [sic], arms and powder for the use of the army," he spent far more than the trifling and inadequate sum the commissioners were then able to put at his disposal. His outlay for the army on the guarantee of his personal responsibility amounted to twenty thousand pounds. This advance he could never fully recover and for a considerable time he was in sore straits. Eventually,

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however, fortune shone upon him and his resources increased so that in 1788, when Captain Cruickshank returned to Scotland, he was able to buy the Grange, so rechristened in 1780 in honour of the Marquis de Lafayette, whose home in France bore that name.

Mr. Ross continued the adornment of the grounds begun by his father-in-law, enlarged the boundaries of the estate, and made sundry additions to the buildings. In the post-Revolutionary period the Grange was in the heyday of its magnificence. Miss Elizabeth Mifflin, a granddaughter of John Ross, left a manuscript account of the Grange and the manner of life there, based on the authority of her sister, an eye-witness. To quote in part, she says:

Nothing could be more picturesque, beautiful and elegant than this highly favoured spot. The gardens, the fountain, the Bath in a private garden with walks, skirted with boxwood and the trumpet creeper in rich luxuriance overhanging the door and gateways, where the water was so intensely cold that few entered in. The Green-houses and Hothouses, the Dairy, the extensive orchards of every variety of fruit; and then the long, dark walk $\frac{7}{8}$'s of a mile in extent, shaded by tall forest trees, and where the Tulip poplar abounded, and where the sun scarcely dared to penetrate. On one side a ravine through which a creek flowed gurgling and reflecting the sun beams shut out from the dark walk, with the sloping meadows beyond, all presenting a picture never to be forgotten. Near the beginning of this dark walk Mr. Ross had caused to be constructed, on a spot ten or twelve feet above the walk, a semi-circular seat capable of holding twenty persons and a place for a table. On the 4th of July and other warm days of summer he would take his friends there and iced

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wines would be served. A bell wire, communicating with the house, was arranged to call the servant when wanted and avoid his constant presence. No roses nor honeysuckles were so beautiful and fragrant as those from The Grange; no strawberries and cherries, no pears, peaches, apples and quinces so fine. The place was in the highest state of cultivation, the grass and grain crops unrivalled in the neighbourhood and really nothing was left undone to contribute to the beauties and luxuries with which the Grange abounded.

A glowing eulogy surely, but fully deserved. Miss Mifflin's words could quite as fittingly be applied to conditions at a later date. She might have added that the house is approached from the road by a broad avenue a quarter of a mile in length, shaded by great over-arching trees.

The manuscript record goes on to say of Mr. Ross that "his house was always open and his hospitable table prepared to receive his friends." Washington, Franklin, Generals Knox and Mifflin, Robert Morris, the Duc d'Orleans, Lafayette, Marbois, Talleyrand, Volney, "and all the prominent people of that day which abounded with great men" were visitors, and some of them frequent visitors at the Grange. Mr. Ross knew the value of good dinners as adjuncts to pleasant social intercourse. He was noted not only for the excellent quality of his wines and the lavish quantity in which they were set forth but also for the superiority of the viands that graced his board and the guests who sat down at the Grange table could always be sure of finding the best that kitchen or cellar could offer. The story goes that the Father of his Country on one occasion having dined at the Grange

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not wisely, perhaps, but too well, collided violently with one of the gateposts on leaving the grounds. It is always a satisfaction to recall any anecdote that shows General Washington as a man of real flesh and blood, of like passions with ourselves, and not as an impassive human iceberg, the image so many school-books erroneously hold up for emulation. In fairness to the General, however, be it said that the far end of the avenue is very dark with overhanging trees. That Mr. Ross's guests were appreciative of the culinary efforts of the Grange cook may be gathered from the following incident: After Mr. Ross's death in 1806, when the estate was found to be much embarrassed and it became imperative to curtail expenditures materially, the departing cook, a high-priced functionary, was seen directing the removal of a large and heavy trunk from the premises. On investigation it proved that the trunk was full of Spanish dollars given by visitors in recognition of tickled palates and carefully hoarded against a rainy day.

Mr. Ross's executor sold the Grange in 1810 to John H. Brinton and after Mr. Brinton's death in 1816, Manuel Eyre became the owner and occupied the house till his death in 1845. Mr. Eyre changed the bath of former days, situated at a corner of the walled garden or the Dutch garden as it is often called, and made a schoolhouse of it for his children. The schoolroom was on the first floor and on the second lived the tutor.

In 1849 Mr. Eyre's son-in-law, John Ashhurst, acquired the property and lived there, and after him members of his family held it till recent years. In 1850 owing to the decayed condition of much of the fabric, Mr.

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Ashhurst found it necessary to engage in such extensive repairs that he practically rebuilt the house, covering the stone walls with stucco, adding porches, and imparting its present English Gothic appearance. Having no use for the bath turned into a schoolroom, he battered it partly down, making an artificial ruin, and harnessed the fountain, that originally supplied the bath, to a waterwheel that now forces the supply into the house. After the Civil War, Mr. Ashhurst built the porte-cochère and the wing abutting on the walled garden. He also took great interest in landscape gardening and largely increased the number of rare and valuable trees and shrubs on the estate.

The Grange represents nearly two centuries of growth as far as the house itself is concerned and more than that with respect to the gardens. Such a setting for a country home it would be impossible to create without the aid of years. On every hand great box trees attest the age of the place and the lilacs and syringas, grown into trees, proclaim the lapse of summers since first they were set out. The slow-growing yew refuses to be hurried and attains robust proportions only in the course of many seasons. The terraced garden, too, shows frequent traces of great age and the ivy, covering the stable wall that forms a sheltering background, proves the flight of years by the thickness of its matted stems. Outside the garden, hawthornes, here and there become tree-high, tell you they are not of yesterday's planting. No matter which way one turns the evidences of care and well-considered purpose through long periods of time are everywhere to be seen. All these marks of man's

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THE GRANGE

long-standing design set among venerable trees left from the primeval forest cast around an air of antiquity that impresses even the most thoughtless.

At a fork of the driveway some little distance below the house is a "William Penn Milestone" with the Proprietary's coat-of-arms on one side and the figure 5 on the reverse. It formerly stood on the Old Haverford Road where it was placed in 1798 and was moved hither by Mr. Ashhurst as a matter of antiquarian interest when the road authorities were none too careful about the preservation of these ancient landmarks. Higher up the hill behind the house stands the historic Bell Tree, a great black walnut fourteen feet in girth, where hung in Captain Wilcox's day, nearly two hundred years ago, a bell used to summon the slaves at meal times and when their day's work was done. Nowhere else are such splendid specimens of box to be seen in such profusion. The gardens and pleasure grounds would delight the hearts of tree lovers. The tulips, the horse chestnuts, the dogwoods, the magnolias, the spruce, and the fir, with a hundred others, noble-sized trees every one of them, unite to make the spot one of the most delightful places imaginable.

It is no wonder that all its owners and their families, aye and their friends too, have loved it with an intense devotion. The Grange takes a strong hold on one's heart-strings and never lets go. The stately avenue has been cut in two by an intruding railroad, the rustic bower in the dark walk where John Ross was wont to entertain the Revolutionary worthies is gone, cut through by the same railroad, the old walled garden where the dainty

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lilies of the valley used to spring in prodigal abundance is overgrown with fern and weeds and the box borders long unpruned have almost obliterated the pathway they were meant to mark, but still the ancient low-browed Grange, so like an old French house with its square, heavy-mulioned casement windows, staunchly bears the burden of its years and there is still enough beauty and charm left, even though its borders have been narrowed, to satisfy even the critical.

HARRITON

LOWER MERION TOWNSHIP, MONTGOMERY

ELLIS—HARRISON—THOMSON—MORRIS—VAUX



NE of the oldest seats near Philadelphia is Harriton on the Gulf Road about half a mile from Bryn Mawr in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County. It was built in 1704 by Rowland Ellis, one of the settlers in the Welsh Barony, and has endured comparatively little changed to the present time. The house, two storeys in height with a high pitched roof lighted by dormers, is T shaped, substantially built of native grey field stone. Its lines and general aspect, as might be expected, show all the little characteristic peculiarities of the type usually found in the buildings erected by the Welsh settlers. It might be said they spoke in Georgian with a Welsh accent.

The main part of the house is thirty-seven feet long and twenty-two in depth, while the wing in the middle of the rear is twenty-two by nineteen feet—a large house for the Colonists of those early days, but the Welsh always liked large houses. The house-door admits directly to a great living-room into which a smaller parlour opens. The dining-room, stairway, and kitchens are in the rear.

In 1719 Richard Harrison, the son-in-law of Isaac Norris, came hither from Maryland and bought the estate from the Ellises. In 1774 Hannah Harrison, the daughter of Richard and Hannah Norris Harrison and heiress to the Harriton estate, then in her forty-seventh

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year, was married to Charles Thomson, a widower of forty-five, whom John Adams called the "Sam Adams of Philadelphia."

Charles Thomson was born at Maghera, County Derry, Ireland, in 1729, and when eleven years old came out to America with his father, brother, and three sisters. The father died on the way over and the five children were unceremoniously put off at Newcastle by the captain, who wished to avoid further care of them. By the aid of the friends he soon made for himself and through his quick wit and indomitable determination to succeed, he supported himself and gained a serviceable education.

In 1750 we find him in the position of tutor in the College of Philadelphia, and for some years thereafter he gave his time to teaching. Subsequently he became a merchant and also took an active part in politics. He was a politician by temperament and inevitably gravitated into political prominence in the years that were to follow. He served on various important committees, signed the Non-Importation Agreement of 1765 and in 1774 became a member of the General Assembly for the City of Philadelphia.

Upon the assembling of the Continental Congress in Carpenters' Hall, a secretary was required who was not a delegate. Charles Thomson was chosen upon the nomination of Thomas Mifflin. He had just married Miss Harrison and on the very morning that Congress assembled, drove in to the city with her from Harriton, on what was really the wedding trip, all unconscious of the duties awaiting him. As he stepped out of the "chair" in which they were riding, a messenger came up bearing the

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compliments of Peyton Randolph, president of the Congress, and desired Mr. Thomson's immediate attendance at the session just assembling. Taking a hasty leave of his bride, he went at once to discharge his new office. As an amends for her curtailed bridal tour Congress voted Mrs. Thomson a present. It came in the form of a silver urn which has been proudly treasured ever since.

Mr. Thomson filled the secretaryship so ably that he continued to serve Congress in that capacity for fourteen years. During the Revolutionary struggle and the infancy of the young Republic no one had a better opportunity than he to know all the inmost details of all that occurred. He was strongly urged to put all this knowledge of secret history into permanent form. He began the task but saw, as he progressed, that the reputations of so many men, then invested with the halo of patriotism, would be hopelessly blasted that he gave up the undertaking in disgust and burned all his papers.

Charles Thomson continued master of Harriton till his death in 1824, after which the estate descended to Mrs. Levi Morris, a relative of Mrs. Thomson's, from whom it passed in time to the Vaux family, the present possessors.

WAYNESBOROUGH

EASTTOWN TOWNSHIP, CHESTER
WAYNE



WAYNESBOROUGH is situated in the Township of Easttown and the County of Chester, within two miles of Paoli and four miles of Valley Forge. It was the countryseat of Captain Isaac Wayne, youngest son of Anthony Wayne who went from Yorkshire, England, to County Wicklow, Ireland, and commanded a troop of dragoons at the battle of the Boyne in the forces of William III. He emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1722 and, after spending two years examining the country, purchased sixteen hundred acres in Chester County and erected his house. There were four sons. Of these Isaac owned and cultivated the five hundred acres in Easttown Township still constituting Waynesborough. He also conducted a tannery and took an active part in the political controversies of the times, serving, too, as captain in the French and Indian War, having raised two companies to fight during 1755, 1757 and 1788. He was a tall, handsome man, of soldierly bearing, blunt in speech after the fashion of those much in garrison life, a good horseman, and a high liver, but temperate. He accumulated a large estate and enlarged the house at Waynesborough considerably. It is built of brown irregular stone with white pointing and has a wing at each end. Over the doorway is a hood which is not horizontal. A carpenter who daily passed the house to his work was so disturbed by this hood that he offered to straighten

WATKINSBORO, VADU
Built by Isaac Watson, 1784





WAYNESBOROUGH

it free of charge, but as it was built that way, Major William Wayne refused. On the right of the hall is the parlour which is to-day in its original condition and just as it was when Lafayette visited the house in 1825. Over the beautiful mantel hang General Anthony Wayne's swords and pistols and sash, just above his portrait. Between the doorway into the parlour and the stairway in the rear of the hall are two folding, latticed doors attached to each wall and, back of these, one passes into what is now the living-room with its huge fireplace, on the one side, and the dining-room on the other. It was once the custom to draw the trunks of trees into the fireplace by means of horses and chains, there being an opening under the windows on each side of the room. Back of the house is a huge box-bush where the British soldiers imagined General Wayne had taken refuge on the night of the Paoli massacre, three miles away. Mrs. Wayne saw them coming down the road and exclaimed, "Here comes the General now," but it was not he. He was too busy with his duty as a soldier in getting his command away in safety and the pursuing redcoats, supposing he might be there in hiding, ran their swords through the old box-bush in vain.

The opponents of the Proprietary interests elected Captain Wayne to the Provincial Assembly several times and he is portrayed as one of the characters in the "Chronicles of Nathan Ben Saddi," 1758, one of the most spirited bits of literature the American Colonies produced. His activity against the Proprietary interests led him into a bitter quarrel with Judge Moore of Moore Hall, an old-time aristocrat and a pet of the Governour.

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Isaac Wayne was an earnest and loyal churchman and one of the supporters of old St. David's Church at Radnor. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Iddings, of Chester County.

He is best known, however, as the father of Anthony Wayne, the most picturesque figure of the Revolution and the most brilliant soldier Pennsylvania has produced.

Anthony Wayne was born at Waynesborough January 1, 1745, and grew up on his father's acres and about the tannery, and he received his early education from his uncle, Gabriel Wayne, who conducted a school nearby. He early exhibited the qualities which shaped his career as this letter from his schoolmaster to his father shows:

I really expect that parental affection blinds you, and that you have mistaken your son's capacity. What he may be best qualified for, I know not—one thing I am certain of, he will never make a scholar; he may perhaps make a soldier; he has already distracted the brains of two thirds of the boys under my charge, by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc. They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and Harlequins than students. This one decorated with a cap of many colours, others habited in coats as variegated, like Joseph's of old—some laid up with broken heads and black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games of amusement he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc. I must be candid with you brother Isaac—unless Anthony pays more attention to his books, I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school.

It was in the summer of 1759 that this letter was written and after it was read at home young Wayne showed one other mark of the good soldier—a ready subordination to authority. His father ordered him to re-

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turn to school and devote his time to his studies instead of mimic war, and he did it. At the end of eighteen months, his uncle acknowledged that he could instruct him no further.

His bent was for mathematics and he spent two years, 1763-66, studying surveying at the Academy in Philadelphia, which is now the University of Pennsylvania. An elaborate and artistic survey of Vincent Township, Chester County, made by him, is now at the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

An indication as to his associates, and no doubt visitors at Waynesborough, can be gathered from the fact that at the age of twenty-one in 1765 he joined with Matthew Clarkson, John Hughes, William Smith, the creator of the University, William Moore of Moore Hall, Joseph Richardson, captain in the French and Indian War, Benjamin Franklin, Israel Jacobs, afterward a member of Congress, and others of the leading men of the Province in an effort to found a colony in Canada. He went to Canada as the surveyor of the company and spent the summers of 1765 and 1766 there. Thus began the active career which kept him much from home in the public service. His neighbours sent him to several of the conventions which took the preliminary steps leading up to the Revolutionary War, and we can picture many an important conference at Waynesborough in these stirring times. From the head of the Chester County Committee, Wayne was promoted to a place on the Colonial Committee of Safety by the resolution of the Provincial Assembly June 30, 1775, together with Benjamin Franklin, John Dickinson, and Robert Morris. The resolu-

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tions place the word "Gentlemen" at the end of the list of names. For three years he sat in the Assembly and he was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention which later ratified the Constitution of the United States. In 1775 the soldier's instinct plunged him into the conflict and he organised a regiment of minute-men in Chester County. On January 4, 1776, he was appointed colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment and was hurried away to Canada with his regiment spending very little of the remainder of his life at Waynesborough.

In August, 1777, General Washington sent him into Chester County to organise the Pennsylvania militia to assist the regular army in resisting Howe who was to attack Philadelphia, and whose route must lie through Wayne's home county. How well he served in nearly every important engagement from Canada in the north to Georgia in the south, throughout the struggle for Independence, and later as the capable General-in-Chief of the army of the United States, who in personal command conquered the middle and northwest and secured for civilisation the territory between the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, is well known.

He married "Polly" (Mary) Penrose, daughter of Bartholomew and granddaughter of a like named person who built ships at Delaware Avenue and Market Street in partnership with William Penn and James Logan and sailed to many foreign parts in command of them. General Wayne wrote many affectionate and solicitous letters to "Polly" inquiring after her welfare and the progress of his children. He writes from Blue Bell on the other side of the river August 26, 1777:

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MY DEAR GIRL—I am peremptorily forbid by His Excellency to leave the Army—my case is hard—I am Obligated to do the duty of three General Officers—but if it was not the case—as a Gen'l Officer I could not Obtain leave of Absence—I must therefore in the most pressing Manner Request you to meet me tomorrow Evening at Naaman's Creek—pray bring Mr. Robinson with my Little Son & Daughter along—It may probably happen that we may stay in that Neighbourhood for a day or two,—My best love and Compliments to all friends

I am, Dear Polly,

yours

ANTH'Y WAYNE.

To Mrs. Mary Wayne, Chester County.

After the entrance of the British army into Philadelphia he writes again to cheer her, from the Trappe, September 30, 1777:

DEAR POLLY—I thought you had a mind far above being Depressed at a little unfavourable Circumstance—the Enemy's being in Possession of Philadelphia is of no more Consequence than their being in possession of the City of New York or Boston—they may hold it for a time—but must leave it with Circumstances of shame and Disgrace before the Close of the Winter. Our Army is now in full health and spirits, and far stronger than it was at the Battle of the Brandywine—we are daily Receiving Reinforcements, and are now drawing near the Enemy—who will shortly pay dear for the little Advantage they have lately gained—Our Army to the northward under General Gates is Victorious—Matters looked much more Gloomy in that Quarter four weeks ago—than they do at this time here—it is our turn next and altho' appearances are a little gloomy at present—yet they will be soon dissipated and a more pleasing prospect take place.—

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Give my kindest love and wishes to both Our Mothers and Sisters—tell them my sword will shortly point out the way to Victory, peace and Happiness—kiss our little people for me—Remove my books and Valuable Writings some Distance from my Own House—if not already done—this is but an Act of prudence—and not to be considered as proceeding from any Other Motive.

Adieu my Dear Girl and believe me Yours

most sincerely

ANT'Y WAYNE.

The general was a rigid disciplinarian and endeavoured to prevent his men from preying upon the farmers. This was hardly possible at Valley Forge, however, for the poor starving fellows were desperate. Devault Beaver, whose farm was adjacent to Wayne's headquarters at Walker's place during the winter of 1777-78, complained to the general of these depredations and was told to shoot the first one that annoyed him. Being a Tory he took the first opportunity and shot a soldier milking his cow. He escaped with his life through General Wayne's intervention, but the companions of the dead man buried his remains near Beaver's barn so that he would always have the remembrance of his deed before him. R. Francis Wood, Esquire, of Philadelphia, who recently owned the place, has corroborated the story by finding the body in the place described.

On June 24, 1778, after the British evacuation of Philadelphia, Washington invited his generals to a council at Hopewell, New Jersey, wherein he stated to them the conditions of his own force and that of the enemy, and asked them to reply to this question, "Will it be advisable to hazard a general action?" Sixteen generals

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were gathered before Washington and all answered as against such an action until it came to Anthony Wayne's turn. Washington then said to him, "What would you do, General?" He arose in his place and replied with emphasis, "Fight, sir." There were but two others who agreed with him, but Washington was one of the two and the Battle of Monmouth was the result. After this event, writing in July, 1778, General Wayne characterises the foolish fair who attended the *Mischianza* while the starving army of the Republic were suffering at Valley Forge:

Tell those Philadelphia ladies that the heavenly, sweet, pretty red-coats—the accomplished gentlemen of the guards & grenadiers have been humbled on the plains of Monmouth. The Knights of the Blended Rose and of the Burning Mount have resigned their laurels to Rebel officers, who will lay them at the feet of those virtuous daughters of America, who cheerfully gave up ease and affluence in a city, for liberty and peace of mind in a cottage.

In every account of the battles in which he was engaged we find that "Wayne led the advance." Six wounds were the result of the ready exposure of his person. The State of Georgia gave him eight hundred and thirty acres of a rice plantation in recognition of his able services under Greene in that State but he could not afford the labourers to cultivate it. He was led into debt and an unfortunate controversy over this, finally paying the debt, sacrificing the Georgia estate, but saving Waynesborough. His absence from home was a costly thing. He writes in his Ledger, March, 1784:

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Mr. Shannon has sunk for me since the beginning of January, 1776, upwards of \$400*l*. in stock, exclusive of the interest for near 8 years. Had he managed my stock in trade to the advantage which others have done in the Course of the late war, I ought to have had at a moderate computation seven thousand pound in stock in place of nothing. A. W.

He wrote to Dr. Rush in 1782 just before his return home that his constitution was

broken down and nearly exhausted by encountering almost every excess of fatigue, difficulty and danger in the defence of the rights and liberty of America from the frozen lakes of Canada to the burning sands of Florida.

In July, 1788, he returned from Charleston, shattered and enfeebled by fever, unable to take part in the final ceremonies attending Washington's farewell to the army at New York, or to attend the Commander-in-Chief as he passed through Philadelphia on his way to Mt. Vernon. His Georgia gift continued to give him trouble and he writes to his wife from Richmond, Georgia, July 5, 1790:

I had intended writing you a long letter, but my head will not permit me, at present, to write with any degree of coherency. Persecution has almost drove me mad and brings to my recollection a few lines from "The Old Soldier,"—

Once gay in life and free from anxious care,
I through the furrows drove the shining share,
I saw my waving fields with plenty crowned,
And yellow Ceres joyous smile around,
Till roused by freedom at my country's call
I left my peaceful home & gave up all.



PARLOUR AT WAYNESBOROUGH



LIVING ROOM AT WAYNESBOROUGH



WAYNESBOROUGH

Now, forced alas! in distant climes to tread,
This crazy body longs to join the dead.
Ungrateful country! when the danger's o'er,
Your bravest sons cold charity implore.
Ah! heave for me a sympathetic sigh
And wipe the falling tear from sorrow's eye.

Adieu—a long adieu

Yours most affectionately A. W.

After the Revolutionary struggle he spent ten years at home at Waynesborough before he was placed in command of the army of the United States and sent west. He returned home again in 1795 and was received in Philadelphia by the City Troop and with salvos of cannon, ringing of bells, and fireworks. "Both body and mind are fatigued by the contest" were his pathetic words, and soon afterward President Washington sent him to Detroit as commissioner, on his return whence he died at Presque Isle, now Erie, December 15, 1796.

In the churchyard at St. David's, Radnor, with which his family have always been connected, his remains are marked by a modest monument, erected by the Society of the Cincinnati, on which these words are inscribed:

Major General Anthony Wayne was born at Waynesborough in Chester County of Pennsylvania A.D. 1745. After a life of Honour and Usefullness He died in December 1796, At a military post on the shores of Lake Erie, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of The United States. His military achievements Are consecrated In the history of his country And in The hearts of his countrymen. His remains Are here Deposited. In honour of the distinguished Military Services of Major General Anthony Wayne And as an affectionate tribute of respect to his Memory

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This Stone was erected by his Companions In Arms The Pennsylvania State Society of The Cincinnati, July 4th. A.D. 1809, Thirty Fourth anniversary of The Independence of the United States, an Event which constitutes the most Appropriate Eulogium Of an American Soldier and Patriot.

Upon the centre of the outer line at Valley Forge stands a recently erected noble equestrian statue of the general. It is where he stood on that hallowed campground and the place he held upon many a field of battle. There is no commonwealth in America but has a county or town bearing his name, and one of the most inspiring lyrics of the Civil War tells how "The bearded men are marching in the land of Anthony Wayne."

In appearance General Wayne was above what is termed the middle stature and was well proportioned. His hair was dark, his forehead high and handsomely formed. His eyes were dark hazel, intelligent, quick and penetrating. His nose inclined to be aquiline. His was a bold spirit, and no man either in civil or military affairs was potent enough to give him affront with impunity. He was frank, open, and vigorous and did not hesitate to say "damn." At the same time he was almost sentimental in his affections and attachment to his wife and little son and daughter. He lived well and drank tea as well as wine. His writings show a philosophical tendency and he wrote to his son, "let integrity, industry and probity be your guides." Exemplary in the neatness of his apparel, we find him ordering:

One pair of elegant gold epaulets, superfine buff sufficient to face two uniform coats, with hair and silk, four dozen best yel-

WAYNESBOROUGH

low gilt coat buttons, plain and buff colour lining suitable to the facing of one coat.

He was attended by a body servant, carriage and horses and took table linen and napkins with him. The courtly Mrs. Byrd, after he had been at Westover, writes:

I shall ever retain the highest sense of your politeness and humanity, and take every opportunity of testifying my gratitude.

The general's children were Isaac and Margaretta. Isaac was born at Waynesborough in 1768 and lived to the ripe old age of eighty-four. He was educated at Dickinson College and studied law with William Lewis, Esquire, in Philadelphia, being admitted to the bar in 1794. He resided at Waynesborough and married Elizabeth Smith, August 25, 1802. Isaac Wayne was a Federalist and was elected by that party a member of the Assembly in 1800 and 1801. He went to the State senate in 1806 and 1810, and in 1814 was nominated by his party for Governour and for member of Congress from Chester and Montgomery Counties, but was not elected. He ran again for Congress in 1822 with James Buchanan and Samuel Edwards as his colleagues. He was elected but declined to serve and retired from political life in 1824. Isaac Wayne had many of the qualities of his father whom he worshipped. In 1812 he raised a regiment of cavalry and was elected colonel. They were in the field during the war but lacked opportunity for active service. None of the colonel's five children left descendants and the family has been carried on through his sister Margaretta Wayne, who married William

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Richardson Atlee. Their daughter, Mary, married Issachar Evans and a son, William, changed his name to Wayne at the death of his uncle Isaac who bequeathed Waynesborough to him. The son of this William Wayne is still seated at Waynesborough, where he looks out on the old estate—a cultivated farm, comfortable homestead, and picturesque woodland—situated on the edge of the beautiful Chester Valley and stretching in the far distance to the Schuylkill.

MOORE HALL

SCHUYLKILL TOWNSHIP, CHESTER
MOORE—PENNYPACKER



UDGE MOORE of Moore Hall was one of the highly picturesque characters of Pennsylvania life in the highly picturesque eighteenth century. Not a little did he add to the spice of existence in that stirring period of our history. His personality was always striking but doubly so when in his own peculiar setting on the estate that takes its name from him, where he lived in baronial style, surrounded and waited upon by his many slaves and redemptioners, and lorded it over the whole countryside.

Not far from Phoenixville in Chester County, Moore Hall stands on high ground overlooking the Schuylkill River close by the mouth of Pickering Creek. Here he built, in 1722, or rather his father built for him as a gift, a frame house that gave place a little later to the substantial stone mansion still standing. In general, it answered the description of other countryseats, such as Stenton or Hope Lodge, built about the same date. Unfortunately, its appearance was totally changed not many years since when it was subjected to extensive repairs and alterations. No one can regard it, however, even in its modernised state, without being reminded of the dominating presence of the masterful old Loyalist who dwelt there till a full ripe age, faithful to the very end in his allegiance to the British Crown.

Descended of an ancient Cavalier family, the Hon-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

ourable John Moore, who came hither in 1688, was sometime King's collector of the port of Philadelphia, attorney-general of the Province, and judge of the Admiralty Court. He had seven children, one of whom, born in 1699, was William, the Judge Moore of Moore Hall. At the age of nineteen, William Moore was sent to Oxford to complete his education and graduated there in 1719. On the occasion of his marriage in 1722, his father settled upon him the house and surrounding plantation of twelve hundred acres by the banks of the Pickering Creek, where he thenceforward made his home and dwelt till his death in 1788.

His wife was the Lady Williamina, daughter of David, third Earl of Wemyss, who had accompanied her brother when he fled to this country in consequence of his connexion with one of the Jacobite uprisings. From the union of Judge Moore and the Lady Williamina, many Philadelphia families trace lines of descent, among them the Bonds, Cadwaladers, Rawles, Smiths, Whelens, the Hobarts of Pottstown, the Duponts of Delaware, the Goldsboroughs of Maryland, and sundry members of the German and English nobility.

Lady Williamina seems to have been blessed not only with remarkable personal beauty but with most sterling qualities of character as well. She was greatly beloved by her children and husband, who, in his will wherein he leaves her all his estate, paid her a deep tribute when he wrote of her:

Never frightened by the rude rabble, or dismayed by the insolent threats of the ruling powers—happy woman, a pattern

MOORE HALL

of her sex, and worthy the relationship she bears to the Right Honourable and noble family from whence she sprang.

William Moore was a devoted churchman and served on the vestries of St. James's, Evansburg, and St. David's, Radnor. His early interest and activity in political affairs brought him a seat in the Assembly in 1733. In 1741 he was appointed a justice of the peace and a judge of the County Court and for a space of some forty years was president judge over the Orphans', Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions Courts of Chester County. During the troubles with the Indians, about the middle of the eighteenth century, he was colonel of one of the county regiments of militia.

From this military connexion grew an occurrence that set the whole Province by the ears and was finally carried to the King for settlement. Judge Moore was a warm supporter of the Proprietary party and in the hot disputes between the Governour and the Assembly about measures of defence against the Indians he energetically espoused the side of the former. The Assembly, being controlled by the Friends, was opposed to armed resistance or the formation of any military organisation. The Governour and a numerous body of the Colonists, on the other hand, realising fully the acute danger from the Indians demanded measures for organised resistance.

When the Assembly was paltering, dawdling, and wasting valuable time about passing a much-needed militia law, Judge Moore wrote that two thousand men would march down to Philadelphia from Chester County and compel them to pass it. The pride of that body, which always took itself very seriously, was wounded and from

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that time on it lent a ready ear to the many complaints of the judge's political enemies who sought his removal. While Judge Moore's imperious manner and vigorous, summary administration of justice, coupled with the aristocratic state maintained at Moore Hall, doubtless drew the rustic envy and dislike of some narrow bores in the neighbourhood, there can be little question that the great majority of the complaints charging him with tyranny, injustice and extortion were inspired by political enmity ever ready to catch at any straw of accusation or slander.

The Assembly summoned Judge Moore to answer these charges. He, however, conceiving that they had no authorised cognisance in the matter, very properly refused to appear. Piqued at his repeated refusals to heed their citations, they declared him guilty of extortion and many other misdemeanours and asked for his removal from the bench. Following close upon this Moore published in several of the newspapers a review of the Assembly's action terming it "virulent and scandalous" and a "continued string of the severest calumny and most rancorous epithets conceived in all the terms of malice and party rage."

The new Assembly, with substantially the same personnel as the old, as soon as it convened, retaliated by procuring a warrant for the judge's arrest and sent two armed men to Moore Hall to fetch him to gaol. They haled him to the city and cast him into prison along with Provost Smith, whom they accused of complicity in preparing the objectionable document, which they ordered should be publicly burned by the hangman.

Denying the justice of their imprisonment, they both

MOORE HALL

refused to plead and after being confined with common felons for about three months they were released. Thereupon Provost Smith went to England and carried the grievance to the King. The matter resulted in a victory for Moore and Smith and an expression of "His Majesty's high displeasure" to the Assembly for their presumption.

At the outbreak of the Revolution Judge Moore remained loyal in his allegiance to the Crown and was "most vehement in his disapproval of any attempt on the part of the Colonies to separate from the mother country." During the encampment at Valley Forge Colonel Biddle and other distinguished officers were quartered at Moore Hall, where they were courteously treated by the master. Any allusion, however, to the right of the Colonies to throw off the British yoke would throw the old judge "into a state bordering on apoplexy." On one occasion when a party of soldiers, sent to deprive Loyalists of their arms, went to Moore Hall and found the haughty occupant confined to an easy chair, suffering from a frightful attack of gout, which did not tend to improve his irascible temper, they discovered a most beautifully wrought sword, the handle of which was inlaid with gold, silver, and precious stones. They were about to make off with it, when Judge Moore insisted on having a last look at the prized heirloom. No sooner had he taken it in his fingers than he snapped the blade from the handle. Holding the hilt tightly in his right hand, he threw the useless blade at the feet of the leader of the party. "There," he cried, with flashing eye, "take that if you want to fight, but you shall not rob me of my plate!"

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Despite his reputation for irascibility and arrogance, Judge Moore was a kind and loving father, an indulgent master, and ever generous in his hospitality. His indulgence, however, was not always requited with gratitude as we may infer from an advertisement in a newspaper of 1780, which incidentally gives a pleasing domestic touch as well as an insight into the judge's wardrobe. It says:

Run away from William Moore of Moore Hall, in Chester County, a likely young Negro Man, named Jack; speaks but indifferent English, and had on when he went away a new Ozenburg Shirt, a pair of striped homespun Breeches, a striped ticking Wastecoa, an old Dimity Coat of his master's, with buttons of Horseteeth set in Brass and Cloth sleeves, a Felt Hat, almost new. Whoever secures the said Negro and will bring him to his Master or to John Moore, Esq., in Philadelphia, shall receive Twenty Shillings Reward and reasonable charges.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Judge Moore died in May, 1783, and was buried on the threshold of St. David's Church, Radnor, where everyone entering passes over his body. Lady Williamina died a year later and was buried beside him. Moore Hall eventually passed from the family and is now owned and occupied by a brother of former Governour Pennypacker.

VAUX HILL—FATLAND

LOWER PROVIDENCE TOWNSHIP, MONTGOMERY
VAUX—BAKEWELL—WETHERILL



AT the crest of a rising ground on the northern bank of the Schuylkill, almost directly opposite Valley Forge, stands Vaux Hill, or Fatland, one of the historic spots of a neighbourhood abounding in Revolutionary memories. So closely is the house screened by great ancient trees that only in winter when the leaves are fallen can one catch a glimpse from a distance of its stately white porticos gleaming through the interlacing branches. Here, in 1775, just before the outbreak of the Revolution, came James Vaux, of Croydon, near London, sprung of ancient but impoverished line, and took up land, attracted, doubtless, in part by the name of the district, which truly reflects its character.

The Vaux Hill or Fatland estate covers a large part of what was known to the earliest settlers as the fat land of the Egypt District. It was so called by them because of its natural character. Lying just below the confluence of the Perkiomen Creek and the Schuylkill River is a broad acreage of meadowland, so regularly inundated during the spring freshets and, after their subsidence, so deeply encrusted with a rich deposit of alluvial soil, brought down from the upper river, that its resemblance to Egypt and the life-bearing overflow of the Nile was too close to pass unnoticed.

James Vaux, the progenitor of the elder branch of the

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family in this country, was a notable farmer and it is of interest to observe that he introduced the culture of red clover into America. His idea it was, also, to sow the seeds among the wheat or rye so that the young clover plants might have protection until they got a good start.

For our notions of the appearance of the house as it was in James Vaux's day and for many years afterward, we are entirely dependent on descriptions. In the diary of Robert Sutcliff, an English Friend, covering his "travels in some parts of North America" in 1804 and the two following years, he tells us that

on the estate is a well finished square stone house, about 15 yards in length, with wide boarded floor piazza, both in back and front. These afford excellent accommodation during the summer season, which continues much longer, and in general is much warmer here than in England; as, in these piazzas, they frequently take tea and spend their evenings. Besides the dwelling house, there is an excellent kitchen, and offices adjoining; with a large barn, and stables sufficient to accommodate 40 horses and cows; all well built of stone. [This last remark presumably refers to the buildings, not the animals!] The estate extends the whole breadth betwixt the Schuylkill and Perkiomen. On the former river there is a Shad Fishery which is of considerable value; and if prosecuted with spirit might supply many families with fish for the whole year.

In the year following his first visit, Sutcliff, again staying at Vaux Hill—or perchance it may have already been renamed Fatland—fairly brimful of admiration, enters in his diary

the 18th of 5th month, 1805, was spent at my relation's, W. B. [William Bakewell, then the master of the estate]. Our time

VAUX HILL—FATLAND

passed on very agreeably in traversing his plantation, or farm, on the Banks of the Schuylkill and Perkioming [sic]. The more I see of it, the more I am convinced that it is one of the most beautiful and healthful situations I have known, either in America or England. The ground rising till it becomes elevated high above the banks of the rivers, commands a prospect as delightful as can well be conceived. A view of some of our Noblemen's Parks, on the more extensive scale, may give a faint idea of the prospect here seen; for even with such it is comparing small things with great ones, or putting art in competition with nature.

Well might Robert Sutcliff regard with keen pleasure the beauty of the country round Fatland in May—his former visit was in August—when fresh burgeoned nature is aglow with the radiance of youth and the tender, transparent greens of the half-grown leaves, with the sunlight glinting through the branches, make an almost ethereal background for the masses of blossoms that dazzle the eye and flood the air with fragrance. In Sutcliff's day the river view from Fatland and the outlook over the surrounding country, that caused him such genuine delight and drew forth such flattering comparisons with the great seats in England, were more open and extensive than now when the trees around the house have attained a far better growth. The great sycamores, planted by James Vaux, that now cast their ample shade around the walls were then mere saplings compared to their present dimensions.

With the coming of the Schuylkill canal and dams the shad fishery that so impressed the Quaker traveller with its possibilities disappeared, as did, also, Fatland Ford leading to Valley Forge, across which General Sullivan was deputed by Washington to construct a pontoon

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bridge. Over this, at the evacuation of Valley Forge in 1778, the army was conducted, thence passing up the lane near the house. This crossing of the Schuylkill on the pontoon bridge is commemorated by a small monument by the river bank.

James Vaux being a Friend and wishing well to all men, made no distinction in his treatment of the contending parties—though his sympathies were with the patriot cause, and he afterward trained with the militia—and left his house open to all. This was a general practice among Quakers during the Revolution and in this connexion Sutcliff naively remarks that “this proved the best policy; for though attended with some loss of provisions at the time, yet they were generally preserved from any serious suffering in their persons, by their hospitable conduct.” James Vaux’s case, however, was an exception to this general immunity from serious loss. The British Army in September, 1777, passing from Valley Forge to the north bank of the Schuylkill by the ford at that place and, not many months later, the American forces evacuating Valley Forge and crossing by the same ford, both swarmed over the Vaux Hill plantation like devastating clouds of locusts and wrought such havoc, tearing down fences, destroying trees, and doing thousands of pounds’ worth of damage in various ways, that Mr. Vaux’s estate was seriously embarrassed in consequence.

After the battle of Brandywine the Continental Army retreated to Pottstown, then called Pottsgrove, while the British Army lay partly at Valley Forge and partly near Moore Hall. Washington, wishing to make a reconnaissance of the position of the British troops, rode down the

VAUX HILL—FATLAND

north bank of the Schuylkill and on the afternoon of September 21 came to the house of James Vaux whence he had an excellent view of the forces of his antagonist on the opposite bank. The Commander-in-Chief supped at Vaux Hill, stayed over night and departed after breakfast the next morning.

On the afternoon of that same day, September 22, Sir William Howe crossed the river, supped at Vaux Hill, stopped over night, probably slept in the same bed Washington had occupied and left after breakfast on the 23d. On arriving he remarked to his host that, from what he had been able to see with his spyglass, there must have been some distinguished officer of the rebel army stopping at the house the night before. Being told that it was Washington himself he exclaimed in vexation, "Oh, I wish I had only known that, and I would have tried to catch him!" This is another of Howe's long list of "might haves." The incident was trifling but on it depended the whole future of the American cause, for the hope of success undoubtedly rested almost entirely upon Washington's life.

We have no portrait of James Vaux and we are entirely dependent upon verbal descriptions of this quiet, dignified Quaker gentleman who to the last wore the primitive Quaker garb of drab-coloured knee-breeches and a very long coat, a high hat, and shoes of extraordinary pattern. He was deeply respected and trusted by all who knew him, and sat in the first legislature of Pennsylvania after the close of the war.

In 1804, William Bakewell, formerly of London, intending to make his future home in America, purchased

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Fatland, considering this seat offered the greatest attractions of any place he had seen in America after travelling from Connecticut to North Carolina. Mr. Bakewell was one of the sheriffs of London during the reign of George III, and the immediate cause of his coming to America calls to mind an interesting incident in the history of the period. A number of the *Spectator* appeared one day with some pointed strictures upon an indiscretion committed by the Queen. By royal order the whole issue was at once suppressed. The affair created a furore and great indignation was expressed at the King's arbitrary action in trampling on the rights of freedom of speech. Bakewell in several ways indicated his sympathy with the incensed public and this so angered the King that he deprived him of his shrievalty. Smarting with resentment at this royal reprimand Bakewell determined to leave England and settle in America.

In January, 1804, he took up his residence at Fatland with his wife and children, intending thenceforth to lead the life of a country gentleman and devote himself to his studies and farming. Mrs. Bakewell did not long survive the change. Longing for her English home and pining away with homesickness, she died in September of the same year and was buried in the adjoining woods, where her husband erected a headstone with a beautiful poetical memorial. Lucy Bakewell, her mother's namesake, thereafter presided over the household for her father and brothers until the great ornithologist, Audubon, carried her away as his bride.

The circumstances of their meeting are not without a touch of romance. At the time when Audubon, newly

VAUX HILL—FATLAND

come to America, established himself at Mill Grove Farm, the adjoining estate to Fatland, it chanced that England and France were engaged in hostilities. As Mr. Bakewell was English, Audubon hated him *ipso facto* and studiously avoided meeting him. The farmer at Mill Grove tried to dissuade him from this course, telling him how estimable a gentleman Mr. Bakewell was, but without avail. At last, one day, Audubon while out hunting accidentally fell in with Mr. Bakewell, who was a keen sportsman, and, without knowing who he was, engaged in conversation with him. When at length the identity of each became known to the other the ice had been broken and it was not long before Audubon accepted Mr. Bakewell's courteous invitation to call at Fatland.

On his first going there Mr. Bakewell was from home, but Miss Lucy did the honours so delightfully until her father returned that it was not long before the naturalist repeated this visit. He also found Mr. Bakewell a congenial spirit interested in scientific and literary pursuits. The intimacy between Fatland and Mill Grove soon became firmly established and reached its logical culmination when Miss Lucy consented, with her father's approval, to become Madame Audubon.

In 1825, Fatland passed by purchase to a branch of the Wetherill family and has remained in their possession ever since. Samuel Wetherill, the purchaser of the estate, lived at Fatland till his death in 1829, and his widow continued there for a number of years after. In 1832 she built the Union Church, not far distant and although, at that time, she had joined the Episcopal Church, nevertheless, out of regard for her husband, who had been an active

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member of the Free Quaker Society, she saw to it that the edifice, as far as practicable, should resemble a Quaker meeting house in both its inside and outside appearance.

On the side opposite the door is an old-fashioned three-deck pulpit flanked on either hand by an unusually high balustrade with tall and narrow spindles. A former rector, a man of commanding physique and stature, none too large for his pulpit, however, being absent on one occasion, his place was supplied by a worthy but small and excessively pompous brother-clergyman weighed down by the sense of his own dignity. Before the service, the sexton, taking the measure of the reverend gentleman's inches, thoughtfully suggested placing a box in the pulpit for him to stand on, but this offer the small ecclesiastic indignantly resented. When sermon time came he sailed majestically up to the appointed place, but alas, the top of his head barely reached the desk. It was manifestly impossible to roar forth his exhortation unseeing and unseen, so he stepped to one side, peered through the balustrade, grasping a spindle in each hand and, looking in his full-flowing surplice for all the world like a polar bear behind the bars of a cage, announced his text, "It is I, be not afraid." The congregation was convulsed.

About 1845, after Mrs. Wetherill's death, in the settlement of the estate, Fatland came to her son, the late Doctor William Wetherill. Owing to the decayed condition of the house, Doctor Wetherill tore it down to the ground and on the same foundations built the present structure in a somewhat more elaborate style, though preserving, from motives of sentiment, substantially the lines of the original building. In front and in the back, six



YACK HILL—FRATERNAL HALL

Built by James Yack, 1778; rebuilt by Dr. William Woodrill, 1848

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and around them are the graves of the Free Quakers whose bodies were removed thither—when the burying ground on Fifth Street near Locust was devoted to other purposes—and placed in a plot designated for that purpose by Colonel John Wetherill to whom the estate passed in 1872 upon the death of his father Doctor Wetherill. Fatland has been in its day one of the most noted and notable seats in the region about Philadelphia and even now after many years of tenancy by only caretakers, the present owner not electing to live there, it has preserved its stately charm and grace and only needs trifling repairs and the gardener's pruning knife and grubbing hoe to place it once more among the foremost plantations of the day.

MILL GROVE

LOWER PROVIDENCE TOWNSHIP, MONTGOMERY

MORGAN—EVANS—PENN—AUDUBON—WETHERILL



UT a stone's throw from Fatland's gate along the road from Pawling's Bridge, is the lane turning into Mill Grove, a place filled with memories of Audubon and sacred to all bird-lovers and naturalists. A short drive down this lane brings us to the house perched on the western slope of a steep hill overhanging the Perkiomen, which sweeps by at the foot of the declivity. Beyond the creek, broad meadows open out, while the hither bank grows more and more precipitous with a dense wood hanging at its summit.

Mill Grove House, built foursquare of native, tawny, rough-hewn stone, a good plain farmhouse of massive masonry without architectural pretensions, is just such as a sturdy yeoman might be expected to build in the midst of his fields. A thick mantling of English ivy clings to the walls and knits the fabric to surrounding nature. Through the midst of the house runs a hall on each side of which there are two large rooms. The same arrangement is repeated abovestairs and again in the attic.

Since William Penn's original grant of this tract in 1699, the land has had many owners, including Colonel Edward Farmer of White Marsh, the Morrisises and Lewises, and at one time Governour John Penn and his wife. In 1762, a year of unusual building activity in

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Colonial annals, James Morgan of Durham Furnace connexion in Bucks, built the house, as a date stone in the apex of the gable attests, and in 1765 added the small kitchen wing at one end. His brother, Thomas Morgan, for a season conducted the house as a hostelry. In 1771 Rowland Evans, James Morgan's partner in the mill interests, from which the place took its name, bought the property and sold it five years later to Governour John Penn. From Penn and his wife it passed through several hands until Augustin Prevost sold it in 1789 to John Audubon [the admiral] father of John James LaForest Audubon, the ornithologist, who gave Mill Grove name and fame.

Sent from San Domingo or Louisiana to France to be educated for the navy that he might follow his father's footsteps, young Audubon showed himself singularly unfitted by disposition and talents for that profession, and it became quite plain that his bent lay wholly in the direction of art and natural history. After a course of education in which he seems to have profited chiefly by his instruction in music and drawing, his father, seeing that it was useless to press the naval calling, permitted him to come and live at his Mill Grove farm where he was free to indulge to the full his passion for outdoor life.

Thither, then, he came about 1797 and roamed the fields and woods, gun in hand, in search of specimens, drew, rode horseback or played his fiddle—he was a proficient musician—as fancy dictated. Besides his devotion to drawing and bird studies, he had a passion for



LOT DOWN, GERMANTOWN
Built by Thomas Arnott, 1801



MILL GROVE, LOWER PROVIDENCE
The first home of Audubon in America

MILL GROVE

fine horses and fine clothes and, as he had ample means at his disposal, he led a happy, care-free existence and gratified his tastes to his heart's content. There is not a foot of ground for miles around that he did not wander over in his quest for birds or on his shooting expeditions. His extravagant fondness for gay clothing led him to roam the fields arrayed in pumps, silk stockings, satin breeches, embroidered waistcoats, and belaced and be-ruffled shirts—all the male finery then in vogue—and one involuntarily smiles to think what a sorry bedraggled spectacle he must often have presented after an early morning ramble through the dank, dew-laden Perkiomen meadows.

The story of his meeting his neighbours, the Bake-wells, and of his courtship of Miss Lucy, has been told in the account of Fatland. These were the happiest years of his life, before the shadows of adversity and financial anxiety had darkened his path.

About 1805 or 1806 he was again in France studying under the artist David. Returning to America he married Lucy Bakewell in April, 1808. Meanwhile, complications had arisen through an unworthy business associate whom his father had sent over to assist in developing the lead mine on the property. The outcome of it all was that Audubon and his bride went to Kentucky, Mill Grove was sold to the former agent and associate, Da Costa, who formed a lead-mining company of which Stephen Girard was one of the stockholders. After a short time the lead mine was abandoned and the property sold.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

In 1813 Mill Grove came into the possession of the Wetherill family and with the exception of a period of fifteen years, during which it was in other hands, has remained there ever since. The present owner, Mr. William Henry Wetherill, who has the estate for a countryseat, courteously welcomes all Audubon pilgrims—and they are legion—who come to see the one-time home of the great ornithologist.

STENTON

GERMANTOWN ROAD, GERMANTOWN
LOGAN



TENTON was one of the earliest and most pretentious of the countryseats of the Philadelphia neighbourhood. The estate originally comprised five hundred acres, but is now a park of some six acres surrounded by rows of the little brick homes for which Philadelphia is widely famous. It is the connecting link between Nicetown and Germantown and is near the Wayne Junction station of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway. The Wingohocking Creek once ran through the grounds but is now conducted beneath the surface. Fine oaks, hemlocks, and pines remain about the house but an avenue of sycamores has gone.

The house is built of brick with black headers and is fifty-five by forty-two feet in dimensions with a separate range of servant quarters, kitchens, and greenhouses extending backward one hundred and ten feet farther. The doorway is reached by three curious circular stone steps firmly clamped together with iron bands. It opens into a great hall, paved with brick and wainscotted in white to the ceiling, with an open fireplace on the right. On the left is a dining-room, also wainscotted, with a cupboard for china. The fireplace in this room has blue tiles and an iron fireback ornamented with the initials of the builder, "J. L. 1728." On the right is the south parlour, also panelled, with a fireplace surrounded by pink tiles. A stately double staircase ascends beyond an archway in

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

the rear, on either side of which there are lofty rooms also wainscotted in white. The one on the left is a small breakfast-room reached from the front dining-room through a passageway. Upon the threshold there is a trapdoor in the floor leading to an underground passage to the barns and burying ground, a great convenience in times of stress or storm. In the hallway stands an iron chest to hold the silver, with fourteen tumblers to the lock, and over it are the wooden pegs for hats. In the rear room on the right is a large closet with a sliding top, where a person might be concealed to listen through a small opening to conversation in the hall. The most attractive room is the library on the second floor, which extends across the whole front of the house. This once contained the finest collection of books of any private library in Colonial America, presented by the collector, James Logan, to the city of Philadelphia. Here the illustrious book-loving statesman and scholar spent most of his time during his declining years. There are two fireplaces, one with blue tiles and the other with white. There is a little back stairway and two small back bedrooms for his two daughters. Each room has a fireplace. On the third floor there is no paint on the wainscot or woodwork and there is a little door under the eaves opening into a small passageway to the next room. In fact the whole house is filled with quaint nooks and corners which are the subjects of many a strange legend. On the back of a door on the third floor is cut, "Willm. Logan jun. Sail'd for England Octobr. 7th. 1768 Aetat : 1-6-7" The copper boiler, the bake oven, the big fireplace, and the crane are still to be seen in the kitchen, as well as the dovecote on its exterior.



STANTON
Built by James Logan, 1787

STENTON

James Logan was born October 20, 1674, at Lurgan, County Armagh, Ireland. He was the son of Patrick Logan of East Lothian, Scotland, and Isabella Hume. He was the descendant of a long line of the flower of Scottish chivalry, scholars, and gentlemen, Chief Logan being the Laird or Baron of Restalrig, earlier called Lestalric. Patrick Logan was graduated Master of Arts at Edinburgh University, was a clergyman of the established church of Scotland and chaplain to Lord Belhaven. In 1671 he sought refuge from the turmoil by removing to Ireland and joining the Society of Friends. He took charge of the Latin School at Lurgan and here James Logan learned Latin, Greek, and Hebrew before he was thirteen years of age, and became a master of mathematics at sixteen. James later removed to London where he was, for a while, a schoolmaster, but soon entered the shipping trade at that place and at Bristol. In the spring of 1690, William Penn engaged him as his secretary and together they came to America in the *Canterbury*. On Penn's departure for England he left him in charge of the Province, saying, "I have left thee an uncommon trust, with a singular dependence on thy justice and care."

An account of James Logan's life is an account of Pennsylvania. For half a century he was a most potent factor in the Provincial affairs and was the centre of the volcanic disturbances which affected the Colony. Faithful to the Penn family and loyal to the desires of the Founder, he managed Indian affairs with great skill and it was largely due to him that the friendship and alliance

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

between them and the Province was so long maintained. His correspondence was much with the literati of Europe and often embraced Hebrew or Arabic characters and algebraic formulas. Sometimes his letters convey a lively Greek ode and often they were written in Latin. He published essays on reproduction in plants, aberration of light, translated Cicero's "De Senectute," Cato's "Disticha," and treatises on history, archæology, criticism, theology, ethics, natural philosophy, anatomy, and law. There was no topic of science or literature that he could not discuss with the scholars of his time. He is described as tall and well made, with a graceful yet grave demeanour, a good complexion, quite florid even in his old age. His hair was brown and never grey, but he wore a powdered wig. He was intolerant of the narrow distinction of some Friends and believed in a defensive war of resistance to aggression. Thus he supported Franklin for the protection of Philadelphia in the French Wars. He engaged in business with Edward Shippen, but his trade or his public service never led him from his affection for the muses. He was Chief-Justice, Provincial Secretary, Commissioner of Property, and President of the Council. He acquired a fortune in commerce, in trade with the Indians, and by the purchase and sale of desirable tracts of land in all parts of the Colony which his position of Surveyor-General gave him the opportunity of securing. Thus he was able to live in princely style and to entertain with a free hand. For more than a century Stenton was the resort of notable and distinguished persons of the Colonies and from abroad, and its mis-

STENTON

tresses were among the most accomplished women of the time. Among the visitors to the house were John Dickinson, Edward Shippen, John Randolph of Roanoke, Thomas Pickering, the learned and witty Portuguese, Abbé Correa, the French minister Genet, Doctor Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Peters, and President Washington. At Stenton, Thomas Godfrey, glazier, by accident discovered the principle upon which he invented the quadrant. He saw a piece of broken glass which had fallen so as to reflect the sun, and upon consulting a volume of Newton which he found in the library, and with advice from James Logan, he constructed an instrument according to the plan in his mind.

James Logan was a suitor for the hand of the beautiful Anne Shippen, Edward Shippen's daughter, who married Thomas Story, and there sprung up a bitter rivalry between the colleagues in the board of property, which troubled the Founder very much. On the sixteenth of the eleventh month Penn wrote to Logan:

I am anxiously grieved for thy unhappy love for thy sake and my own, for T. S., and thy discord has been for no service here any more than there; and some say that come thence that thy amours have so altered or influenced thee that thou art grown touchy and apt to give rough and short answers, which many call haughty. I make no judgement, but caution thee, as in former letters, to let truth preside and bear impertinence as patiently as thou canst.

After the marriage of Anne Shippen and Thomas Story, he wrote Penn, August 12, 1706:

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

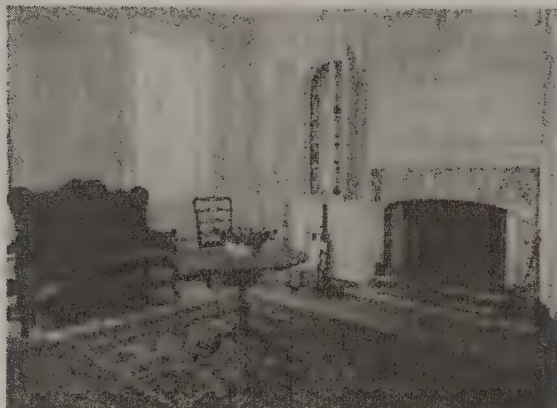
Thomas Story carries very well since his marriage. He and I are great friends, for I think the whole business is not now worth a quarrel.

On the ninth of the tenth month, 1714, he married Sarah, daughter of Charles and Amy Read, after a romantic courtship. His letters to her are very tender and full of spiritual power. To them were born seven children: Sarah, who married Isaac Norris of Fairhill and whose daughter Mary married John Dickinson; William, who married Hannah Emlen and succeeded to Stenton; Hannah, who married John Smith, and James, who married Sarah Armitt. The rest died without issue.

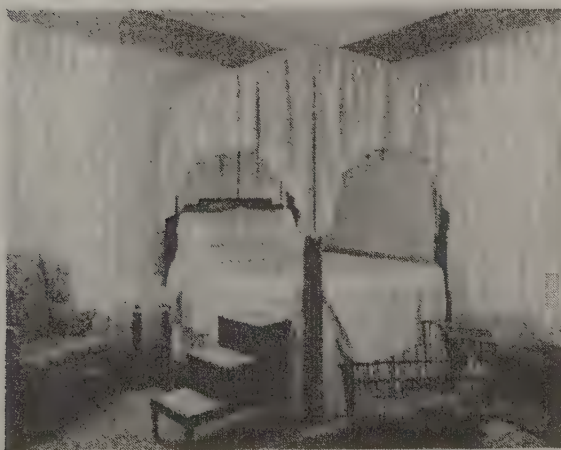
Perhaps the first and most numerous guests at Stenton were the Indians, who came very often and in great numbers, three or four hundred at a time, and stayed for several weeks. They lined the staircase at night and passed the days in the maple grove. Smaller bands made huts on the grounds and remained a year at a time. The good chief, Wingohocking, standing with Logan on the border of the beautiful stream that wound through the place, proposed a change of names after the Indian custom of brotherhood. Logan explained the difficulty to him and said:

Do thou, chief, take mine, and give thine to this stream which passes through my fields, and when I am passed away and while the earth shall endure it shall flow and bear thy name.

Hannah Logan, the youngest of the two daughters of James Logan, was named after Hannah Penn; Sarah, of whom the father writes in 1724 to Thomas Story in England, was an elder sister.



PARLOR AT STENTON



JAMES LOGAN'S CRADLE AND BED AT STENTON

STENTON

Sally, besides her needle, has been learning French, and this last week, has been very busy in the dairy at the plantation, in which she delights as well as in spinning; but is this moment at the table with me (being first-day afternoon and her mother abroad), reading the 84th. Psalm in Hebrew, the letters of which she learned very perfectly in less than two hours' time, an experiment I made of her capacity only for my diversion though, I never design to give her that or any other learned language, unless the French be accounted such.

An interesting comment on female education at the time and housewifely employments!

Speaking of Hannah Logan, William Black, the young Virginian secretary of the Indian Commission en route to make a treaty with the Iroquois at Lancaster, writes in 1744:

I was really very much surprised at the Appearance of so Charming a Woman, at a place where the seeming moroseness and Goutified Father's Appearance Promised no such Beauty, tho' it must be allow'd the Man seem'd to have some Remains of a handsome enough Person, and a Complexion beyond his years, for he was turned off 70: But to return to the Lady, I declare I burnt my Lips more than once, being quite thoughtless of the warmness of my Tea, entirely lost in Contemplating her Beauties. She was tall and Slender, but Exactly well Shap'd, her Features Perfect, and Complexion tho' a little the whitest, yet her Countenance had something in it extremely Sweet. Her Eyes Express'd a very great Softness, denoting a Compos'd Temper and Serenity of Mind, Her Manner was Grave and Reserv'd and to be short she had a Sort of Majesty in her Person, and Agreeableness in her Behaviour, which at once surprised and Charmed the Beholders:

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Rather a remarkable description of a demure Quakeress from a Virginia Cavalier!

James Logan died October 31, 1751, and was buried in the Friends' burying ground at Fourth and Arch Streets. He was succeeded at Stenton by his son William, who had married Hannah Emlen. William Logan had been educated by his father and in England. He was the friend of the Proprietary interests and of the Indians, giving them homes and educating their children. He executed the conveyance of the Loganian Library to the Library Company of Philadelphia according to his father's wish.

The next proprietor at Stenton was William Logan's son George, who was born there in 1753. He was educated in England and took a degree in medicine at Edinburgh University, travelling extensively in France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. He married Deborah, daughter of Charles Norris of Fairhill, a charming lady of very wide acquaintance whose hospitality was shared by most of the distinguished foreigners who visited Philadelphia during her occupancy at Stenton. She was something of a poetess and thus describes her home in a sonnet:

My peaceful home! amidst whose dark green shades
And sylvan scenes my waning life is spent,
Nor without blessings and desired content!
Again the spring illumines thy verdant glades
And rose-crowned Flora calls Oeonian maids
To grace with song her revels, and prevent,
By charmed spells, the nipping blasts which, bent
From Eurus or the stormy North, pervades
Her treasures,—still 'tis mine among thy groves

STENTON

Musing to roam, enamour'd of the fame
Of him who reared these walls whose classic lore
For science brightly played, and left his name
Indelible—by honour, too, approved,
And Virtue cherished by the Muses' flame.

General Washington made Stenton his headquarters August 28, 1777, on his way to the Brandywine from Hartsville, Pa. He came with twenty officers of his staff and is described as very silent and grave upon this occasion. Later, as President of the Constitutional Convention sitting in Philadelphia, on Sunday, July 8, 1787, he rode out to Stenton with Major Daniel Jenifer to see Doctor George Logan for the purpose of looking over some farm experiments. He was interested in a demonstration of the use of land plaster on grass land, which Doctor Logan illustrated by marking out initials in the sod. Where the plaster had been sown on these letters the grass was darker and more luxuriant than elsewhere.

On Saturday, November 22, 1777, Sir William Howe gave orders to destroy the houses of obnoxious persons, and by order of Colonel Twistleton two dragoons came to Stenton to fire it. They told the negro woman whom they encountered there that she could remove the bedding and clothing while they went to the stable for straw. An officer with his command happened to come at the time and enquired for deserters. The vigilant and faithful negress told him that two were in the barn, so he carried them away and the house was saved. Sir William Howe had occupied it as his headquarters at the time of the battle of Germantown.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Doctor George Logan was an active member of the Agricultural and Philosophical Societies, a senator from Pennsylvania from 1801 to 1807, and was much concerned to preserve peace. Upon this concern he visited France in 1798 and England in 1810. On his death in 1821 Du Ponceau said of him:

And art thou too gone! friend of man! friend of peace! friend of science! Thou whose persuasive accents could still the angry passions of rulers of men, and dispose their minds to listen to the voice of reason and justice.

When Deborah Logan died in 1839, the estate came to her son Albanus who was born in 1783 and married John Dickinson's daughter Maria. Albanus was an agriculturist and was devoted to field sports. He had a gentle nature and through a long protracted suffering before his death never complained. Two children graced his union with Maria Dickinson: Gustavus, who married Miss Armat of Loudoun, and John Dickinson Logan, who wedded Miss Susan Wister. Gustavus occupied the house and his children Albanus and Maria were born there. Since the occupancy by the Colonial Dames and the ownership by the city they have lived at Loudoun nearby.

The history of the Logan family and of their life at this splendid Colonial mansion, while only one of many similar instances, is, perhaps, the most striking proof of the incorrectness of a common modern idea regarding the Quakers. We see here that they were not stiff-necked ascetics, but were cultured and refined, fond of beauty



THIS HALLWAY AT GREENOV
Where the Indians sometimes sleep



STENTON

and pleasant things, and of a lavish hospitality. Their portraits which adorn the walls of Stenton are witnesses to all that has been said about them and exhibit the dress, not of a peculiar people, but of those who practised moderation according to the admonition of William Penn:

Choose thy cloaths by thine own eyes, not anothers. The more simple and plain they are, the better. Neither unshapely nor fantastical, and for use and decency, not for pride.

LOUDOUN

GERMANTOWN ROAD AND APSLEY STREET, GERMANTOWN
ARMAT—LOGAN



LOUDOUN is an irregular stone plastered house with a pillared portico and stands at the summit of Neglee's Hill just above Wayne Junction station of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway. The east side of the house is the older; the portico was added about 1880. In the original distribution of the land of the Frankfort Company, owners of what is now Germantown, the property was called Side Lot Number 2, and fell by the lottery held in the cave of Francis Daniel Pastorius, about where Chestnut Street wharf now is, to Thones Kunders. It was in the house of Thones, now numbered 5109 Main Street, only a portion of whose wall remains, that the first meeting of Friends was held in Germantown.

Loudoun was built in 1801 by Thomas Armat, the youngest son of a large family at Dale-Head Hall, Cumberland County, England. He settled first in Loudoun County, Virginia, and thus gave its name to the country-seat which he built in Germantown for his son Thomas Wright Armat, who was born in the first home. The Armats came to Philadelphia about the time of the Revolution and during the yellow-fever epidemic in 1798 moved to Germantown, residing at 4788 Main Street, afterward occupied by the Ashmead family.

Mr. Armat was a merchant in Philadelphia and a distinguished philanthropist. He contributed the ground

LOUDOUN

on which St. Luke's Church, Germantown, now stands and aided in the erection of the building. There was a chamber in his home at Loudoun called the Minister's Room set aside for the incumbent of the parish. He was among the first to suggest coal for heating and patented a hay scales. From 1820 to 1835 Loudoun was rented by Madame Greland as a school for young ladies whom she brought there for the summer. The hill was a hospital after the battle of Germantown and many dead were buried in the grounds.

Mr. Armat's daughter married Gustavus Logan, son of Albanus and Maria Dickinson Logan, great-great-grandson of James Logan and grandson of John Dickinson. The last was the most conspicuous person in the service of the State from 1760 until his term expired as President of the Supreme Executive Council of the State in 1783. From the meeting of the Stamp Act Congress in 1765 until his death in 1808, he was a prominent figure in national history. He was the first to advocate resistance, on constitutional grounds, to the ministerial plan of taxation and for a long period after the enforcement of the Boston Port Bill he controlled the counsels of the country. He courageously maintained that the Declaration of Independence was inopportune but despite this, and the fact that he was a Friend, fought valiantly in the War of the Revolution. In the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States he took a leading part and prepared many memorable State papers at the request of the Continental Congress.

He is, perhaps, best known for his "Farmer's Let-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

ters," addressed to the people of Great Britain, which embodied the Pennsylvania idea and brought about the repeal of the Stamp Act, so well were they regarded abroad. He lived at Fairhill on the Germantown Road below the town and was the son of Samuel and Mary Cadwalader Dickinson, Maryland Quakers who lived at Crosia-doré on the eastern shore of Maryland. His training in the law was received with John Moland, Esquire, of Philadelphia, and at the Middle Temple in London.

Loudoun is now occupied by Albanus Logan and his sister, Miss Maria Logan, son and daughter of Gustavus.

It may be fairly said to mark the beginning of Germantown, now the twenty-second ward of Philadelphia. At the foot of its lawn, the old Main Street begins its winding way toward Chestnut Hill. In early days the roadway was so bad that one gentleman is said to have saddled his horse in order to cross it. In later days came the railway tracks for the horse cars, solitary and infrequent, which came out from the city through the regions of Fairhill Meeting (given to the Society of Friends by the founder, George Fox), Rising Sun Village, and Robert's Meadow, climbed Neglee's Hill and jingled on through the toll-gate at Rittenhouse Street and so to the "horse-car depot" at "Carpenter's."

GRUMBLETHORPE

5281 GERMANTOWN ROAD, GERMANTOWN

WISTER



HE name of Wister, whether spelled *er* or *ar*, is a familiar one to Philadelphians and particularly to those residing in Germantown, technically known as the twenty-second ward of Philadelphia.

Hans Caspar and Anna Katerina Wüster dwelt at Hillspach, near Heidelberg in Germany. Of their children two sons came to Pennsylvania, the first being Caspar who arrived in Philadelphia by the ship *William and Sarah*, in September, 1717. The second son, Johann, reached the same port in May, 1727. Both brothers prospered and became the heads of important houses. In his oath of allegiance to the King in 1721, Caspar had his name spelled "Wistar" through the mistake of the clerk and from him are descended those who thus spell their names to-day. From him came the Doctor Caspar Wistar in commemoration of whom and of his charming entertainments were established the famous Wistar Parties at Fourth and Locust Streets which made the Saturday nights of Philadelphia so well and favourably known among visitors of the polite and cultivated classes from other cities and abroad.

In May, 1727, shortly after the death of his father, the second son John embarked for America and after a long and stormy passage of four months arrived in Philadelphia. He established himself in Market Street west of Third, where he cultivated blackberries, made and im-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

ported wine, and had a large business. He was thrice married and there were four children by Salome Zimmerman and five by Anna Catherina Rubinkam. In 1744 he built "Wister's Big House" opposite Indian Queen Lane and now numbered 5261 Main Street. The stone came from Cedar Hill near the east end of Brighthurst Street where it touches the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, and the woodwork from oak trees hewn in Wister's woods. It was the first countryseat in Germantown, was two and a half storeys high with a high-pitched roof over a garret without dormers, lighted from the ends. Across the front and side of the house was a pent roof or projecting eaves marking the line of the second floor, with a balcony to break its uniformity over the main entrance, upon which opened a door from the second storey. There were two chimneys, stout and strong, at either end. The main entrance was centrally placed, with two windows to the right, and a smaller door with a window bounding each side of it to the left. These doors were upper and lower parted, and looked out upon sidelong seats. In 1808 repairs and changes caused the pent roof to vanish, dormer windows to appear, the upper door and balcony to make way for a window as did the small door on the ground floor. The front seats and railing-guard as well as the locust trees that shaded them also passed away and the front of the house was pebble dashed. A long wing extends eastward and in its shade is a well with stone steps leading to depths where the provisions were kept. Back of this is the workshop with its rows of tools and store of curiosities, not the least interesting of which are numer-

GRUMBLETHORPE

ous clocks in various stages of completion. Still farther east is the observatory with its telescope and then the beautiful formal garden with its ancient markings of box-bush, out of which rises the old rain-gauge.

The hallway is spacious, the rooms low ceilinged and the great fireplace in the kitchen still holds the crane and its pots. John Wister was a charitable man and caused bread to be baked every Saturday which he distributed to the poor who came to his door for it.

His hospitality was shared by many famous personages. Adjoining him on the south was Christopher Sower, one of the most remarkable men in the Colonies. He was preacher, tailor, farmer, apothecary, surgeon, botanist, clock and watchmaker, bookbinder, optician, manufacturer of paper, drew wire and lead, and made most of the materials for the books he printed. In 1739 he issued the first almanac and in 1743 the Bible was printed by him in German, forty years prior to its appearance here in English. He commenced his newspaper in 1789 and the printing business has been carried on by his descendants down to the present day. To Grumblethorpe also came Gilbert Stuart, the gifted, jovial artist, Squire Baynton, David Conyngham, Reuben Haines, "Ben" Shoemaker, Daniel and John Jay Smith, Doctor George Bensel, physician and poet, Isaiah Lukens, a mathematical expert, Thomas Say, the great entomologist and president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, Parker Cleveland, the writer of the first book upon American mineralogy, Doctor W. S. W. Ruschenberger, traveller and writer, Professor James Nichol, a celebrated

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

geologist and writer, of Glasgow, Reverend Lewis David von Schweinitz, fungologist, of Bethlehem, and many others illustrious in science, literature, and art.

At the time of the battle of Germantown General Agnew of the British Army made his headquarters in the house and being brought wounded into the northwest parlour died there and stained the floor with his blood. The marks of the bloodstains are still to be seen. Major Lenox, who occupied the house in 1779, was married in this room under the ring in the centre as was also William Wister of Belfield.

Major Lenox was an Irishman by birth, said to be the brother of the Earl of Moira and a relative of Lord Fitzgerald of Kildare. His town houses were, at various times, Spruce near Second Street, Vine near Third, Arch below Ninth, 286 Chestnut, and at Tenth and Chestnut Streets. The major was a member of the First City Troop in 1777, marshal of the United States for the District of Pennsylvania, director of the United States Bank and its president, succeeding Thomas Willing. He was also this country's representative at the Court of St. James and brought much handsome furniture home with him. While living at the Wister house in Germantown he was a participant in the relief of "Fort Wilson," at Third and Walnut Streets on October 4, 1779, and this so enraged the turbulent soldiery that they aroused him from his slumbers a few nights afterward and to the number of about two hundred proceeded to assault the house. He secured it as best he could and harangued them from the front balcony. His cousin, a young lady staying at

GRUMBLETHORPE

the house, fled on foot at midnight to the city and summoned the City Troop to his rescue.

John Wister's eldest son, Daniel, succeeded to the property and became a prosperous merchant at 325 Market Street. He married Lowry Jones of Wynnewood and had ten children, of whom the light-hearted Sally Wister was one. During the British occupation, the family went to the Foulke place at Penllyn, and it was here that Sally wrote her charming *Journal*. Therein she relates an interesting story of the life-size British grenadier which Major André painted as one of the decorations for the "Mischianza" and which stands in the hallway at Grumblethorpe. The Foulke house was the resort of many American officers at the time, and one of these, young Major Tilly of Virginia, was a talkative, boastful fellow who constantly proclaimed his desire to meet the British in battle. To test his courage Daniel Wister, with the connivance of the other American officers, had the grenadier placed outside the front door with a person behind it. A rap at the door and the officers started to their feet in evident alarm. Tilly led the way and when the door opened the faint glimmer of the lantern showed the figure which demanded in gruff tones, "Are there any rebel officers in this house?" Without stopping Tilly fled out of the back door and on towards Washington's camp. He had not gone far, however, before he fell into the mill pond and was brought home in disgrace by his fellow-officers. It is related, that he took it with good grace and equanimity. The original manuscript of Sally Wister's *Journal* and a journal of her later

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

years, a manuscript diary of John Kelpius the hermit of the Wissahickon, a crayon drawing of Peggy Chew by André, a wagstaff' twenty-four-hour clock imported from London, a musical clock constructed by Isaiah Lukens, paintings of old Germantown by Charles J. Wister, Jr., the model of the original Wister house, an inscription "Headquarters of General Agnew," and much fine old furniture and rare books, are some of the treasures of the house distributed about in its rooms.

Charles J. Wister was the son of Daniel and in his many travels had strange and humorous adventures through Pennsylvania and Virginia. He went daily to town on business until 1819 after which he led a retired life devoted to science. He was a botanist and mineralogist and lectured upon these subjects at the Germantown Academy, of whose Board of Trustees he was the secretary for thirty years. He built the observatory still standing and was a familiar figure in the old town among the group that gathered in the rear of Jabez Gates's store at Brighthurst Street or at the toll-house of Enos Springer at the corner of Rittenhouse. He it was who gave the name to the place in a spirit of jest but which has held on.

Perhaps the most famous feature of Grumblethorpe is its garden developed to its greatest extent by Charles J. Wister. It covers an area of one hundred and eighty-eight by four hundred and fifty feet and is bounded on the east by a vegetable garden, the total length of the tract from the Main Street to Wakefield Street being nine hundred feet. It is a formal garden, having a central walk flanked by rectangular,



VERNON, VERNON PARK, GERMAN TOWN
Built by James Matthews, 1893



GRUMBLETHORPE

semi-circular, and angular beds, conforming to lines radiating from the central to two outlying bounding paths bordered with box. Famous old trees, arbours, colour, and brightness of bewildering variety crowd each other here and it is hard to realise that this rural gem is situated directly upon the principal business street and near the centre of modern Germantown.

Charles J. Wister died July 28, 1865, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was succeeded by his son Charles J. Wister, Jr., an artist and writer who faithfully treasured the trust of an honoured line. Through his writings have been preserved much that is interesting of old Germantown and through his tranquil sweet life the community has been greatly affected. His interest in the affairs of the town was active until his death in 1910, when he was the president of the Site and Relic Society and of the Board of Trustees of the Germantown Academy, of which he had been a member for forty-two years. He died in the faith of his fathers and was laid away with them in the Friends' burying ground on Coulter Street. The property was shared by the nephews, Owen Wister, the novelist, and Alexander W. Wister, but they do not reside there, and Grumblethorpe is at present unoccupied.

VERNON

GERMANTOWN ROAD, GERMANTOWN
MATTHEWS—WISTER



N the west side of Main Street in Germantown running through to Greene Street stands Vernon in the midst of Vernon Park above Cheltenham Avenue. It was built in 1808 by James Matthews of the firm of McAllister & Matthews, whipmakers.

Therefore, it is not truly a Colonial Home, but is such a fine example of the architecture of that time and occupies such a distinguished position that it was thought worthy of notice.

Vernon was purchased in 1812 by John Wister, the son of Daniel Wister, a member of the countinghouse of his uncle, William Wister, after whose death he continued the business with his brother Charles. John Wister was a distinguished Friend and his statue in bronze, represented as clad in the dignified garb of the Society, has been placed before his house. His was a well-known and still remembered figure about Germantown where he died December 10, 1862. When the property passed into the hands of the city for a park some years ago the house was occupied by the Free Library, but since the erection of the adjacent building for this purpose it has been utilized as the home and the museum of the Site and Relic Society, where are displayed many relics and views of ancient Germantown.

PEROT—MORRIS HOUSE

5442 GERMANTOWN ROAD, GERMANTOWN

DESCHLER—PEROT—MORRIS



N no part of Philadelphia are so many stately and historic mansions so closely grouped together as in Germantown. On two occasions when the first President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet came hither for fear of the pestilence in the city, Germantown became, for the nonce, the Capital of the country.

The house in which President Washington lived, the only one now standing, except of course Mount Vernon, which served as his home for any considerable time, is at 5442 Main Street. The heavy old panelled door flanked by rounded pillars with a moulded pediment atop is reached by a flight of three broad stone steps. A great iron latch on the inner side, along with the fastenings and brass knob are the same that Washington handled in his goings-out and comings-in. Two windows on each side of the doorway pierce the wall of evenly hewn grey Germantown stone, while a range of five windows lights the second floor. A spacious hall, forty feet in depth, runs through the middle of the house and widens out back of the front rooms where a graceful stairway with landings ascends to the second floor. Opposite the stairway is the door to Washington's breakfast room whence the windows look out upon a charming garden, scrupulously kept in its pristine condition, whose box edges coeval with

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

the house, mark off the borders of old-fashioned flowers from the greenest of lawns. Rooms and halls are all panelled with white-painted woodwork up to a chair-rail, while above the fireplace in each room is an overmantel panel, nearly five feet square, so cunningly fitted that no joints can be discerned—a very triumph of Colonial joinery. Facings of dark Pennsylvania marble surround the fireplaces.

The house was built in 1772 by David Deschler, a son of an aide-de-camp to the reigning Prince of Baden and Margaret, a sister of Caspar Wistar and John Wister. This variation in spelling the surname of brothers is elsewhere explained. David Deschler was a West India merchant and had his countinghouse on the north side of Market Street west of Grindstone Alley. Like most of those who sent their ventures afloat for the wealth of the tropic seas, he prospered exceedingly and became one of the eminently substantial men of his day. As did many other laymen of that period, he dabbled somewhat in matters medical and invented the salve that still bears his name, a salve that Doctor Wistar thought sufficiently well of to include its recipe in his *Pharmacopœia*.

During the battle of Germantown, Sir William Howe had his headquarters at Stenton, but after the retreat of the Americans he moved out to Deschler's house and while there, it is said, he was visited by Prince William Henry, a midshipman in the Royal Navy, afterward King William IV of England.

Deschler was a striking figure in the old town. He had a handsome face and manly form which he adorned



PEET-MORRIS HOUSE, NUMBER 2114 GREEN TOWN ROAD

PEROT—MORRIS HOUSE

with olive-coloured silk, velvet knee-breeches with buckles, silk stockings, bright silver-buckled shoes and topped it all off with the usual three-looped hat. He had a great appreciation of the beauties of nature and would have built his house wider than forty feet had it not been for a plum tree that he had not the heart to cut down. Alongside, to the south, is a beautiful garden one hundred feet wide and extending westward back of the house more than four hundred feet.

Upon the death of David Deschler, in 1792, the property was sold to Colonel Isaac Franks, a New Yorker by birth, who had served with gallantry in the Continental Army, and had received several wounds in the service. After the conclusion of peace with Great Britain he filled various civil commissions, being appointed by Governor Mifflin in 1794 as lieutenant-colonel of the Second Regiment of Philadelphia County Brigade of Militia and again in 1795 as justice of the peace in the district comprising the townships of Germantown and Roxborough. Between 1803 and 1806 he moved to Ephrata, Lancaster County, where he appears in straitened circumstances, claiming in 1811 a sum owed him by the government for an "erroneous credit" given the United States while he was serving as forage master at West Point during the Revolution. He tried to secure an appointment in the Quartermaster's Department and a pension, the latter being granted in 1819. He died as prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, at 55 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, March 4, 1822.

During the yellow-fever epidemic of 1793, German-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

town's private houses and inns were filled to overflowing with refugees from the plague-stricken city. As the first Monday in December approached, the President became greatly concerned about the meeting place of the Congress. He was uncertain whether to assemble it elsewhere than in the city and wrote for an opinion to the members of his Cabinet and the officers of the government, stating that "Time presses, and the malady, at the usual place of meeting, is becoming more and more alarming." On September 30, 1793, he writes from Mount Vernon to the attorney-general, Edmund Randolph, already removed to Germantown:

The continuation and spreading of the malignant fever, with which the city of Philadelphia is visited, together with the absence of the heads of departments therefrom, will prolong my abode at this place until about the 25th. of October; at or about which time, I shall myself, if the then state of things should render it improper for me to take my family, set out for that city, or the vicinity, say Germantown.

He then requests Randolph to secure lodgings for himself, servants and horses in or near Germantown, declaring explicitly "that it is hired lodgings only I will go into; for unless such can be had, I would repair to one of the most decent inns."

Randolph replies from Germantown, October 22:

. . . I found that Major Franks had agreed to let you have his house. But the terms are excessive; being no less than 150 pounds per annum, or for a shorter period, not under six months, at the same rate. Except a looking glass or two, and a few pictures, he will not suffer any of the furniture to remain; tho' I have prevailed upon his agent to permit a couple of beds and

PEROT—MORRIS HOUSE

some chairs and tables to continue, until you can accommodate yourself from some other quarter.

Fancy dictating such terms to the President of the United States! Colonel Franks fled to Bethlehem to avoid danger of the fever, and his agent not being willing to let the house for a period of less than six months, Randolph secured lodgings from the Reverend Frederick Herman, headmaster of the Germantown Academy, whose house was next the school buildings in School House Lane. Here the President remained from November 1 to November 10, when he set out on a trip to Lancaster and Reading. Before leaving, however, he wrote a personal note to Colonel Franks at Bethlehem asking for the use of his house. The colonel immediately responded by hiring a light two-horse wagon and setting out with Mrs. Franks, to put the house in order for the President's occupancy, which began upon his return on the sixteenth. It seems that the stipulation about the furniture must have been waived, for we find that Colonel Franks made a careful inventory of what the house contained at the time.

It is perhaps the most interesting, authentic and complete list of the furnishings of a Colonial house in Pennsylvania that we have and so is given in full:

First Right Hand Room

Curtains, 2 blinds, two winer blinds, Do. Do. curtains, one looking glass, six chairs with chintz bottoms, one looking glass, 1 Dining table, one breakfast table, one open stove, one pair of plated candlesticks, Double set of Nankin China 72 pieces, 1 large waiter, 1 large waiter, 1 snuff tray, 1 pair hand irons, shovel and tongs, 1 plated goblet pint cup with two handles, 2 large pictures.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

First Left Hand Room

2 chintz window curtains, 1 Green Blinds, 1 Looking Glass, 2 Gerandoles, 1 Dining table, 2 Mahogany Arm Chairs, 8 Mahogany stuffed Bottom chairs, 1 pair large Hand Irons, shovel and tongs, 2 Gerandoles, 4 pictures, 1 pair plated candlesticks, 1 set mantel china,—82 Rails, 15 posts.

In the back room adjoining

One C. Table, 4 window chairs, 2 small pictures, China in the closet, 9 china plates, 2 plates sauce boats and china chocolate pot, 1 plated castor, 1 large China Tureen, 1 china punch bowl, 1 china sugar dish, 1 pair of hand irons, shovel and tongs—brass.

In the First Kitchen

1 English guttered gridiron, 9 flat brass candle sticks, 1 spit, 1 flesh fork, 1 egg slice, 1 cullender, 3 iron ladles, 1 iron ladle and dredging box, 2 funnels, 2 graters, 1 pair of Snuffers, 1 qt. Tankard, 1 pint mug, 9 flat irons and stand, 1 cheese Toaster, 1 iron fork large, 8 patty pans.

Up Stairs, in the bed chamber on the right hand

One bed stead and curtains, one bed bolster and pillows, 2 blankets, a green rug and a white counterpane, 1 looking glass, 1 Bureau, and cover, 1 pair hand irons, shovel and tongs, one carpet and fine side carpet.

In Bed room opposite

One Bed stead, 2 Beds, 1 Bolster and pillows, one pair sheets, one pair pillow sheets, 6 blankets, one chintz bed stead, 1 looking glass, 1 Table, 1 Arm chair, 4 chairs with covers, 1 carpet, 1 mahogany chest and drawers, 1 Table, 1 chair, and 2 benches and one Tamil, a corner cupboard, one picture, one coffee mill, 1 black pitcher, 3 coffee pots, 1 tin, 1 china, 1 large copper, 4 Decanters, 9 Elegant Wine glasses, 6 cups and saucers, 1 Milk

PEROT—MORRIS HOUSE

pot, 1 mustard pot, 1 slop bowl, 1 Tin Kettle with cover, 32 plates, 4 large dishes, 2 gravy Tureens, 1 salt box, 1 salad dish.

In Back Kitchen adjoining

1 Tamil, 1 Table, 3 chafing dishes, 1 lantern, 2 frying pans, 4 Iron pots and one iron cover, 2 chairs, 3 pails, 1 Table and ironing board, 2 Tea Kettles, 4 candlesticks, 2 copper Kettles, 1 Tin Mug, 1 pepper mill, 2 pair of irons, 2 pair of pot hooks, 1 sand sieve, 1 rolling pin, 1 pair of bellows, 2 pair of pot hooks, 1 large copper sauce pan, 1 quart black mug, 1 bench, 1 brass washing kettle, 3 washing tubs.

In Back Room

2 chairs, 1 writing desk, &c., and Table.

In Stable

2½ tons of hay, 1 cart, 1 open stove, 1 six plate stove, 27 fowls, 20 ducks, one Iron fender.

His account rendered for the use of the house included his expenses to and from Bethlehem for two trips, costing \$40.00, for bedding and furniture, \$12.00, which he was compelled to hire in place of his own, \$2.50 "For cleaning my house and putting it in the same condition the President received it in," and \$4.40 for breakage. All of these charges, added to the rent of \$66.66 made a total of \$131.56 which seems to have been disputed, for the bill was not settled for nearly four months afterward and then by a payment of \$75.56.

Here, then, met the Cabinet of the United States, Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, and Randolph, to discuss many important matters. There was the President's speech and message to Congress to prepare, the trouble

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

with France and with Citizen Genet to settle, many troubles with England and some with Spain to straighten out, the three mile limit of jurisdiction at sea to settle upon, the recommendation for the establishment of a military academy to consider, and many matters of internal government to decide.

Fearing the return of the yellow fever, but with the ostensible object of escaping the heat of the city, Washington arranged with Colonel Franks to take the house during the following summer for a period of about six weeks. There accompanied him on this occasion Mrs. Washington, and her two grandchildren, Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis. Two loads of furniture were also sent out from Philadelphia, and on July 30 the family moved out. George W. P. Custis was enrolled as a student at the Germantown Academy and his attendance there is still treasured with the recollection of Washington's appearing at the school during that time.

The President's family at this time conveniently worshipped in the German Reformed Church diagonally across the Market Square from the house, and Washington became a familiar figure to the townspeople either on horseback, in his carriage, or talking freely with them. Mrs. Washington was remembered leaning out of the little window on the stair landing, talking to her neighbour, Mrs. Bringhurst, in the adjoining garden. The President was compelled to ride into town several times a week on account of the pressure of public business.

They were in the house until September 20, when they moved back into the city. Colonel Franks's bill for the

PEROT—MORRIS HOUSE

rent of the house six weeks was \$201.60. Washington, however, had left on the thirtieth of the preceding month on a journey to Carlisle to put down an insurrection among the people of Western Pennsylvania. He set out in his "single-seated phaeton drawn by four fine gray horses," accompanied by Alexander Hamilton, riding on horseback on his left, and his private secretary, Bartholomew Dandridge, riding on his right. They went out School House Lane and up the Township Line in order to escape a troop of cavalry drawn up to escort him through the village.

In 1804 the property was purchased by Elliston and John Perot, two Frenchmen, who after several residences in America finally located in Philadelphia and did a large and extended business. Upon the death of Elliston Perot in 1884, it was purchased by his son-in-law, Samuel B. Morris, of the shipping firm of Waln & Morris. The present owner, Elliston Perot Morris, was a son of this marriage and came into the property at the death of his father in 1859.

Mr. Samuel B. Morris took much interest in the improvement of the old Market Square opposite the house. At the end farthest from the city stood an old-fashioned, brick pier, open markethouse, and by its side, surmounted by a little white spire, the Fellowship engine house, wherein was housed the wooden-wheeled hand-engine, brought from England and thought to have been built in 1784. Beside it stood a larger hand-engine of later date, and a bucket-wagon filled with leathern buckets and a small reel of hose.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Upon one corner of the square once stood the Delaplaine house, where Whitefield preached from the balcony in 1789 to five thousand people. On another stood the bank of the United States and on still another the house of Bronson Alcott where Louisa M. Alcott was born. William Penn preached in Jacob Tellner's house where the Saving's Fund Building now stands, and in the square originally stood the public scales, prison, and stocks, for even placid Germantown had its culprits for whom the strong arm of the law was needed. Delegations of Indians, stopping in Germantown, were fed at the Market Square and here the Paxtang Boys stopped on February 6, 1764, and were met by Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Chew, Thomas Willing, and Joseph Gallo-way, who persuaded them to return to their homes without violence. Count Zinzendorf preached in the German Church where Washington worshipped and the Ninth Virginia were captured and confined there at the time of the battle.

Samuel Morris planted grass and a row of trees along the curb, protecting them from injury by neatly painted wooden boxes. With the idea of stirring his wrath, some boys uprooted all the boxes with frantic yells one evening while the family were at supper. Mr. Morris replaced them the next day with the same result. Finally he hid behind one of the pillars of the markethouse and, catching the boys about to repeat their trick, appealed to them to care for the trees so that after he had passed away they could walk with their children under the shade of the branches. This proved efficacious and the trees were left undisturbed.

PEROT—MORRIS HOUSE

Of unusual beauty, the interior of the house remains unchanged and many relics of furniture, china, and silverware used by Colonel Franks and Washington are preserved as well as the letter from the latter to Captain Samuel Morris conveying thanks for the valuable services of the First City Troop during the Revolution. It is in the original silver case with the likeness of Washington set in gold as presented by Captain Dunlap of the troop to his friend, Captain Morris.


The aged Jesse Waln, of Frankford, visited the house during the childhood of Mr. Elliston P. Morris, the present occupant, and entering the tea-room in the southwestern part sat lost in thought. At last he told Mr. Morris that, while at the Germantown Academy, he had accompanied his classmate, George Washington Parke Custis, to the house and had, upon Washington's invitation, stayed to tea in that room.

Mr. Morris has interesting memories of the days when a horse car twice a day on the Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Railroad afforded the only public means of going to the city, except the four-horse omnibus, which started about nine o'clock in the morning for the old Rotterdam Hotel, on Third Street, and returned in the evening, and the four-horse Troy coach, which carried the mail to Bethlehem and passed Market Square, Germantown, about six in the morning.

Those were the days when everyone knew his neighbour, and tramps were unheard of; each enjoyed his own doorstep and roof-tree, and in the security of honest living the open door of the comfortable, old-fashioned homes seemed to bid a welcome to the passing stranger.

WYCK

GERMANTOWN ROAD AND WALNUT LANE, GERMANTOWN
JANSEN—WISTAR—HAINES

T Walnut Lane and Germantown Road, set in a spacious shady garden, is a long, white house of venerable aspect, its ivy-grown gable end to the street. This ancient building is Wyck and the original portion of the house is one of the oldest, if not the oldest building in Germantown.

The first dwelling was built about 1690 or even before that date, while another house was built close by at a later period and the two were joined together, a wide paved passage or waggon way running beneath the connecting portion. This passage was afterwards closed in and now forms a great hallway. An Indian trail is said to have preceded this waggon road. The two houses thus linked together have made a building of unusual length.

Trellises cover the whole front of the house and the vines with their masses of dark foliage stand out in sharp contrast to the gleaming white of the walls. Double doors, almost as wide as barn doors, with a long transom of little square lights, open into the great hallway.

It is interesting to note that Wyck has never been sold but has passed from one owner to another by inheritance and frequently in the female line. The daughter of Hans Millan, who built the house, married Dirck Jansen.

Catharine Jansen, who was born in 1708 and inherited the house, married Caspar Wistar; Margaret Wistar, the daughter of Caspar and Catharine Jansen Wistar, mar-

WYCK

ried Reuben Haines and took the house with her into the Haines family where it has remained ever since.

Caspar Wistar established the first glassworks in the country at Salem in New Jersey in 1740. One of the famous Wistar goblets, a product of this factory, is still carefully preserved at Wyck. It is of greenish glass and bears the inscription blown in, "Margaretta Visterin, 1751."

The spelling suggests a remark on the orthography of the two branches of the Wistar or Wister family and the reason of the pique existing between them. The family in Germany spelled its name with an "e." When Caspar Wistar came to this country, he chose to write his name with an "a," thus adopting what had really been a mistake of the clerk of the Court, and all his descendants have followed his example. When his younger brother John arrived ten years later, in 1727, he retained the "e" and his descendants have done the like. At the time of the Hicksite split among the Friends, the majority of the "er's" chose to follow Elias Hicks; their "ar" cousins remained orthodox. Some of the Friends, with singular lack of tact, insisted on sending a deputation of "ar's" to wait upon their "er" cousins and convince them of the error of their ways. The result was not happy. This was the origin of the trouble.

After the battle of Germantown the halls of Wyck were used for a hospital and operating rooms, and the blood stains may still be seen on the floors. It was at Wyck, also, then the residence of Reuben Haines, that a reception was tendered Lafayette on the occasion of his

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

visit to Germantown on July 20, 1825. After being sumptuously entertained at breakfast at Cliveden and driving thence to Barren Hill, the scene of one of his brilliant tactical exploits during the Revolutionary War, the Marquis de Lafayette was brought to Wyck and there received the respects of the people who were presented by Charles J. Wister. The reception was held in the passageway through the centre of the house, the guests filing in through one door and out through the other into the garden at the rear. Wyck has been preserved more nearly in its original state than many other old houses. There is neither gas nor electric light in it and altogether it is to all intents and purposes in its pristine condition. There is a Spanish chestnut tree in the garden, grown from a seedling of a tree that Washington planted for Judge Peters at Belmont.



JOHNSON HOUSE, 6805 GERMANTOWN ROAD
Built by John Johnson, 1760



WYCK, GERMANTOWN ROAD AND WALNUT LANE
Built by Hans M. Han, c. 1680

JOHNSON HOUSE

6305 GERMANTOWN ROAD, GERMANTOWN
JOHNSON



HE home of this well-known Germantown family is situated at the corner of Washington Lane and Main Street. It is quite typical of the first houses that lined the street of the old town for nearly two miles, their grounds extending back of their houses to the Wissahickon Creek on the west and even beyond what is now Chew Street on the east. They were solidly built of the dark native stone, dressed on the front. Many of them had the small pent roof between the first and second storeys to afford protection from the weather. Often there was a hood over the door, the door generally being divided in the middle to keep out stray animals when the upper portion was open to admit air and light. The Main Street or Germantown Road was once called the worst road in the United States. It followed what had been a crooked Indian trail and had rows of trees on either side. Up and down this street marched the armies of Great Britain and of the new Republic and here was the centre of conflict on the morning of October 4, 1777. It was the route by which the British entered Philadelphia in that year, when the throngs of citizens, clad in their best array, lined the sidewalks to see the grenadiers march by, steadfast and composed, splendidly equipped, and with their music sounding "God Save the King." Here, too, they listened to the wild strains of the bearded Hes-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

sians, terrible in brass-fronted helmets, and suggesting plunder and pillage to the peaceful villagers.

Direk Jansen was one of the original settlers of Germantown and came from northern Holland. He began the house in 1765 and finished it in 1768, which is the date on the stone in the peak. It was built for his son, John Johnson, who brought his bride, Rachel Livezey, directly there from Meeting where they were married. John was the occupant of the house at the time of the battle and, alarmed by the noise, went to the door to look out.

An officer, riding by, warned him to seek a place of safety. It being early in the morning, the maids had just brought the milk from the barn, but upon the alarm hastily left it and all sought refuge in the cellar. After the battle the British soldiers ransacked the house, drank the milk, and ate everything eatable. There are bullet-holes, still plainly visible, through three doors, and a piece shot out of the northwest wall by a cannon ball. The family had a pet squirrel in a cage in a window of the dining-room and, in the hurry to get into the cellar before the battle, left the squirrel to its fate. It was so scared that it gnawed a large hole in the windowsill, which is still to be seen. In the backyard were a wall and a fence about a hundred feet apart. The British were behind the wall and the Americans behind the fence. In the spirited engagement which took place, the Americans got the worst of it as the bullets easily penetrated the fence. This fence, riddled with bullets, stood until 1906, when it was removed to the Museum of the Site and Relic Society at Vernon. Relics of buried soldiers, balls, and weapons have been found at a late day.

JOHNSON HOUSE

The house was one of the largest and most substantial in early Germantown, and on this account gave some concern to members of the Society of Friends, of which body the Johnsons were members.

Anthony Johnson relates that he has seen two hundred Indians in the woods which were then back of the house toward Wissahickon Creek. They would remain for a week at a time to make and sell baskets, ladles, fiddles, etc.

He used to watch their feats of agility, going over fences in a horizontal position and alighting on their nimble feet, also shooting at marks and at beavers in the dam.

John Johnson died in 1805, and his son Samuel inherited the place. His wife, who was Jennit Rowland, received it from him when he died in 1847, and lived there until her death in 1876. The two daughters, Elizabeth R. and Sarah P., occupied it until the former passed away in 1905. Another member of the family was Israel Johnson, a Friend of dignified mien, plain speech, and dress. He prided himself upon the plainness and usefulness of his apparel, and upon being quizzed about the buttons on the back of his coat immediately took his pen-knife and cut them off.

Mrs. Josiah Reeve, a great-great-granddaughter of the builder, occupied the residence until recently.

During the Civil War, the house was a station of the Underground Railway, which conveyed fugitive slaves from the South to Canada, and Mrs. Reeve tells how, when a small girl, she wondered why so many families of coloured people lived in the attic, and why they never stayed more than a day, when a new lot would appear.

It is now owned by Samuel Johnson, of New Jersey.

CLIVEDEN

GERMANTOWN ROAD AND JOHNSON STREET, GERMANTOWN
CHEW



CLIVEDEN, the seat of the Chew family, is located on the east side of the Main Street of Germantown, between Johnson Street and Cliveden Avenue, the grounds surrounding the house reaching as far east as Morton Street. It is two and a half storeys high and built of solid and heavy masonry. The front is of dressed Germantown stone and the beautiful doorway is reached by six stone steps. Back of the house are two wings used for servants' quarters, kitchen, and laundry; one wing is semi-detached and the other entirely so. Along the front of the lawn is a low terrace wall and leading up to the house are a number of fine old trees. The doorway opens into a large hall with small rooms upon either side which were used for offices. Through columns in the rear is seen the stairway leading to a landing and window, an interior of singular beauty.

The Chews were longer settled in America than any other family represented in our Provincial Council. About 1621 John Chew came to Virginia in the ship *Charitie*, with three servants, and was followed by his wife Sarah in the *Seafloare*.

He settled at James Citie, and was there a member of the Assembly. His son, Samuel Chew, removed to Maryland, and married Anne, daughter of William Ayres. He was judge of the High Provincial Court and Court of Chancery of Maryland and a member of



CLARENCE, FROM GERMANIA ROAD
Washington, D. C., and the Administration of the District of Columbia

CLIVEDEN

the Upper House of the Provincial Legislature. A son, Samuel, was born in Maryland, October 30, 1698, and resided upon an estate called Maidstone near Annapolis. He was a physician, a convert of the Society of Friends, Chief-Justice of the Three Lower Counties in 1741, and lived during the later years of his life at Dover, Delaware, where he died in 1742.

His mother had brought the whole family over to her peaceful faith, and when the militia law passed the Assembly of Pennsylvania, the Quaker members appealed to the court over which Samuel Chew presided as Chief-Justice. Upon his decision that "self-defense was not only lawful, but obligatory upon God's citizens," they proceeded to declare their lack of "unity with him." In his published commentary upon his disownment he declares the "Bulls of Excommunication" of his late brethren to be "as full-fraught with fire and brimstone and other Church artillery, as even those of the Pope of Rome." In a charge to the grand jury, delivered shortly after the publication of this philippic, he says that in his public acts he was "accountable to His Majesty alone, and subject to no other control than the laws of the land. I am mistaken, it seems, and am accountable for what I shall transact in the King's Courts to a paltry ecclesiastical jurisdiction that calls itself a 'Monthly Meeting.' 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon'!" All of which shows, of course, that he was never really a convinced Friend.

He married Mary, daughter of Samuel and Anne Galloway. Their son, Benjamin Chew, was born in Maidstone on the West River, in 1722. He was brought up

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

a Quaker and studied law with Andrew Hamilton and at the Middle Temple in London, which he entered, at the age of nineteen, the same year as Sir William Blackstone. He removed to Philadelphia in 1754, was attorney-general from 1755 to 1769, recorder of the city 1755 to 1774, Provincial Councillor 1755, Register-General of the Province 1765, member of the commission to settle the boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania 1761, and in 1774 succeeded William Allen as Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. After the Revolution he was judge and President of the High Court of Errors and Appeals until it was abolished in 1808. His first residence was at Front and Dock Streets and this remained his town house until 1771 when he purchased 110 South Third Street, built by Charles Willing for his son-in-law, Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, Virginia. Judge Chew built Cliveden in 1761, and used it as his countryseat. He was noted for the courtesies he paid to the members of the first Continental Congress, entertaining Washington, Adams, and others in a lavish style. John Adams records in his diary his admiration for the house and furniture on Third Street, and says of the entertainment:

22 Thursday. Dined with Mr. Chew, Chief Justice of the Province, with all the gentleman from Virginia, Dr. Shippen, Mr. Tilghman, and many others. We were shown into a grand entry and staircase and into an elegant and magnificent chamber until dinner. About 4 O'clock we were called down to dinner. The furniture was all rich. Turtle and every other thing, flummery, jellies, sweetmeats, of 20 sorts, trifles, whipped sillabubs, floating

CLIVEDEN

islands, fools, etc., & then a dessert of fruits, raisens, almonds, pears, peaches, wines most excellent & admirable. I drank Madeira at a great rate & found no inconvenience in it.

Mr. Chew's position was like many others who sympathised with their fellow-countrymen but who stopped short of independence. He signed the Non-importation Agreement in 1765, and in his charge to the grand jury of the April term, 1776, defined high treason. Dr. John Cox arose and asked what was to become of those who were opposing the arbitrary power of the British Ministry. Chief Justice Chew answered:

I have stated that an opposition by force of arms to the lawful authority of the King or his Ministry is high treason, but in the moment when the King, or his Ministers, shall exceed the authority vested in them by the Constitution submission to their mandate becomes treason.

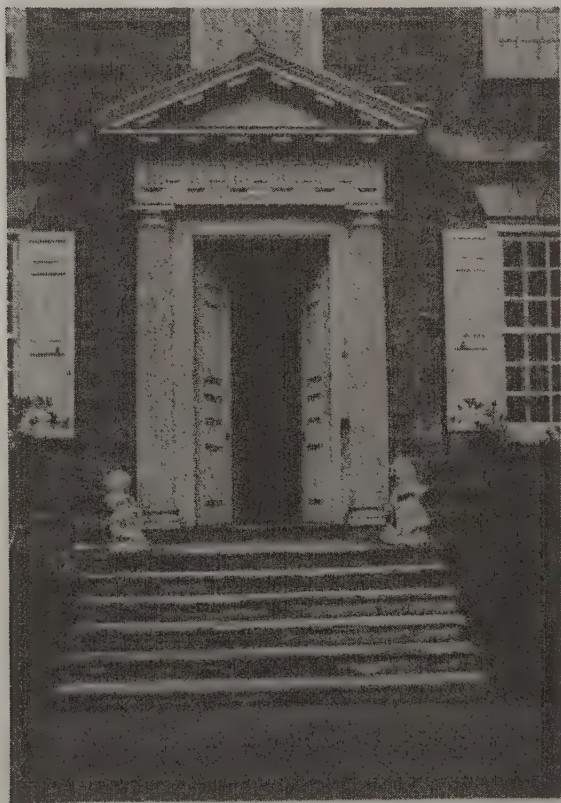
Mr. Cox and the jury immediately made a low bow to the court and it was the last one held under the Crown. In August, 1777, Judge Chew and John Penn, late Proprietary, were arrested by the City Troop and upon refusing parole were escorted by an officer and six men to the Union Iron Works near Burlington, New Jersey, where they remained until their release in 1778.

The Cliveden estate was originally a part of the Johnson property but was bought from Edward Pennington and added to in 1765 and 1776 by land from Richard Johnson and Thomas Nedrow. It is known in the annals of American history as the scene of the chief incident of the Battle of Germantown. It is not the purpose to describe in detail any more of this famous event than is

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

connected with Cliveden. The American centre was advancing down the Main Street driving all before them. One hundred and twenty men of the fortieth regiment of the British Army, under Colonel Musgrave, entered the house and disposed themselves so as to make a vigorous defence. The shutters on the first floor were closed and most of the men went to the second floor. Captain Hains, commanding on the first floor, ordered tables and chairs piled against the doors. Fortunately the Chew family was away from home at the time and the house was in charge of the gardener and other servants. A pretty dairy maid, whom the gardener much admired, was rather pleased with the tender familiarities of the red-coats, much to the annoyance of her admirer. When the firing became heavy he urged her to go to the cellar, but without avail until a cannon ball went through the house making a great commotion. He then gave her a push which sent her headlong to the bottom of the stairs when he turned the lock and left her in the cellar. The stubborn resistance of the British caused a pause in the American advance and a conference of officers was held in the dark, thick fog. In front of the Billmeyer House, Washington and his officers debated the matter and Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, of Virginia, volunteered to carry a flag to Colonel Musgrave in the house and summon his surrender. He accordingly advanced with a flag of truce and a drum, reaching the gate at the road, when a shot from a window gave him a wound from which he died.

General Maxwell's brigade and four pieces of ordnance were planted across the street where Upsala now stands, the home of Miss Sallie Johnson. Maxwell's



DOORWAY OF CLIVEDEN

It was about this doorway that the Battle of Germantown raged most fiercely

CLIVEDEN

men repeatedly charged across the lawn without success and the six pounders had little effect except to chip the statuary and leave dents in the wall which are plainly visible to-day. Chevalier Mauduit-Duplessis, in charge of the artillery, and Colonel Laurens tried to fire the house. Duplessis forced a window on the ground floor and mounted, but was met by an officer who presented a pistol and demanded his surrender. Another entering hastily into the chamber fired a musket shot which killed the officer and so saved the life of Duplessis. Major White, of Sullivan's staff, made a similar attempt to fire the north side, but as he was putting a torch to it he received a bayonet in the mouth "which put an end to his existence."

The checking of the centre's advance at Cliveden prevented the carrying out of Washington's comprehensive plan of battle and so had most to do with the loss of the day to the American arms. It was a sorry-looking house that remained. The walls and ceilings were blackened with smoke and the floor stained with blood. In the front hall many holes are to be seen filled with plaster, plainly showing because not quite of the same colour as the original. Not alone in the hall but everywhere the plaster was broken by cannon and rifle balls, the woodwork was splintered and the stonework shattered, the marble statues were knocked over, broken and disfigured. One six-pound cannon ball had entered the front window, passed through four partitions and had gone out at the back. Five carpenters, as well as other mechanics, were employed all the next winter putting Cliveden in order. The third storey suffered more than the second, and the second more than the first. The ceil-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

ing of the second storey was, and is, literally peppered with the bullets from the muskets of those who crept up as close as they could and fired into the second storey windows. Around the base of one of the columns in the hall are to be seen the marks made by the muzzles of the muskets which were stacked there with the locks up so as to keep the powder dry. The barrels were wet from the thick fog of the morning and the oxide of iron made a permanent mark on the floor.

Benjamin Chew married Mary, daughter of John and Mary Thomas Galloway, and Elizabeth, daughter of James and Mary Turner Oswald. The children of the first marriage were Mary, Anna Maria, Elizabeth, Sarah, and Henrietta. Mary, Elizabeth, and Sarah married Alexander Wilcocks, Edward Tilghman, and John Galloway respectively. Those born of the second marriage were Benjamin, Peggy Oswald, Joseph, Julianna, Henrietta, Sophia, Maria, Harriett, and Catharine. Benjamin, Peggy Oswald, Julianna, Sophia, and Harriett married Katharine Banning, John Eager Howard, Philip Nicklin, Henry Phillips, and Charles Carroll respectively.

With such a household of attractive and accomplished children we can imagine that times were brisk at Cliveden. The daughters were among the most fascinating of a brilliant set and Joseph Shippen well depicts Mary and Anna Maria in his lines:

With either Chew such beauties dwell,
Such charms by each are shared,
No critic's judging eye can tell
Which merits most regard.

CLIVEDEN

'Tis far beyond the painter's skill
To set their charms to view,
As far beyond the poet's quill
To give the praise that's due.

And this from an unknown poet on picking up a knot of ribbon at the Assembly:

If I mistake not—'tis the accomplished Chew,
To whom this ornamental bow is due;
Its taste like hers, so neat, so void of art—
Just as her mind and gentle as her heart.
I haste to send it—to resume its place,
For beaux should sorrow o'er a bow's disgrace.

Peggy Chew is perhaps the best known of these lovely sisters on account of the romance said to have existed between her and Major André, who fought in her honour as one of the Knights of the Blended Rose in the "Mischianza" with the motto "No Rival." He wrote an account of the affair for her afterward and the manuscript is tenderly preserved by her descendants together with his water-colour sketch of himself in the costume he wore at the fête and several poems addressed by him to his fair friend during his sojourn at Cliveden. Chancing to see her walking in the orchard, "under green apple boughs," he wrote:

The Hebrews write and those who can
Believe an apple tempted man
To touch the tree exempt;
Tho' tasted at a vast expense,

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

'Twas too delicious to the sense,
Not mortally to tempt.
But had the tree of knowledge bloomed,
Its branches by much fruit perfumed,
As here enchants my view—
What mortal Adam's taste could blame,
Who would not die to eat the same,
When gods might wish a Chew?

He wrote to her at parting:

If at the close of war and strife,
My destiny once more
Should in the various paths of life,
Conduct me to this shore;
Should British banners guard the land,
And faction be restrained;
And Cliveden's peaceful mansion stand
No more with blood bestained;
Say, wilt thou then receive again
And welcome to thy sight,
The youth who bids with stifled pain
His sad farewell to-night?

Peggy Chew wrote most entertaining letters to her friend, Rebecca Franks, the beautiful Loyalist who was undergoing exile in New York City, but in spite of her Loyalist leanings, in which her whole family shared, she married Colonel John Eager Howard, of Maryland, a brave soldier of the Continental Army.

She loved to dwell, however, upon the charms of Major André, which naturally irritated her patriotic hus-

CLIVEDEN

band, so that one day when she remarked to some distinguished foreigners that "Major André was a most witty and cultivated gentleman," he exclaimed, "He was a damn spy, sir; nothing but a damn spy!"

We find in Washington's diary under date of May 23, 1787, "Dined at Mr. Chew's with the wedding guests. I drank Tea there in a large circle of Ladies." This was at the Chew's town house on Third Street and Washington was attending the Constitutional Convention nearby in the State House. He was an old friend of Mr. Chew's, however, having been entertained by him when the Continental Congress first met, and having rented the Third Street house from May 19, 1781, to March 22, 1782. This house was immediately north of the Powel House and was taken down in 1880. It had spacious gardens, the only ones, remarks Ann Warder in her diary, besides Mr. Norris's in the city. The intimacy between the two families was continued, and Washington, in describing a house-party at Mount Vernon, February 25, 1799, names Miss Chew as one of his guests.

Benjamin Chew, Jr., was of the Class of 1775 of the University of Pennsylvania, and studied law at the Middle Temple in London. He was admitted to the bar of Philadelphia in 1786 and died at Cliveden April 31, 1844, at the ripe age of eighty-six. His wife died in March, 1855, and there were thirteen children.

Mr. Chew is described as a man of polished manners, symmetry of form and features, and of great strength. He was noted for his hospitality and benevolence and was the last in Germantown to wear short clothes, with low shoes and buckles, and his hair done up in a queue. He

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

was a trustee of the Germantown Academy for forty-four years and its president for thirty-eight, the longest term of service in the history of the school.

Cliveden was out of the Chew family for a while when Justice Chew sold it September 8, 1779, to Blair McClenahan for \$0000. He bought it back, however, on April 15, 1787, for \$25,000. Blair McClenahan was one of the original members of the Philadelphia City Troop and a subscriber and director of the Bank of Pennsylvania in 1780. He made a great deal of money fitting out privateers. He was the head of the Gallic party, president of the Democratic Society, and sympathised with France in 1794. When asked what he would do with Jay's Treaty, he replied, "Kick it to Hell, Sir!" McClenahan was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, of Congress in 1797, and a Commissioner of United States Loans. Although having sold Cliveden to its original owner in the spring of 1787, he evidently spent the summer there, for Washington dined with him there August 19 of that year, having, while President of the Constitutional Convention, ridden up through Germantown with Samuel Powel to the old encampment at Whitemarsh.

On July 20, 1825, Cliveden was the scene of a "Breakfast" to the Marquis de Lafayette, the sole survivor of Washington's generals, welcomed by the nation throughout its twenty-four States upon his triumphant tour of farewell. Escorted by a company of the Germantown cavalry, the Germantown Blues, his brethren of the Freemasons and numerous benevolent societies, the general, riding in an open barouche drawn by four grey



HALLWAY AT GLENEDEN



THE HOUSE AT GLENEDEN

CLIVEDEN

horses, was driven up the Main Street to the Chew house, where Mr. Benjamin Chew, Jr., greeted him and presented him to the various members of his escort, as well as to a vast number of the inhabitants of the town, both "males and females." The scene is pictured in a painting by E. L. Henry and is best described by a contemporary letter from Miss Ann Johnson, who lived at Upsala across the way. It is dated July 24, 1825, addressed to her mother at Saratoga Springs, and is now at the Museum of the Site and Relic Society in Vernon Park:

Last 4th. day morn I had the honour of breakfasting with LaFayette at Mr. Chews. I wish you had been here—the house both up and down stairs was crowded with men, women and soldiers—and around the house. Mrs. and two of the Mifs Morris's and myself were the only invited ladies that sat down to Breakfast—about 16 sat down at first, and when they had finished others took their place, and so on till I believe nearly all the soldiers had breakfast—those that did not come in had something in the kitchen. I heard that they eat every thing they had till at last the cook had to lock the doors.

I was introduced to LaFayette twice and shook hands with him three times. Ann Chew regretted M was not there to enjoy the scene—it was quite delightful to see anything so animated in G—pp. There was so much noise that I could not hear a word the General said, every person seemed so anxious to see him eat, that a centinal had to keep guard at the door with a drawn sword—it was very fine indeed. When he departed the shouts of the multitude and the roaring of the cannon was almost deafening. A. L. Logan said I could give you a very fine description of it—but I told him I would have to leave it to your imagination, it would be impossible for me to describe everything.

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Miss Ann Sophia Penn Chew was the hostess upon this occasion and was the last survivor of the children of Benjamin Chew, Jr. Three of his children married: Benjamin married Elizabeth Margaret Tilghman, Elizabeth Margaretta, James M. Mason of Mason & Slidell fame and Henry Banning, Harriett Ridgely of Maryland and Elizabeth Ann Ralston of Philadelphia. Two sons of the last married: Charles Ridgely married Harriett Green and Samuel Mary J. Brown. These were the only two descendants of the Chief-Justice bearing the name. Mrs. Samuel Chew now occupies Cliveden in the spring and autumn. The house is preserved in its original condition and owing to the absence of water, gas, or electricity can hardly be expected to keep up its reputation for hospitality the year round. A large part of the acreage, known as Chew's Woods, has been presented to the city as a public park, but the barn in the rear of the house still retains a rural appearance and is connected with the house by an underground passage. Within it is the old family coach, which many inhabitants still remember proceeding up the Main Street with Mr. Benjamin Chew in his small clothes within, a negro driver on the front seat, and a footman standing in the rear holding on to the straps.



UPSALA

GERMANTOWN ROAD AND UPSAL STREET, GERMANTOWN
JOHNSON



N the west side of Main Street in Germantown, and opposite the Chew House, stands one of the finest specimens of Philadelphia Colonial architecture. The splendid and rare trees and the luxurious garden with its rows of box-bush and arbours are features that leave little to be desired in home surroundings.

The property is near the corner of Upsal Street and is a part of the tract owned by John Johnson and built upon by him at Washington Lane. It originally extended from the Main Street to the township line now called Wissahickon Avenue. Upsala was begun in 1798, as the date-stone in the gable tells us, and was three years in the building. Its owner was John Johnson, Jr., the son of Joseph, who inherited the land from his grandfather John. He married Sarah Wheeler of the city and there were nine children to bless them.

On the site of the house were planted the cannon that assailed the Chew house at the Battle of Germantown, and here were also encamped the Fortieth Regiment of Foot, enlisted from the riffraff of London, a part of which occupied and defended Cliveden.

Upsala is built of stone, faced and carefully pointed on the front, and has a portico over the door which is reached by four marble steps. A large wide hall runs through the centre of the house with an archway in the

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

middle at the approach to the stairway. There are two rooms on each side and the kitchens are in a rear wing. The rooms and hallway are wainscotted in white panels to a chair-rail and there are high beautiful mantels in each room. All have fireplaces with iron firebacks and dark marble facings.

The property has come from its builder to his son, Norton Johnson, and from him to the only descendants, Dr. William N. Johnson and Miss Sallie W. Johnson, the latter living in the house.



DOORWAY AT UPSALA



LIBRARY AT UPSALA

CARLTON

INDIAN QUEEN LANE, GERMANTOWN

TURNER—ASHMEAD—HILL—LEE—CRAIG—SMITH



CARLTON is situated on the west side of Indian Queen Lane after crossing Wissahickon Avenue on the outskirts of lower Germantown. It lies upon a portion of a tract of five thousand acres which William Penn deeded to John and Ann Charlotte Lowther, who sold it in 1781 to Joseph Turner, and he in turn to John Ashmead. It next came into the possession of Mr. Henry Hill, during whose ownership were enacted the most interesting events in its history. This was about 1777, and it then consisted of a large tract of land partly in Roxborough and partly in Penn Township, situated upon an elevated plateau of several hundred acres east of the Schuylkill River, bounded on the north by School House Lane, on the east by a road dividing Germantown and Roxborough Townships known as Township Line Road, and sloping sharply on the west to the river. It extended southward from School House Lane on both sides of Indian Queen Lane, termed in early deeds "a road leading from Germantown to Schuylkill Falls alias Robert's Ferry," the house and farm buildings being in Roxborough Township.

Henry Hill, son of Doctor Richard Hill, was born in 1782 on his father's Maryland plantation. He was educated as a merchant and settled in Philadelphia, engaging extensively in the Madeira wine trade, his father having removed to that island in 1789. "Hill's Ma-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

deira " was widely known as one of the choicest brands in the Philadelphia market. Mr. Hill was justice of the peace in 1772, member of the Carpenters' Hall Conference of the Committee of Safety, 1775, and of the Constitutional Convention of 1776. He was an original member of the First City Troop, commanded a battalion of Associators in 1776, and in 1779 subscribed five thousand pounds to the Pennsylvania Bank, an institution organised for the purchase of provisions for the Continental Army. He was one of the original subscribers to the Bank of North America and a director from 1781 to 1792. From 1780 to 1784 he was a member of the Assembly, and the Executive Council from 1785 to 1788. He was a trustee of the Germantown Academy from 1784 until his death in 1798 and was President of the Board. His town house, which he built, was at the corner of Fourth and Union Streets, now De Lancey. This was in after years the residence of Doctor Philip Syng Physick. He married a daughter of Reese Meredith, whom he survived, and died of yellow fever September 15, 1798, leaving no issue.

It was about Mr. Hill's country house, not then called Carlton, that the Continental Army encamped in 1777 during the first week in August before the Battle of the Brandywine and also for two days in September of that year after the battle. In a letter from Washington to Edward Rutledge, dated Fishkill, October 5, 1778, he says: " In the month of August last year [1777] from the house of Henry Hill, near Germantown, where I was then encamped, I wrote you a long letter."

Lieutenant James McMichael, of the Pennsylvania Line, writes in his diary of the stir they made in the town:

CARLTON

The largest collection of young ladies I almost ever beheld came to camp. They marched in three columns. The field officers paraded the rest of the officers and detached scouting parties to prevent being surrounded by them. For my part being sent on scout, I at last sighted the ladies and gave them to know that they must repair to headquarters, upon which they accompanied me as prisoners. But on parading them at the Colonel's marquee, they were dismissed after we treated them with a double bowl of Sangaree.

During the first encampment a review of the army was held on August 8, of which the Marquis de Lafayette writes in the third person:

About 11000 men, ill armed and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle to the eye of the young Frenchman. Their clothes were parti-coloured and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore hunting shirts, large gray linen coats, which were much used in Carolina. As to their military tactics it will be sufficient to say that for a regiment ranged in order of battle to move forward on the right of its line it was necessary for the left to make a continued countermarch. They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line. No other distinction as to height was ever observed. In spite of these disadvantages the soldiers were fine and officers zealous; virtue stood in place of science, and each day added to experience and discipline.

No doubt the Commander-in-Chief and his officers, Generals Greene, Knox, Stirling, Maxwell, Wayne, Moylan, Stephen, Muhlenberg, Weeden, Morgan, and Nash, were grouped with Mr. Hill and his family on the little knoll upon which the house stood, to watch this review of the Army of the United States, and we may imagine their emotions as they watched the tattered

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

heroes pass, soon to meet the hail of bullets at Brandywine and the rigours of winter at Valley Forge.

General Washington wrote a long letter to his brother John, dated August 5, 1777, from Mr. Hill's house. He speaks of the long march in the extreme heat and the consequent fatigue and injuries of the men. They remained here encamped until the afternoon of August 8, when, believing that the enemy had abandoned all designs against Philadelphia, orders were given to march back to Coryell's Ferry [New Hope, Pa.]. But on receipt of information that the enemy's fleet had been seen near the Capes of the Delaware they were halted and encamped on the Old York Road near the Neshaminy Creek half a mile above the present village of Hartsville, Bucks County, where they remained until August 28. As we have seen they were again at Mr. Hill's place after the Battle of the Brandywine. Many faces were missing and they must have presented a distressing sight compared with that brave review but a month before.

When the British Army occupied Germantown in 1777 the Hessians formed the left wing and were encamped from the village to the Schuylkill River. At this time their commander, General Knyphausen, had his headquarters at Carlton, so that within a short space of time it was the brilliant scene of the encampments of both armies. What a busy and exciting time for the household of Henry Hill it must have been! We can imagine the pride and pleasure with which he entertained General Washington and his distinguished staff and his subsequent uneasiness when the place was filled with Hessians. There must have been action about the



GABRIEL INDIAN OFFICE LANE BIRMINGHAM

CARLTON

house, too, as a stone in the wall on Indian Queen Lane testifies. This stone was removed to its present location from a crumbling wall nearby and is thus inscribed, "Ruined by the war 1777 rebuilt more firmly by the trusty Isaac Tustin."

The present house was built by Mr. Hill, as a stone in the foundation of the porch states, in 1780, on the site of the old farmhouse. It is a stone plastered structure of two and a half storeys standing upon a knoll and has two wings, one longer than the other. There are two bays in front and one dormer in the roof. The rooms are of the depth of the house and there are several to the right and left of the hallway. The partitions are of solid stone plastered without lathing.

As Mr. Hill had no descendants the place was sold to Thomas Lee, brother of Bishop Lee, who called it Roxborough. There is still the mark of his wife, "R. Lee," cut on a pane of glass with a diamond.

The next owner was John C. Craig, who married Jane Josephine Biddle, and was a man of great wealth. He maintained a stud of racehorses and had a racecourse in front of the house. Mr. Craig was taken ill and died while abroad in 1840. In May of that year the place was sold to Mr. Cornelius Smith, who changed its name from the Plantation of Roxborough to the present Carlton, at the suggestion of a relative because of his wife's name, Elizabeth—Carlton being the name of one of Queen Elizabeth's castles. It is now occupied by his son and his daughter, Robert S. Smith and Mrs. Newhall, and a large part of the estate forms the modern settlement of Queen Lane Manor.

SPRING BANK

TOWNSHIP LINE, GERMANTOWN

RITTENHOUSE—CARE—PRATT—MASON—LOWBER—
WELSH—SMITH



SPRING BANK is situated on the west side of Wissahickon Avenue near where Westview Street joins it from the east. Wissahickon Avenue is the old Township Line Road which divided Germantown from Roxborough Township and now separates the twenty-second and twenty-first wards of Philadelphia.

It is not known just when the house was built but on February 12, 1736, Matthias Jacobs and his wife Barbara conveyed the sixty acres with the buildings and improvements to William Rittenhousen of Roxborough Township, the grandson of William Rittenhousen, who was born in 1664 in the principality of Broich on the Ruhr. His ancestors had long been makers of paper at Arnheim, and when taking the oath of citizenship in Amsterdam he was described as a papermaker from Muhlheim. He emigrated to New York with his three children, but finding no printer there to use the product of his industry, came to Germantown in 1688, and in 1690 built the first papermill in America on a little stream called the Monoshione Creek, and later Paper Mill Run, which flowed into the Wissahickon. The mill was washed away by a flood several times but was always rebuilt, and the original house of the family still stands on the Lincoln Drive where Rittenhouse Street comes down from

SPRING BANK

Germanatown. He was the founder of the family here and his great-grandson, David Rittenhouse, was the famous astronomer, philosopher, and statesman, who was president of the Philosophical Society, treasurer of the State, director of the mint, and died in 1796. William Rittenhouse was the first Mennonite preacher in German-town, being chosen October 8, 1702.

The Spring Bank property is not far from the paper-mill and no doubt the Rittenhouse family owned all of the intervening land.

William died on February 18, 1708, and the paper-making was carried on by his son "Claus," who died in 1784 and left the mill to his son William, the purchaser of Spring Bank, and who is described in the deed as "paper maker." He had three sons, Jacob, Martin, and Nicholas. Jacob had the mill during the Revolution and was one of the minute-men to go out with the Roxborough troops. Nicholas Rittenhouse was a miller and probably operated the mill on the opposite side of the Wissahickon Creek, the foundations of which are still standing. At the death of his father, William, he took the place by conveyance from Nicholas in the partition of the estate, and in 1795 sold it to Peter Care, an eminent miller and flour merchant of the city, who sold it, in 1803, to Henry Pratt, his son-in-law.

Henry Pratt was the son of Matthew Pratt, a famous "limner" of 1758, whose father learned to be a goldsmith from Philip Syng.

They lived in Water Street, Philadelphia, and Henry was thrice married, his last wife being Susanna Care, daughter of Peter and Anna Barbara Care. In 1796

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Henry Pratt bought the residence of Isaac Wharton at 112 North Front Street between the houses of Abraham Kintzing, his partner, and Henry Drinker. Thereupon the Cares moved to the Water Street house.

When Henry Pratt parted with the Spring Bank property in 1816, it passed through the hands of Joseph Huckel, dentist, Jonathan and George Thomas, merchants, and William Overington, farmer, until it came, in 1825, to Samuel Mason, the steward of the Pennsylvania Hospital, described in the deeds as "Gentleman."

Samuel Mason was an Irish Friend who was one of the founders and first trustees of the Germantown Friends' Meeting on School House Lane, in which the Rittenhouses and Livezeys were also prominent.

During his care of this Meeting there arose a matter of discipline which was long before the Meeting for settlement. It so preyed upon the mind of one concerned Friend, Priscilla Deaves, that she became unbalanced and took every occasion to preach from the text, "The Innocent Suffer, while the Guilty go Free." Having been admonished in vain, it was decided to adopt summary measures, and when she next arose two stalwart elders stepped to her side and raising her upon their shoulders bore her down the aisle toward the door. Whereupon she exclaimed: "I am more honoured than our Saviour, He was carried on the back of one ass, while I am borne on the backs of two."

Samuel Mason established a sanatorium at Spring Bank, and lived there until 1888, when it was sold to George Wilson, "marble mason" and farmer, from whom Doctor Edward Lowber bought it in 1840.

SPRING BANK

Doctor Lowber married Elizabeth Twells, and their daughter, Mary, became the second wife of John Welsh, son of John and Jemima Maris Welsh. Doctor Lowber bequeathed the estate to his son, William T. Lowber, and his grandchildren Welsh. From these John Welsh purchased the place in 1870. Mr. Welsh had first married Rebecca Bass Miller and Spring Bank is now owned by a daughter of this marriage who is Mrs. J. Somers Smith.

John Welsh was an eminent and successful merchant of great executive ability. He began his long public service as chairman of the Executive Committee of the Sanatory Fair in 1864 and nine years later was chosen president of the Board of Finance of the Centennial Exhibition. His successful administration of this trust is well known, and in 1877 the citizens of Philadelphia presented him with a fund of \$50,000 which he donated to the University of Pennsylvania to endow the "John Welsh Centennial Professorship of History and English Literature." It was largely through his efforts that the University buildings in West Philadelphia were erected and paid for.

President Grant offered him the position of Secretary of the Treasury but he declined, only to be appointed by President Hayes Minister to Great Britain, where his distinguished service made him highly popular at the English Court. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania and from Washington and Lee University as well as other honours from various European sovereigns. He occupied many positions of trust in the philanthropic, financial, and business organizations of Philadelphia and died at the advanced age of

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

eighty-one. He was very fond of Spring Bank and gave considerable of his land to Fairmount Park, including "Molly Rinker's Rock" where he erected a heroic statue of William Penn, called "Toleration," which overlooks the valley of the Wissahickon. Back of the house is a walk leading to the brink of the hill where are two trees and a seat joined to them where he loved to sit and survey the view so much like Berkshire in old England with its forests and cleared fields. Perhaps there is no place so near the city which preserves the wild conditions of the past so well as this one. Here the raccoons still steal the corn and foxes scamper across the lawns. All the old features of early days are evident—the smoke house, the spring house, and the fish pond at the base of the little hill upon which the house stands. It was in such ponds as this that the early settlers preserved the fish, which they had caught, until a suitable time for eating. The stone plastered house has been added to many times and is on several levels. The big fireplace and the crane are still to be seen and while the architecture is not pretentious it is most quaint and interesting.

GLEN FERN

WISSAHICKON CREEK, GERMANTOWN

SHOEMAKER—LIVEZEY



HERE Wissahickon Avenue ends at Allen's Lane, in Germantown, Livezey's Lane runs down toward the Wissahickon Creek in a northerly direction. The creek is but a short distance away and on its banks stands Glen Fern, more commonly known as the Livezey House, surrounded by numerous dilapidated buildings which originally served as mills, granaries, and cooper shops. The mill was built by Thomas Shoemaker, who conveyed it to Thomas Livezey October 10, 1747. He was probably the son of Jacob and Margaret Shoemaker as this was the only Thomas Shoemaker of a possible age in the country at this time. Jacob was the first to arrive in Germantown, coming with Pastorius in the ship *America* which sailed from Gravesend, England, June 6, 1682, and arrived August 16, of the same year. He gave the land upon which the Germantown Friends' Meeting now stands at Coulter and Main Streets and was sheriff of the town in 1690. The son Thomas married Mary Powel in 1775.

The progenitor of the Livezeys was Thomas, who came from Chester, England, about 1680, and settled on the Pennypack Creek in Lower Dublin Township. He also had a house on the south side of Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, midway between Fourth and Fifth Streets, where he lived for the first three years. He served on the first grand jury of the first court held in the Province,

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

January 2, 1681. His land consisted of seven hundred and fifty acres and the original house is still standing about a mile east of Fox Chase in the thirty-fifth ward of Philadelphia. A son, Jonathan, married Rachel Taylor and of the six children born to them, Thomas, who married Elizabeth Heath, was the father of Thomas, Jr., born January 28, 1723, who bought the property on the Wissahickon Creek.

Thomas Livezey was a many sided man; he lived beside his mill on the Wissahickon and cultivated a large farm on the hillside and adjacent country. His house stood on a terrace with stone steps leading up to the door with seats on each side, over which there is a balcony. The hallway is rather small with a winding stairway leading to the second storey. The rooms are wainscotted in white panels and there is a fireplace in each room surrounded by dark marble. In the kitchen there is a fireplace of huge dimensions, large enough for several people to sit in, with a window alongside the seat in the inglenook which they called the "courtin corner." In front of the house the old box-bushes denote the presence of a garden.

A spring sparkles forth at one end of the house and the whole is surrounded by the virgin forest.

Thomas Livezey was somewhat of a wag and given to expressing himself in verse at times. While interested in the law itself, as his mention of Blackstone's Commentaries in his will indicates, he enjoyed an opportunity to cast aspersions playfully upon its practitioners. He was a fellow-trustee of the Union School of Germantown, now the Germantown Academy, with Joseph

GLEN FERN

Galloway, a prominent Friend, lawyer, and politician. They seem to have been very close friends and Galloway was wont to poke fun at his friend Livezey for living in such a hidden place as the wilds of the Wissahickon, so far removed from the busy world and so inaccessible. This gave him the occasion to describe his abode in the following lines:

DEAR FRIEND

Dec. 14th. 1769.

As thou hast often concluded from the lowness of my situation, that I must be nearly connected with the lower regions, or some infernal place of abode, I have sent thee the following true description of the place of my residence in order to convince thee of that error.

Near Wissahiccon's mossy banks, where perling fountains glide,
Beneath the spruce's shady boughs, and laurels blooming pride,
Where little fishes sport and play, diverting to the sight,
Whilst all the warbling winged race, afford the ear delight.
Here's evergreens by nature set, on which those songsters sing,
And flowery aromatic groves, form an eternal Spring.
Refreshing breezes round me move, which with the blossoms play,
And balmy odours on their wings, through all my vale convey.
Those charming scenes, didst thou dwell here, would all thy care
beguile

And in the room of anxious fear, would form a harmless smile.
Here's innocence and harmony, which raises thoughts sublime
Little inferior to the place, call'd Eden in its prime.

Thus situated here I dwell, where these sweet zephyrs move,
And little rivulet from rocks, add beauty to my grove.
I drink the wine my hills afford, on wholesome food I dine,
My little offspring round me are, like clusters on the vine.
I, hand in hand, with second self oft walk amidst the bowers,
Whilst all our little prattling ones, are gathering opening flowers,

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

In this low station here I'm fix'd nor envy courts nor kings,
Nor crave the hon'rs statesmen crave nor cares which riches bring.
Hon's a dangerous tempting thing, which oft lead men astray,
Riches like insects from them wing, and quickly flee away.
My meditations here are free from interrupting strife,
Whilst different ways aspiring men pursue indifferent life.
I see what art the clergy use, who will be paid to pray,
And how poor clients are abused, by Lawyers long delay;
I see what cunning artifice, the busy world employ,
Whilst I this lonely seat of bliss, unenvied here enjoy.
This is the place of my abode where humbly here I dwell,
Which in romantic Lawyer mood, thou hast compar'd to hell
But paradise where Adam dwelt, in blissful love & ease,
A Lawyer would compare to hell, if thence he got no fees.
Canst thou prefer heaven on earth, thy fee the root of evil,
To this my lonely harmless place, my hell without a devil?

Permit me from my low situation to thine of eminence, to do myself that justice as to say, I am with much respect thy sincere friend.

THOMAS LIVEZEY.

I shall conclude with the words made use of by Zachæus of old, "Come down, Come down quickly, for I want thee to dine at my house."

Besides being a founder of the Union School House of Germantown in 1759, he was a justice of the peace and a Provincial Commissioner in 1765. Being a Friend, he took no part in the struggle for independence, but at the time of the Battle of Germantown, hearing the roar of the cannon, he ascended the hill back of his house and climbed onto a fence to get a view of the fighting. But a stray bullet broke off a limb of the tree under which

GLEN FERN

he was, and he concluded it was best to return to the house.

The house has capacious cellars and during the troublous times of the Revolution the girls of the family together with all the eatables and drinkables were locked below stairs for safety. Upon one occasion during the British occupancy of Germantown some red-coated soldiers came to the house and demanded food. The women folk said they had been cooking all day and were too weary to prepare it. Whereupon one of the soldiers drew his sword and smote off one of the women's ears. An officer entering at the time demanded to know who had done such a foul deed and when the soldier was pointed out to him he clave the culprit's head in twain with his sabre.

Livezey cultivated a fine vineyard on his hillside and his wine, indeed, brought him a little modest renown, for his friend, Robert Wharton, sent a dozen bottles of it to Benjamin Franklin from whom he received this reply:

DEAR FRIEND—

February 20-1768.

I received your favours of November 17th. & 18th., with another dozen bottles of excellent wine, the manufacture of our friend Livezey. I thank you for the care you have taken in forwarding them, and for your good wishes that accompany them.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

An interesting description of the troubles these early Colonists had to meet is contained in Elizabeth Drinker's *Journal* under date of October 24, 1798, in which she states that Thomas Livezey's mill was on fire and that

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

crowds of people with buckets went on foot and on horse-back together with the fire engine commonly known as the "Shag Rag," now in the museum of the Mutual Fire Association, Main Street and School House Lane. The mill was burned down and six hundred barrels of flour, five hundred bushels of wheat, and a quantity of salt and ginger were lost, amounting to three thousand pounds sterling, indicating that Livezey did no inconsiderable business at that time. Elizabeth Drinker adds that "the sufferers were pretty well and much composed considering."

Even in his trade Livezey broke into verse, as this to Thomas Wharton shows:

Respected Friend I've sent thee bran
As Neat & Clean as any Man
I've took Great Pains for fear of Loss
To thee in foundering of thy Horse
It's Ground With Bur and Ground so nice
It Looks t'was bolted twice
But that's No matter Since it's Such
thy Man Can't ever feed tomuch
I mean Can't founder if he would
I've took Such pains to Make it Good.
Nor will it Ever Dust his Cloaths
Nor Give thy horse a Mealy Nose
And further in its praise I'll Say
t'will Never Make him Runaway
but if on this alone he's fed
a Child may hold him with a thread
feed freely then Nor be in Doubt
I'll send thee More when this is out.

GLEN FERN

It is 80 bushels I have sent thee, and Notwithstanding the Labour & Care I have taken to oblige thee which the bran itself will testify to anyone Who is a Judge I have Charged only 15 pr bushell—Lower than Can Well be aforded but I shall not Regard that as it is to a friend—it May appear to thee perhaps that I have Said Rather tomuch in praise of the bran yet upon Examination I think it will appear . . . (illegible) . . . for if it Don' fully answer the Description I have Given it I should not be unwilling to make some abatement in price—this from thy Most Respectful & Sincere friend

THOMAS LIVEZEY.

Thomas Wharton was cousin to that Thomas Wharton whose father, Joseph Wharton, owned Walnut Grove in Southwark where the "Mischianza" was held. He was a prominent merchant in Philadelphia, a friend of Galloway and of Goddard the printer, and a partner with them in the establishment of the latter's newspaper, the *Chronicle*. He was on the King's side, as was Galloway, was arrested as a Loyalist by order of Congress, exiled to Virginia, and his estates confiscated.

From these examples of his writings we must not think of him as an illiterate man. He came to dwell in Germantown from well out in the country near the present Fox Chase, and the schools in that early day were purely elementary. We see, however, his gentle spirit, fair in his dealings and appreciative of the beautiful things he found in nature.

In these early days the Wissahickon Creek was more than twice its present size and volume, the cutting of the forests along its banks and near its source having decreased it since then. It was a favourite course for the

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Indians of the Delaware tribe and for some famous hermits. Here it was that the learned Kelpius had his cave and nearby Glen Fern, on a hill above a woody romantic dell through which the creek meandered, was the Monastery built by Joseph Gorgas, a Tunker-Baptist, who intended it as a branch of the brotherhood established at Ephrata in Lancaster County.

The entrance to Glen Fern was secured by the purchase of a private right of way from the property owners from the Cresheim Creek near the present Allen's Lane station of the Pennsylvania Railroad about a mile distant. This followed the line of Allen's Lane named for Major Allen, whose great house stood where the road joined the Main Street.

There was no means of refining the grist which was brought to the mill and often garlic became noticeable in the flour. This flour was not marketable in Philadelphia and so there arose a large foreign trade, for Livezey found a ready sale for the flour in the West Indies and countries of the south. To the profits he added Spanish dollars diligently gathered from the country round and so back in the ships came silks and delicate shades of crêpe and handsome chinaware. Thus the son John became a great merchant in the city and rode thence and back each day upon horseback.

Thomas Livezey married Martha Knowles April 2, 1748, the year after his purchase of Glen Fern. Five sons and five daughters were born to them. Rachel married John Johnson, Martha, Peter Robeson, and Ann, Isaac Williams, all of prominent Germantown families.

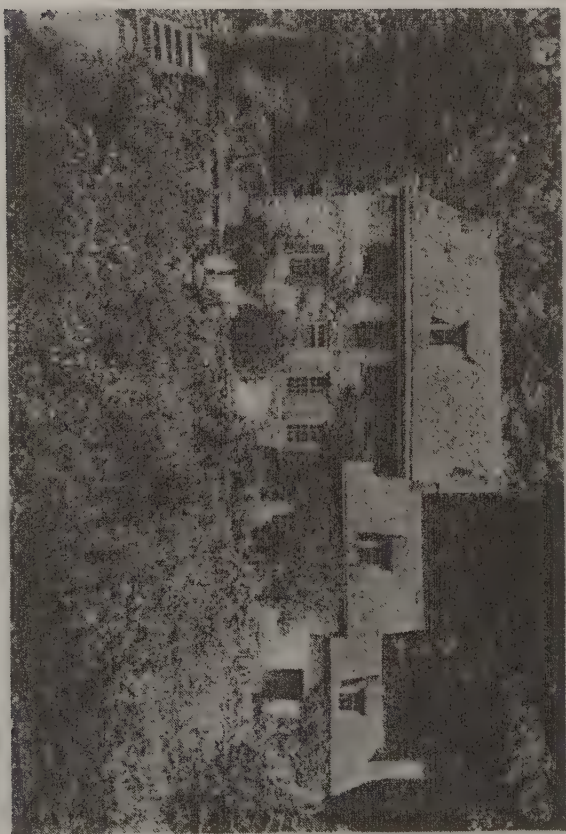


FIG. 1. GLEN PARK, ON THE WISLAHICOK CREEK.
Built by Thomas Sherman, c. 1887, enlarged by Thomas Lewis.

GLEN FERN

The sons, John and Joseph, inherited Glen Fern and carried on the business.

John married Abigail Ridgway and had two sons, John and Thomas. John married Sarah Marshall and had no issue; Thomas married Ann Louise Phillips. They lived at Glen Fern and there were born their children, John, Joseph, Anna, and Sarah.

The mill continued to prosper and in the autumn the farmers brought in their grain. Often their waggon's formed a solid line from the mill to the Main Street a mile distant, waiting to be unloaded. Thomas was the last to operate the mill and, about fifty years ago, it was turned to the manufacture of linseed oil for thirty years or more. The property was purchased for Fairmount Park in the year 1869, and the mill was continued for a couple of years as a grist mill by J. Wagner Jermon and then torn down. It was the second mill on the place, having been built after the fire already described, and stood under the present pier of the recent bridge over the creek. The road along the banks of the creek was built in 1826 from the Ridge Road to the Rittenhouse Mill down toward the city. It was continued and completed to the Montgomery County Line in 1856, being owned by the Wissahickon Turnpike Company, who collected toll from travellers until the road, with the remainder of the ravine, became part of Fairmount Park in 1869.

On the hill back of Glen Fern just outside the park limits, John Livezey and Sarah Livezey Firth live in an ancient house on part of the original tract. The house is filled with fine old furniture and bric-a-brac from the

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

early times. Here also is a painting of Glen Fern by Peale and a portrait of the first John Livezey by Sully.

Glen Fern is now occupied by the Valley Green Canoe Club, which has restored it, with the help of John Livezey, the former owner, and which keeps it in excellent condition.



HOPE LODGE, WHITEKNAVE
Built by Samuel Morris, 1783

HOPE LODGE

WHITEMARSH VALLEY

MORRIS—WEST—WATMOUGH—SERGEANT—REED—
WENTZ



HOPE LODGE, in the Whitemarsh Valley, is on the Bethlehem Pike just north of its junction with the Skippack Pike and is close by St. Thomas's Church and Whitemarsh station. The house is second to none in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia either in its broad dignity or in the purity of its Georgian architecture. In every detail it is thoroughly typical of the phase prevalent at the particular time when it was built; furthermore it is typical of the kind of large brick countryseat peculiar to this section of the Colonies.

An avenue of overarching trees leads from the road to the house which stands on a slight rise. A little to the west is St. Thomas's Hill, thrice held by soldiers during the Revolutionary struggle. In front, to the north across the pike, the Wissahickon winds through peaceful meadows and beyond rises the long slope of wood-crowned Militia Hill—every rood of land full of historic memories. By the banks of the stream, with moss-grown dam and placid leat, is an ancient stone mill that once ground corn for all the Colonists far and near; even Sir William Keith used to send wain loads of grain hither all the way from Graeme Park at Horsham.

Hope Lodge is a great square structure of two storeys in height with a hipped roof. The doors and windows are of a style commonly met with in buildings of the

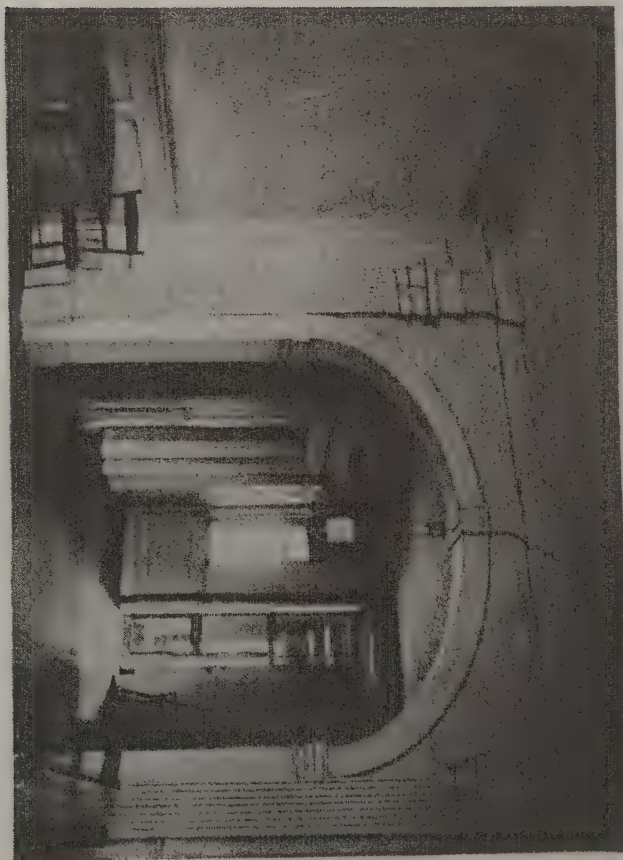
COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

early part of the eighteenth century, such as Stenton or Graeme Park, and are higher and narrower than those of a later period, while over their tops are slightly arched lintels or flattened arches, whichever one chooses to consider them. Over some of the doors are transoms of seven or eight square lights in a row.

A hall of unusual width, far larger than most rooms nowadays, traverses the full depth of the house and opens into spacious chambers on each side. The chief rooms have round-arched doorways and narrow double doors heavily panelled. All the panelling, in fact, is heavy. There are deep-panelled window-seats in the ground-floor rooms and the windows have exceptionally broad and heavy sash-bars. The breadth of the fireplaces and the massiveness of the wainscoting correspond with the other features. Midway back in the hall, a flattened arch springs from fluted pilasters. The stairway, which is remarkably good and strongly suggests an old English arrangement, ascends laterally from the rear hall. Back of the house, a wide brick-paved porch connects with another building where were the servants' quarters and sundry offices. This plan of having separate buildings for the domestics was also quite characteristic of the period. Throughout the house all the woodwork, though handsomely wrought, is heavy and most substantial. Hope Lodge ought to be thoroughly representative of the early Georgian style for it was built in 1728 of the best materials, fetched in great part, including all the woodwork, from England.

Samuel Morris, the son of Morris Morris, a Welsh Quaker, who lived near Abington, erected Hope Lodge

THE HALLWAY AT HOPE LODGE.



HOPE LODGE

to receive an expected bride, but notwithstanding his ample preparation he lived and died a bachelor. His mother, Susanna Heath, was a prominent minister among Friends and made a number of religious visits to England, Ireland, and Holland. It seems that Samuel accompanied his mother across the Atlantic on one of these visits and became affianced to a young lady in England. Upon the completion of his new house he gave a housewarming and entertained his friends and neighbours with great hospitality. There was some conviviality, and Samuel, lying upon a settle in his cups, remarked, "I've got the pen; all I want now is the sow!" His betrothed was brought news of this indelicate remark and being a lady of spirit promptly broke the engagement.

During the years 1745 to 1753, Samuel Morris was a justice of the peace in Whitemarsh and an overseer of Plymouth Meeting so that he must have had contrition for his unfortunate moment and lived an exemplary and useful life afterward. He died in 1772 and left his estate to his brother Joshua, who sold it in 1776 to William West, whose executors, in 1784, conveyed the property to the life interest of James Horatio Watmough with a reversion to Henry Hope.

Mr. Watmough was Henry Hope's ward and it was the wish of the latter that he should enter the banking house and pursue a career of financiering. Mr. Watmough, however, had other designs, so an estrangement arose. The difference was afterward happily adjusted and Henry Hope settled the Whitemarsh estate on Colonel Watmough as a peace offering. In compliment to his guardian, Colonel Watmough named the place

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Hope Lodge. One of Colonel Watmough's daughters married Joseph Reed, the son of General Joseph Reed, and another married John Sergeant, the celebrated lawyer. Both the Reeds and Sergeants as well as the Watmoughs lived at Hope Lodge at various times. The property now belongs to Mr. Wentz, who occupies the house.

THE HIGHLANDS

WHITEMARSH

MORRIS—HITNER—SHEAFF



At the end of a shaded drive that sweeps up the rise in a quarter circle, set amid great ancient oaks and pines and sycamores, the Highlands, from its lofty position, overlooks the Whitemarsh Valley, doubly rich in natural beauty and historical associations. On the Skippack Pike about a mile and a half from Whitemarsh station it stands just where the road climbs well up into the hills that form the valley's northern boundary.

In 1794, Anthony Morris, son of Captain Samuel Morris, bought the land, and in 1796 finished the house, which is as fine an example of late Georgian architecture as one is likely to meet with. Though not strictly Colonial in point of date, yet all the associations of the Highlands are so closely allied to things Colonial that it ought to be included among Colonial Homes. The broad south front is built of carefully cut and squared stone and adorned with fluted Ionic pilasters of lighter-coloured stone that support the pediment surmounting the middle part of the cornice. The sides are of ordinary rubble. An unusually wide hallway through the centre of the house joins an equally wide cross-hall at the back in which latter a broad stately staircase ascends by two flights and a gallery landing to the second floor. Above the landing and lighting the whole rear hall is a

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

beautifully proportioned triple or Palladian window. The old Adam mantels with elaborate designs in stucco were unfortunately removed many years ago and replaced by classic black marble structures.

The chief beauty of the Highlands lies in its wonderful trees and in the old garden now, alas, all overgrown, its greenhouses empty, and its sundial broken. The spring-house built at the same time as the mansion is a picturesque octagonal stone structure set in a dell beneath a group of lofty sycamores.

Anthony Morris was born in 1706 and though admitted to the bar in 1787, subsequently became a merchant and engaged extensively in the East India trade. As a young man he represented the city of Philadelphia in the State Senate, and in 1793, when only twenty-seven years of age, was chosen speaker to succeed Samuel Powel. Because, as speaker, he signed the bill providing for troops to suppress the Whiskey Rebellion, the Meeting of which he was a member disowned him. He was the intimate friend of Jefferson, Monroe, and Madison, and throughout the "Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison," who, by the way, was a Philadelphian herself, we find cordial references to Anthony Morris. During Madison's administration, he represented the United States at the Court of Spain for nearly two years, from 1813-1815, when he was entrusted with the adjustment of the boundary dispute in connection with the Florida cession. He was entirely successful in his diplomatic mission, which resulted in a final settlement.

At the time of his death, in his ninety-fifth year, he



THE HIGHLANDS, WHITE MARSH
Built by Anthony Morris, 1793

THE HIGHLANDS

was the last survivor of the wedding company of President and Dolly Madison. By his marriage with Mary Pemberton in 1790 he became master of Bolton Farm also. In 1808 he sold the Highlands to one Hitner, who in turn sold the place, in 1818, to Mr. George Sheaff, the father of the present occupant, John D. T. Sheaff.

THE WHITPAIN AND WHITEMARSH ENCAMPMENTS

WHITPAIN TOWNSHIP—WHITEMARSH VALLEY

DAWESFIELD
MORRIS—LEWIS

EMLÉN HOUSE
EMLÉN



HE period immediately following the Battle of Germantown was one of the most critical that Washington and his army had to face in the whole course of the Revolutionary struggle. While at times there were encouraging tidings to cheer them, there was also much to dishearten and perplex. On the one hand, there were the notable successes of the Northern Army and the surrender of Burgoyne, there was a victory at Red Bank and there were reinforcements sent in from a distance; on the other, there were desertions, the British were gradually tightening their hold on Philadelphia and, worst of all, there was indifference and lack of support on the part of the people in the very State where all these things were taking place.

On October 17, 1777, Washington writes to Thomas Wharton:

It is a matter of astonishment to every part of the continent to hear that Pennsylvania, the most opulent and populous of all the States, has but 1200 militia in the field at a time when the enemy are endeavouring to make themselves completely masters of, and to fix their winter quarters in, her capital.

Again, on October 29, in writing to Landon Carter, he says:

WHITPAIN AND WHITEMARSH

The Northern Army, before the surrender of General Burgoyne, was reinforced by upwards of 1200 Militia who shut the only door by which Burgoyne could Retreat and cut off all his supplies. How different our case! the disaffection of a greater part of the Inhabitants of this State—the languor of others & and internal distraction of the whole, have been among the great and insuperable difficulties I have met with, and have contributed not a little to my embarrassments this Campaign.

Only a few days before this a committee of “weighty Friends” had waited upon Washington to express the Society’s utter disapproval of warfare and offer protest against hostilities past or future.

After the Battle of Germantown, on October 4, the army retreated to the Perkiomen region, where it remained till the eighth, moving thence to Towamencin and Worcester, and on the twenty-first to Whitpain Township, where the Commander-in-Chief fixed his headquarters at James Morris’s house, Dawesfield, between the Skippack and Morris Roads and about one mile west of Ambler. It was from Dawesfield that Washington wrote the letter to Landon Carter deploring the lukewarm attitude that confronted him; it was at Dawesfield that he received much of the depressing intelligence that cast a gloom over these days; there, under the presidency of General Sullivan, was held the court martial that not only acquitted General Wayne of the blame that had been laid to him for the Paoli massacre, but paid signal honour to his bravery; there also, on October 29, was held a council of war to determine future movements at which were present his Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, Major-Generals Sullivan, Greene, Stephen, McDougall,

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

the Marquis de Lafayette, Brigadier-Generals Maxwell, Knox, Varnum, Wayne, Muhlenburg, Weedon, Huntingdon, Conway, and Count Pulaski. To make matters worse, there was a cold autumn rain falling most of the time the army lay at Whitpain, causing added distress to the ill-equipped soldiers. All the trees at Dawesfield were cut down for firewood except those immediately around the house.

Set beneath magnificent overarching trees, Dawesfield now displays toward the west, a long, low, two-storey front of grey field stone, with white-painted woodwork. In the middle of the west front rises a gable pierced by two small half-circle windows. Before the south wing was added at a later date, this gable was at the western end of the original structure of 1786 which faced toward the south. During Washington's occupancy a small room in what is now the northern wing was his office and it was there that both the court martial and the council of war were held. Washington slept in the second storey of the then western wing, the bed and bedstead upon which he rested being still in use, while Lafayette occupied the room directly beneath on the ground floor, as he was unable to mount stairs owing to a wound of the knee received at the Battle of Brandywine. The old milk-house on the property has loopholes in its walls so arranged that the muskets of those within could command the road in both directions.

On November 2, the army moved to Whitemarsh and Washington made the Emlen House (about half a mile east of the present Camp Hill station on the North Penn railroad) his headquarters. This house was built

WHITPAIN AND WHITEMARSH

about 1720 and is a roomy structure with a frontage of eighty feet and a depth of twenty-seven feet. Unfortunately, it was modernised in 1854, and a large western wing, originally the dining-hall, was demolished. At the time of the Revolution "it was a sort of baronial hall in size and character" where its wealthy merchant owner, George Emlen, "dispensed hospitality to all who came under its roof." George Emlen's town house was at Fifth and Chestnut Streets opposite the State House.

In the "baronial hall" at Whitemarsh we can fancy Washington dining each afternoon in company with his staff after that apologetic invitation noted in the orderly book under November 7, which reads:

Since the General left Germantown [Schuylkill Falls] in the middle of September last, he has been without his baggage, and on that account is unable to receive company in the manner he could wish. He nevertheless desires the Generals, Field Officers, and Brigade-Major of the day to dine with him in the future, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

This baggageless plight must have been most mortifying to Washington, for he was a great stickler for propriety of clothing.

It was while the army lay at Whitemarsh that Lydia Darrach's warning of Howe's intended attack was given. During this dreary time that "tried men's souls," there was little cause for any rejoicing such as had prompted Washington after the victory of the Northern Army at Stillwater to order, as he had on Sunday, September 28, by way of celebration, that "all the troops be paraded and served with a gill of rum per man, and that at the same

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

time there be discharged 18 pieces of artillery from the park." On the contrary the outlook was daily becoming more gloomy and supplies were increasingly hard to get. Shoes were failing and on November 22, there is a note in the orderly book that "The Commander-in-Chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person, who shall by nine o'clock on Monday morning produce the best substitute for shoes made of rawhides." In these weeks that preceded the dreadful winter that was to follow at Valley Forge, the shortage of clothing was becoming acute and even as the soldiers retreated up the Skippack Pike on their way thither from Whitemarsh, Washington wrote that the road was stained "by the blood from the feet of the men in the snow."

Closing our eyes to all these horrors of long ago, we can see Dawesfield as it is to-day, in an excellent state of preservation. The estate now belongs to Saunders Lewis, a descendant of the first owner, James Morris. The Emlen House is owned by Antelo Devereaux.

PENNYPACKER'S MILLS

PERKIOMEN TOWNSHIP, MONTGOMERY

HEIJT—PAWLING—PENNYPACKER



HE natural beauty of Philadelphia is much enhanced by its situation between two such rivers as the Delaware and Schuylkill. Into these flow many streams from the surrounding country which gave comfort and joy to the early settler. Where the two branches of the Perkiomen meet and directly within their forks are the mansion and mills famous in American Colonial history which have been known since 1747 as Pennypacker's Mills.

The Philadelphia & Reading Railway has entered the lovely valley and the town which has sprung up is called Schwenkville. Passing through several hands from the grant of William Penn, the land in the forks came in 1718 to Hans Joest Heijt, a yeoman and weaver of Germantown. He was the first occupant and built a grist-mill upon the east bank of the Perkiomen and a house on the south side of the hill where about fourteen acres of meadow slope gracefully down to the stream. This was about 1720, and we hear of him again in a petition to the Governour, Patrick Gordon, in 1728, for relief from the Indians, and again in 1780, when he sold his land to his neighbour, John Pawling, and soon after took his family to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. Here, with some others, he took up one hundred and forty thousand acres and carried on a lawsuit with Lord Fairfax, which was decided in his favour after his death.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

The next owner of the Perkiomen tract, John Pawling, was an influential settler from Ulster County, New York. His ownership was brief and uneventful. In three years he was dead, and after fourteen years the estate was gathered together from his descendants by Peter Pennypacker, the second son of Hendrick Pannebecker, a surveyor of lands for the Penns, living in Germantown.

Peter was born on the Skippack Creek in 1710, and married, in 1733, Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Dirck Keyser and his wife Margaret, of Germantown. He soon made his mills on the Perkiomen a centre for the Colonists. October 1, 1755, he advertised:

Peter Pennebacker in Skippack makes known that he has built a fulling mill at which there is a skillful fuller named William Nenny. Whoever need to have anything dyed or fulled can be served at the customary price by William Nenny.

From a scrap of an account book in his handwriting in 1755, he charges some of the neighbours with sugar, tea, coffee, and molasses as well as with rye, hay, and oats, so that it is inferred that he also added a store to furnish local supplies. Elizabeth Drinker tells in her *Journal* how, on the way from Ephrata, August 28, 1771, she "dined in a Mill House at Peter Pennybaker's on boiled mutton and old kidney beans" and that she "eat very heartily."

In 1754 Peter Pennypacker was elected assessor of Philadelphia County, and in the same year joined in an event which affected the future of the continent. The French and Indian War led to much speculation as to

PENNYPACKER'S MILLS

whether the Germans would throw their influence with the French or the English, and upon the determination of this rested the future of the land. A number of the most representative Germans, including Peter Pennypacker, of Pennypacker's Mills, presented a formal address of welcome and loyalty to the recently appointed Governour, Robert Hunter Morris, and thus decided the matter in favour of the English.

It was signed "in Behalf of Ourselves and Country Men."

During the war which ensued a portion of Braddock's Army marched to Pennypacker's Mills en route to join the main body which had come up through Virginia and Maryland.

On June 28, Peter Pennypacker died and was buried in the Mennonite graveyard on the Skippack. He left a very long will and a very long inventory followed his demise. His son William received the lands on the west side of the Perkiomen where Schwenksville now stands and his son Samuel received the lands and mansion on the east side. Samuel was born on the Skippack in 1746 and came to the Mills when but a year old, there to spend the rest of his life. He attended the school of H. M. Ache, who prepared a fine bit of penwork for him in 1758, containing a prayer, the alphabet in three forms, the numerals up to one hundred, the names of the months, the date, and the inscription.

In 1768, Samuel Pennypacker married Hannah Gesbert, and there were born to them a family of eight boys.

After the Battle of the Brandywine and the unsuccessful attempt to engage at Warren Tavern in the

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Chester Valley, General Washington moved his army of eight thousand Continentals and two thousand militia to the head of the Skippack Road at Pennypacker's Mills and fixed his headquarters in the house of Samuel Pennypacker. Washington wrote many letters from the house, several of which are now resting in the room in which they were written. There were poets with the army, too, and one of the products of their pens is a ballad depicting events lively and not improbable:

"Twas night—rain poured—when British blades
In number twelve or more,
As they sat tippling apple jack
Heard someone at the door.

"Arise," he cried—'twas Skerret spoke—
"And trudge or will or nill,
Twelve miles to General Washington
At Pennypacker's Mill."

Deep in their pots were they, these blades,
One sprawling on the floor,
One hiccoughing "The King, his health"
And all gone half seas o'er.

"Oh what a sight"—'twas Skerret spoke—
"For General Washington:
A lot of British prisoners,
Drunk every mother's son."

And apple-jack that tipple base,
Why did these heroes drain?
Oh where were nobler taps that night,
Port, sherry and champagne?

PENNYPACKER'S MILLS

"Arise" he cried—'twas Skerret spoke—
"And trudge or will or nill
Twelve miles to General Washington,
At Pennypacker's mill."

So up they got or will or nill,
Each noble British son,
And on they went, by Skerret led,
To General Washington.

It rained. The red coats on their backs,
Their skins did purple blue:
The powder on their heads grew paste,
Each toe its boot wore through.

Their lace was sop, their feathers too
Hung down like chickens' tails,
Down hung their heads, while every knave
His luckless fate bewails.

"Who brought them in," said Washington,
"Through such an awful rain?"
Then Skerret answered to the call
And said: "I don't complain——"

"I don't complain that through the rain
I brought these roysterers high,
But only say, though very wet,
I never was more dry.

"Nor port nor sherry had these lords,
Lord knows the reason why;
And not a drop of apple-jack
They left for us to try."

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

"Skerret, my lad," said Washington,

"It pleases me to say
That thou hast well shut in these blades,
And dry thou shalt not stay.

"Skerret, my lad, thou art a trump,
The ace of all the pack;
Come into Pennypacker's Mill
And share my apple-jack."

Lieutenant James McMichael of the Pennsylvania Line also had a fancy for verse and with his jovial temperament gave colour to the camp.

Colonel John Parke, of Delaware, while resting here wrote a solemn and serious elegy, and these with the many letters of Washington written in the camp form one of the most important and interesting collections of contemporary literature attached to any house in this country.

When the news of the defeat of General Burgoyne at Bemis Heights, New York, came to Pennypacker's Mills it gave great joy to the occupant of the house and his army. The latter were drawn up on parade just at the side of the house on the roll of ground, and the park of artillery fired a salute of thirteen guns. To every man was given a gill of rum and they gave vent to their enthusiasm with three hearty cheers.

Perhaps under the inspiration of the news, a council of war was called to determine whether another attack should be made. Washington told his officers that the army consisted of about eight thousand Continentals and three thousand militia and submitted the question

PENNYPACKER'S MILLS

whether or not to attack the enemy at once. Wayne, Smallwood, Potter, Irvine, and Scott were in favour of a bold measure. Stephen, Nash, McDougal, Sullivan, Knox, Greene, Muhlenberg, Sterling, Conway, and Armstrong, were opposed. Cadwalader and Reed did not vote. A compromise was decided upon in determining to approach the enemy and seek an opportunity to strike a blow. This led to the Battle of Germantown. After the battle McMichael writes:

We then marched up the Skippack Road to Pennypacker's Mill, where we betook ourselves to rest at 9 P.M. Thus happened the memorable event of the battle of Germantown, in which great numbers were killed on both sides and which lasted from 5 until 10 o'clock. That of Brandywine was not in any measure such a general attack, neither was the loss at that place anyway equivalent. I had previously undergone many fatigues but never any that so much overdone me as this. Had it not been for the fear of being taken prisoner, I should have remained on the road all night. I had marched in twenty four hours forty five miles, and in that time fought four hours, during which we advanced so furiously through buckwheat fields that it was almost an unspeakable fatigue.

There is a touch of considerate courtesy on the part of the Commander-in-Chief in the incident related by the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, who was with the army:

We for our part might almost have forgotten that we were in the presence of an enemy if we had not received a chance visitor. We were at table at headquarters, that is to say, in the Mill which was comfortable enough, one day, when a fine sporting dog, which was evidently lost, came to ask for some dinner. On its collar

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were the words "General Howe." It was the British Commander's dog. It was sent back under a flag of truce, and General Howe replied by a warm letter of thanks to this act of courtesy on the part of his enemy, our General.

And so on October 8, Washington wrote to the President of Congress his last letter in the house of Samuel Pennypacker. Taking down his great Bible with its brass clasps, Samuel wrote in it in German:

On the 26th. day of September, 1777, an army of thirty thousand men encamped in Skippack Township, burned all the fences, carried away all the fodder, hay, oats and wheat, and took their departure the 8th. day of October, 1777. Written for those who come after me, by

SAMUEL PENNYPACKER.

The death of Samuel Pennypacker occurred February 28, 1828, in his eightieth year. His son Samuel succeeded him and spent his long life of eighty-four years upon the place. In 1802 he married Catharine Wireman, and their daughter Anna married John R. Detwiler who took the estate at the valuation put upon it by seven neighbours. Anna Detwiler's daughter Catharine married Josiah E. Hunsicker and lived in the old homestead until 1900. On October 4, 1877, the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Germantown, fifteen hundred of the descendants of Henry Pennebecker assembled at the house in a great family reunion when addresses were made by many famous members. Returning to Philadelphia afterward, the train filled with people from the celebration plunged into a washout and the reunion closed amid a scene of tragic disaster. Following came

PENNYPACKER'S MILLS

pilgrimages of the Montgomery County Historical Society on September 16, 1896, the Pennsylvania Society, Sons of the Revolution, June 17, 1899.

In the year 1900, one hundred and forty-four acres of the original tract came into the possession of the Honourable Samuel W. Pennypacker. An addition has been built to the northward but the original appearance has been preserved as well as many of the features within. Furniture, household, and farm implements from the early settlement abound, and the place is a veritable museum showing the life of the people through many generations.

This is the story of Pennypacker's Mills, the only headquarters of General Washington remaining in the name of the family which owned it at the time of his occupancy. Important and interesting events have followed one another since the seating of Peter Pennypacker in 1747. The present owner was Governour of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, from 1903 to 1907.

GRAEME PARK

HORSHAM, MONTGOMERY

KEITH—GRAEME—FERGUSON—SMITH—PENROSE



INSEPARABLE from the very atmosphere of every old house is a pathos which every person feels whether they be fully conscious of it or not. It is the pathos of the generations of human lives lived therein.

It is a sense of the human tragedies and comedies that have there been enacted in the continuous drama of existence, the tragic side, perhaps, being the more apparent. The sum total of all the follies and frailties of the men and women who have dwelt within its walls, their graces and virtues, their joys and sorrows, their loves and hates—all these we grasp by a kind of intuitive perception.

Of no old house can this be said more truly than of Graeme Park. Its successive owners have had careers of unusual dramatic interest. Sir William Keith, the scion of an ancient Scottish family, by a freak of fortune became Governour of Penn's Colony in 1717, his personality and conduct having strongly commended him to those who controlled affairs. His geniality and generally amiable qualities of character made him at once popular with the people and always kept him so. At first he was acceptable to the Proprietaries, but his sympathies falling naturally with the people and, in time, being arrayed against the Proprietary interests, he was superseded by Governour Patrick Gordon, in 1726.

In 1718 Sir William Keith bought a tract of twelve



GRAEME PARK, HOHENHEIM
Built by Sir William Hall, 1774

GRAEME PARK

hundred acres in Horsham Township, Philadelphia, afterward Montgomery County, at a spot about one mile north-west from the present Doylestown and Willow Grove Pike, some nineteen miles from Philadelphia, a place then looked upon as the outermost edge of civilisation. The Doylestown Pike was built expressly for his convenience. The land was mostly in timber and the nearest approach hitherto had been by Old York Road, which had been surveyed in 1711.

Sir William began to build in 1721 and, it seems, finished his house in 1722, as the old weather-vane of wrought-iron bears that date cut in stencil after the initials W. K. The house is over sixty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and is three storeys in height. The walls are of rich brown field stone carefully laid and fitted, and are more than two feet thick, while over the doors and windows, whose dimensions are thoroughly characteristic of the date of erection, selected stones were laid in flattened arches. At the north end of the building is a great hall or drawing-room, twenty-one feet square, with walls wainscotted and panelled from floor to ceiling, a height of fourteen feet. The fireplace in the hall is faced with marble brought from abroad, while in the other rooms Dutch tiles were used for the same purpose. On each floor are three rooms. Stairs and banisters are of heavy white oak and all the other woodwork is of unusual beauty executed in a simple and vigorous design.

Quarters for the servants and various domestic offices were in separate buildings, that have now disappeared, leaving the whole of the hall for the use of its occupants. Lofty sentinel sycamores in front of the mansion indi-

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cate what was once the entrance to the courtyard or forecourt. All around are ancient trees, many of them doubtless survivors from the primeval forest. Not far away is the great "lifting stone," a mushroom-shaped boulder with which Sir William always tested the strength of an applicant for work. If he could not lift it—and it is of substantial weight—he was not employed.

After Sir William was deposed from his governorship, he retired to his Horsham plantation and spent nearly all his time there. Here he lived in a state becoming his quality, maintaining a style hitherto unknown in Philadelphia and more resembling the manorial régime of some of the wealthier southern plantations, where Sir William had been on his first arrival in America. When he drove to Philadelphia, he made the journey with his coach-and-four with outriders in truly regal fashion.

Although a Scotch Presbyterian, Sir William was a constant attendant at Christ Church, when in the city, and showed an active and substantial interest in its work and support. An item in the old vestry records of February 8, 1718, says:

Colonel Keith has been pleased, at a considerable charge, not only to erect a spacious pew right before the altar, to be appropriated in all time to come for the conveniency and use of the Governor and his family for the time being, but also to promise and voluntarily agree to pay the yearly rent of £5 per annum for the same, to the use of the church.

In keeping up his establishment, lavish entertaining, and bounty to the poor, he spent all his income and much more besides. Governor Spottswood, of Virginia, ac-

SIR WILLIAM KERR'S LIFTING STONE AT CHAMPÉ PARK



WOMAN LIFTING HER LIFTING STONE AT CHAMPÉ PARK



GRAEME PARK

curately characterised Keith when he said "that he was of an honourable family, a baronet, good-natured and obliging, and spends, with a reputation to the place, all he gets of the country." An inventory of Sir William's household effects and chattels from his plantation at Horsham will give some notion of the luxury that prevailed there:

a silver punchbowl, ladle and strainer, 4 salvers, 3 casters, and 33 spoons, 70 large pewter plates, 14 smaller plates, 6 basins, 6 brass pots with covers; china ware; 13 different sizes of bowls, 6 complete tea sets, 2 dozen chocolate cups, 20 dishes of various sizes, 4 dozen plates, 6 mugs, 1 dozen fine coffee cups . . . delft, stone and glass ware: 18 jars, 12 venison pots, 6 white stone tea sets, 12 mugs, 6 dozen plates and 12 fine wine decanters . . . 24 Holland sheets, 20 common sheets, 50 table cloths, 12 dozen napkins, 60 bedsteads, 144 chairs, 32 tables, 3 clocks, 15 looking-glasses, 10 dozen knives and forks . . . 4 coach horses, 7 saddle horses, 6 working horses, 2 mares and one colt; 4 oxen, 15 cows, 4 bulls, 6 calves, 31 sheep and 20 hogs. A large glass coach, 2 chaises, 2 waggons, 1 wain.

Besides these there were also quantities of plate and furniture too great to mention specifically.

His household consisted of his wife, Lady Ann Keith, his step-daughter, Ann Diggs, his four sons, his cousin, Doctor Thomas Graeme, who afterward married Ann Diggs, and fourteen slaves. Unlike Sir William, Graeme seems to have been able to hold on to money and yet live as became his rank.

In 1727 Sir William went back to England on personal concerns, and it is conjectured that he was tempted thither by an offer of preferment on the part of the Pro-

GRAEME PARK

Chester Counties," and besides these, many other posts of honour or responsibility.

At first Doctor Graeme lived at Graeme Park only in summer, but toward the end of his life spent most of his time there. He did much to improve the estate and enclosed a park of three hundred acres, double-ditched and double-hedged, which, said he, in a letter to his intimate friend, Thomas Penn, "as a piece of beauty and ornament to a dwelling I dare venture to say that no nobleman in England but would be proud to have it on his seat."

Sadness and ill-health clouded Doctor Graeme's declining years. The death of his wife in 1765 was a blow from which he never fully recovered. She was a woman of remarkable accomplishments and of great personal charm, and as long as she lived all the eminent people of her day found Graeme Park a most hospitable and delightful place to visit. Among the famous men who were frequent guests there may be mentioned Elias Boudinot, Francis Hopkinson, Richard Stockton, Doctor Benjamin Rush, George Meade, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Penn, Andrew Hamilton, Reverend Richard Peters, Bishop White, Reverend Jacob Duché, and John Penn. Besides these, many distinguished visitors from abroad stayed there from time to time.

Elizabeth Graeme, Doctor Graeme's favourite daughter, a woman of brilliant parts, had become an invalid and had gone abroad to visit her kinsfolk in hope that the change might restore her health. She received marked attention from many titled admirers, was presented to King George III and "particularly noticed by him,"

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and was "sought by the most celebrated literary gentlemen who flourished in England at the time." After her return home she managed her father's household. It was then that she met Henry Hugh Fergusson, a man much younger than herself, to whom she was afterward clandestinely married at Old Swedes Church. When she was about to break the news of this match to her father at Graeme Park and was waiting at the window as he came up the avenue from his walk before breakfast, the old doctor fell and died suddenly.

Mrs. Fergusson made over a large part of her fortune to her husband who, at the outbreak of the Revolution, deserted her and took refuge under the British flag. Graeme Park was confiscated on the ground of Fergusson being a Loyalist, and hence attainted of high treason, but was ultimately restored to Mrs. Fergusson by act of Assembly. In 1791 her nephew, a certain Doctor William Smith, bought Graeme Park, and after disposing of several tracts sold the balance along with the Hall to Samuel Penrose, whose descendants still own it.

THE IVY

OGONTZ, CHELTENHAM TOWNSHIP
WALL—SHOEMAKER—BOSLER



HE IVY stands in the midst of the village of Shoemakertown, now called Ogontz, in Montgomery County at the corner of Old York Road and Church Road. The smaller part of the house was built about 1682 by Richard Wall, who bought six hundred acres of land in Cheltenham Township, then Philadelphia County, extending across the township from the Abington township line on the north to the Bristol line on the south and covering the site of that which later became known as Shoemakertown.

He had married Joane Wheel, August 1, 1658, at Gloucester Monthly Meeting of Friends in England and came to this country in 1682 with a company of Friends from Cheltenham, England, his wife, his son Richard Wall, Jr., and his wife Rachel and their daughter Sarah. His certificate was received by Philadelphia Monthly Meeting and reads:

Richard Wall, his certificate was read in the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia and accepted, which was given him by the Monthly Meeting held at ye house of Edward Edwards, of Stock Orchard in ye County of Gloucester the 26th. Day of the 4th. Month 1682, and subscribed by Charles Toney, Giles King, Edwd Waters, Joseph Underhill and several others.

The son, Richard Wall, Jr., bought one hundred acres of land adjoining his father's and also a large tract

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in Chester County. He died intestate February 6, 1689.

Friends' Meetings in these early days were held at the houses of the members and Richard Wall's house was so selected as the following minute shows:

At a Mo-Meeting held at Sarah Searys, ye 8d of 10 mo. 1683. At request of Some friends belonging to this Meeting A Meeting was Settled Near Cheltenham at the house of Richard Walln.

The chief historical interest in this house is, therefore, the fact that it was one of the very earliest meeting-houses in Philadelphia County whose location can with certainty be ascertained, and the only one still standing. The Boarded Meeting-house erected in Philadelphia the latter part of 1682 antedates it, but its location is unknown, while the Bank Meeting was not built until 1685. It would also seem that Richard Wall's house was the oldest meeting place of the Society of Friends still standing on this continent, although there is one on Conanicut Island, Rhode Island, which has some claim to this distinction. It was soon made a Monthly Meeting as the records show:

At A mo-Meeting, ye 23d. of 12th. mo. 1685. It is agreed that this Mo-Meeting, for time to come shall be held at three Several places, that is to say ye next to be held at ye house of Richard Walln: and ye next at John Harts and ye Next at Oxford, and so in Course.

The next year it was settled "at ye house of Richard Wall ye Elder: on ye last 5th. day of ye Month:" Many marriages of the early settlers were solemnised at "the house of Richard Wall," it being the custom among

THE IVY

Friends then, as now, that such events should invariably occur in a Meeting for Worship of the Society. The first was that of James Pratt and Mary Brodwell, September 4, 1689. Perhaps the most important of these early marriages was that of Richard's only granddaughter and heir, Sarah Wall, to George Shoemaker, Jr., the certificate of which is now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. George was the son of George Shoemaker and Sarah, his wife, who sailed with their seven children, in the ship *Jefferies*, Thomas Arnold, master, from London, landing at Chester, January 20, 1688. The father died at sea of the smallpox, but the rest established themselves at Germantown and were the progenitors of the branch of that family most numerous to-day. Another important marriage in this house was that of Joseph Mather, of Bucks County, and Elizabeth Russell, on June 8, 1697. To this certificate we find attached the names of John Russell, Henry Baker, Phineas Pemberton, Samuel Richardson, Evan Morris, John Jones, Isaac Norris, and many other prominent Friends, ancestors of their families in this country. Joseph Mather was the son of Richard and Elizabeth Mather of Radcliffe, Lancashire, England, came over with the Pembertons, and was the progenitor of the Mather family in these parts. Elizabeth Russell was the daughter of John Russell who bought three hundred acres extending across Cheltenham Township near Wall's. At his death it descended to his only child, Elizabeth, and so became known as the Mather tract. On the other side of Richard Wall was the home and land of Toby Leech, a fellow-immigrant from Cheltenham, England. Toby was a very

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prominent man, a Provincial Councillor, and the owner, at his death, of several thousand acres in the State. It was to this little gathering of Friends that the first protest against slavery was addressed by the Germantown Friends, headed by Francis Daniel Pastorius, February 18, 1688.

A few years after the marriage of his granddaughter Richard Wall made his will. That he was a deeply concerned Friend is attested by the Meeting being held in his house and by the certificate granted to him by the Monthly Meeting, September 24, 1690, to "travel towards Maryland." The opening clause of his will is of an earnest religious nature and he then proceeds to leave his property to his wife and thereafter to his granddaughter, Sarah Shoemaker. If the latter should die he bequeaths his estate to his Monthly Meeting and further directs that a tract of six acres at the south end of his plantation, and now lying on Cheltenham Avenue, be given to the Meeting for a burying place.

He died January 26, 1698, and his wife, December 2, 1701, and both were buried in the ground above spoken of.

These grounds have long gone by the name of the Shoemaker Burying Ground, so many of that name having been buried there. About a half acre of the six is enclosed by a stone wall and is now owned and cared for by the Abington Monthly Meeting which, in 1700, succeeded Cheltenham Meeting held at The Ivy, through gift of John Barnes, of one hundred and fifty acres near the village of Jenkintown.

In those days country people wore leather breeches, which were very suitable for the rough work about the

THE IVY

farms. In the summer these garments were hung away in the attic. One day a Friend suddenly arose in the gallery of Abington Meeting and exclaiming, "Friends, the word of the Lord is in my mouth but the devil is in my breeches," made a dash for the door. Bees had made a hive in his clothes during their retirement and the warmth of his body had brought them out.

George Shoemaker was one of those who petitioned the Provincial Council, in 1711, for the laying out of the Old York Road, and was appointed on the jury to do it. The course is described in the order of the council thus:

To begin at the side of the River Delaware opposite to John Reading's landing, from thence by the most direct and convenient course to Buckingham meeting house, and from thence the most direct and convenient course through the lands of Thomas Watson, and from thence ye most direct and convenient course to Stephen Jenkins on the west side of his house, and from thence the most direct and convenient course by the house late of Richard Wall, now in possession of George Shoemaker and so forward by the most direct and convenient courses to Phila.

The first stage between New York and Philadelphia was, however, not set up until 1756, and made the run in three days at two pence a mile. On summer days the stages usually made forty miles, but in winter, when the snow was deep and the darkness came on early in the afternoon, rarely more than twenty-five. At one season of the year the traveller was oppressed by the heat and half choked by the dust, while at another he could scarce keep from freezing. Generally put down at an inn about ten at night, cramped and weary, he ate a frugal supper

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and betook himself to bed, with a notice to the landlord that he would be called at three the next morning. At this time, rain, snow, or fair, he was forced to rise and make ready by the light of a horn-lantern or a farthing candle for another eighteen-hour ride, when horses were changed. Sometimes, too, he was forced to get down and lift the coach out of a quagmire or a rut. Thomas Twining, travelling in America in 1795, says that the waggon in which he rode was a long car with four benches holding nine passengers and a driver. The light roof was supported by eight slender pillars and from it hung three leather curtains rolled up at the pleasure of the passengers. There was no place for luggage except in front of the passengers, which made the riding very uncomfortable.

George Shoemaker, besides managing his farm of nearly one thousand acres in the heart of what is now Cheltenham Hills, was also a tanner. At his death the inventory of his estate showed eleven cows, ten horses, nine pigs, and forty-one sheep, besides a large amount of hay, grain, hides, and implements. He had thirteen children, and they married into the families of Levering, Penrose, Conrad, White, Cleaver, De La Plain, Thompson, Williams, Roberts, Phipps, and Livezey, so that his descendants are very numerous, a grandson, Benjamin Shoemaker, becoming Mayor of Philadelphia and a member of the Provincial Council. George's son Isaac married Dorothy Penrose, who, soon after her husband's death, entered into an agreement, November 6, 1746, with Richard Mather, the husband of her sister, Sarah Penrose, and John Tyson, of Abington, to build the mill which

THE IVY

still stands adjacent to the house "opposite ye said Dorothy's garden, at the place of said crick, commonly called and known by the name of ye Sheeps Washing Place." Her descendants operated the mill for the making of flour until about 1846, when the estate was sold to Charles Bosler, of Cheltenham, who passed it on to his son, the late Joseph Bosler, Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Philadelphia. Mrs. Bosler still lives at The Ivy, and the mill, modernised and enlarged, is still running.

URY HOUSE

FOX CHASE
TAYLOR—FISHER—CRAWFORD



HE Swedes contributed no quota of Pennsylvania's population comparable to the other elements that entered into it, but their benefit to the Colony is not to be measured by a numerical yardstick. Even though their settlements along the Delaware persisted after their political severance from the parent country, they were soon merged in the life of later and more numerous settlers. When they disappeared as a social and political entity, however, they left ineradicable traces of their brief occupation and the communities that once owed allegiance to the Swedish Crown are the richer for their presence; their influence through their valued descendants has persisted to our own day with truly characteristic Scandinavian vigour.

The few Swedish buildings that remain belong almost altogether to the seventeenth century, and of these Ury House at Fox Chase is one, a building much changed and added to as the years have passed but, nevertheless, Swedish at the core. Almost hidden amid ancient trees, it stands on gently rolling land near Pine Road. As to its earlier history, the date of its building, and the purpose for which it was designed, there are no authentic records and we can say little more than that it was apparently meant for a trading post, or a fort, or perhaps both. We do know that Swedish settlers came up the Pennypack at a very early period and trafficked with the

URY HOUSE

natives, and it is more than likely that Ury House owed its origin to them.

Tradition says that it was at first a fort built by refugees in 1645. For this there is absolutely no warrant. The Swedes do not seem to have been in the immediate neighbourhood as early as 1645, and if they were they were certainly not numerous enough to warrant building a fort; furthermore, it is rather difficult to explain from whom or from what they could have been refugees in 1645. As far as the Indians were concerned, a fort so near the older settlement was unnecessary, for relations with the red men were friendly. It is far more probable, from what we know of contemporary history, that it was a combined trading-post and block-house built some years later, perhaps between 1655 and 1665, and that the defence for which it was needed was not against the Indians, but against the Dutch, with whom there were frequent hostilities about that time. However, be that as it may, there can be little doubt that Ury considerably antedates the coming of Penn to the Delaware River and its fertile shores.

The stout-hearted Scandinavian Colonists would not recognise Ury House could they see it to-day. The whole ground floor of the original building is now the dining-room. Tremendously thick walls convince the beholder that they might have successfully withstood the battering of far more formidable engines of assault than were likely to have been used against them. For the sake of greater height and ventilation, the low-raftered ceiling of the dining-room was raised at one of the many stages of alteration, the upper part, of course, being in-

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incorporated with the rest of the bedrooms on the first floor. The work of the Swedes has been a square tower built of stone quarried hard by the sea, according to tradition preserved in print by a Swedish writer, the

tower consisted of a curious cellar, approached by a flight of steps, leading to a door of wrought iron, supported on each side by tremendous stone drillings. Over the cellar was a room from which a steep stairway led to another room with sloping roofs, and reached by a very richly carved garret.

In the cellar was also a great fireplace, with a chimney trivance evidently designed for melting lead and casting bullets.

Early in the eighteenth century, Ury was enlarged by an addition of some size, built with the same substantial solidity as the older part. Several case-locks, backs, one of them bearing the English arms, and another with a plain scroll with the date 1738, have been brought to light from time to time in this new part of the house. At each successive stage of the upward and outward growth since Colonial days, the original features have become more and more obliterated, so that from the outside it is well-nigh impossible to distinguish one addition from another and assign to each its proper part, especially as the whole building has been stuccoed and the colour freshened now and again. It is very nearly as difficult inside as it is outside to tell which is which, because of the changes dictated on various occasions by the exigencies of the owners. These many alterations have

BOX GARDEN AT URY HOUSE, FOX CHASE



URY HOUSE

given a refreshing irregularity, and upstairs the inequality of levels keeps one constantly on the lookout to avoid going on his nose as he dodges around unexpected corners and takes first one step up and then perhaps two down, threading his way through perplexing passages. The entrance, under a square-pillared portico, through a wide doorway into a low-ceilinged hall, marks the meeting point of the oldest portion of the house with the eighteenth-century addition to the west.

Immediately around the house venerable shade trees spread their branches, while the approach from the road is through a long straight avenue of lofty pines, planted more than a century ago. Southeast of the house and sheltered by it from the sweep of the northwest winds, is the garden, enclosed by a high, thick box hedge. A box-edged walk shaded by a grape-covered trellis runs the entire length of the garden from east to west and divides it into squal sections. The northern half is laid out in geometrically shaped flower beds, bordered with box and separated by narrow gravel paths. The box is so old and so luxuriant, and has grown so far beyond its original limits, that the flower garden might more fittingly be called the box garden. Looking in from outside, the labyrinth of squares, circles, and intersecting diagonals seems almost a solid expanse of glossy green studded with patches of gay-coloured bloom. Only tall flowers like phlox and larkspurs and hollyhocks can lift their heads high enough to show to advantage, but for the pleasure of such glorious box one is willing to forego many flowers which, after all, they can have elsewhere. The boxwood of Ury was a source of just pride to its

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

owners in Colonial times, and a century and a half of growth has not lessened the esteem in which it is held. South of the trellised walk is the kitchen garden divided into plots by borders of box.

Beyond the garden, and a little way down a gentle slope, is the barn, a great stone structure with ample room to hold all the crops of the hundred or more acres of farmland belonging to Ury. It is said that in old times the barn was connected with the cellar of the house by a secret vaulted stone passage. What appears to have been a doorway in the cellar wall has been blocked up with masonry for many years, and the present generation can say nothing with certainty about the existence of the passage. The doorway may simply have led into a cave for roots or a wine cellar, such as are frequently to be found in the subterranean regions of old houses and which imaginative people are prone to believe the beginning of secret tunnels. The story goes, however, that there really is a passage and that, when it was last opened, there was found in it the skeleton of a man, presumably one of the soldiers imprisoned in the barn at one time during the Revolutionary War, and either thrust in there with foul intent or else overcome by death while trying to escape from his captors.

In all these years Ury has sheltered many distinguished men under its roof, and sundry tales of their visits have been preserved. Tradition says that Washington, shortly after the evacuation of Valley Forge, some say on the evening of the same day, supped at Ury. One of the maids was so flustered by the presence of the illustrious guest that she mistook salt for sugar and pre-

URY HOUSE

sented his Excellency with a bowl of salt with which he "sugared" his strawberries. Great was the mortification of the household when the mistake was discovered.

As the cradle of a great school, Ury House is endeared to many. Within its walls began the work that afterwards became St. Luke's, Bustleton, and has now grown into St. Luke's, Wayne.

CEDAR GROVE
HARROGATE, NORTHERN LIBERTIES
PASCHALL—MORRIS

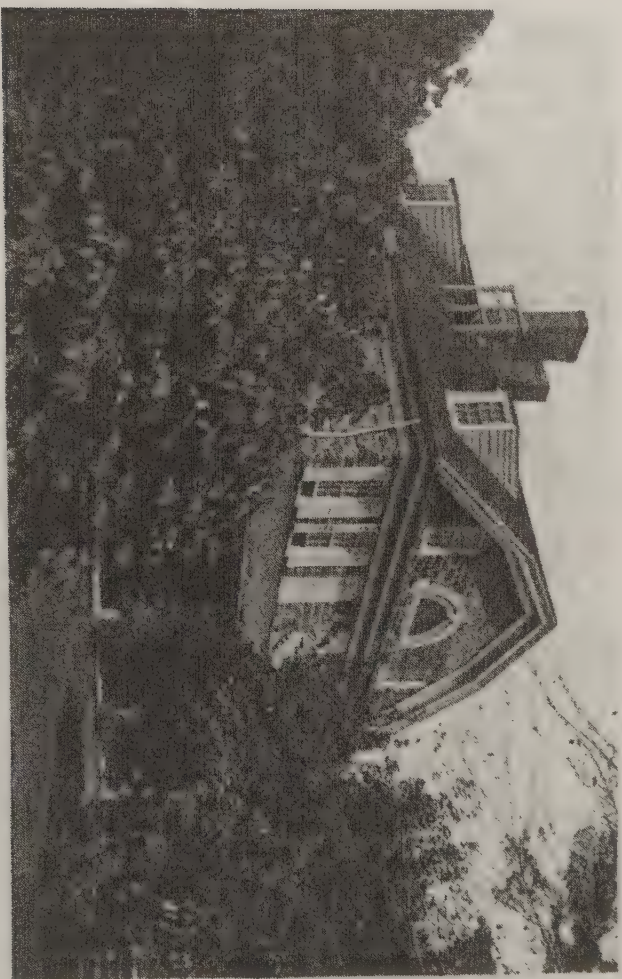


In the year 1748, Elizabeth Coates Paschall, the widow of Joseph Paschall, built the original portion of the house at her farm, Cedar Grove. Cedar Grove lies in the Northern Liberties in a neighbourhood now known as Harrogate, near Frankford, within a short distance of the Frankford Road.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Thomas Coates, that same Thomas who, before his death, gave each of his children a golden Jacobus with injunctions never to spend it unless actually in need of bread. His descendants prospered, but only one of these coins is in existence. It is the coin that came through the Cedar Grove line, and is carefully treasured as a precious heirloom.

The tract of which Elizabeth Coates Paschall obtained a part was originally acquired in 1714 by Thomas Coates and adjoined the lands of Chalkley Hall. The part of the house built in 1748 consisted of two rooms on the first floor—the present dining-room and the room back of it—two more on the second, and the attic space above. This may seem an exceedingly small and unpretentious edifice, but it should be borne in mind that it was not meant at that time for a dwelling house but was designed to be used merely as a shelter for rest and refreshment when the owner or any member of the family might be spending the day at the farm.

In this respect Cedar Grove was like many other



CEDAR GROVE, HARBORCATE, NORTHERN LIBERTIES
Built by Elizabeth Carter Powell in 1748; enlarged in 1769

CEDAR GROVE

seats that later grew to more imposing proportions and became permanent residences, at least for the summer months. In the first instance they were, as they were called at the time, merely "plantation houses." When bedrooms were not needed or any of the other apartments that would be indispensable in a place of permanent residence, the "plantation house" had no cause to be a pretentious affair. There were two reasons for this custom of spending only the day at the countryseat. In the first place, there was no great need of countryseats, for Philadelphia was so small that it was but a matter of a few minutes to get out of the heart of the town into the open country. In the second place there seemed to be a widely prevalent notion in the minds of city people that it was unhealthful to pass the night in the country because of the humours arising from the soil. For these two reasons it was quite a usual thing, though by no means an invariable practice, for many people did live in their countryseats all the same, to drive out from the city, spend the day at the plantation, and drive back again at nightfall. Such was the wont of Elizabeth Coates Paschall for many years; the drive was not of irksome length, for her home in the centre of the city was only five miles distant.

At length, in 1799, the second part of the house was added, containing the parlour and the present kitchen and the rooms above them, and from that time Cedar Grove was used as a regular place of residence during the summer. The addition of 1799 was somewhat larger than the first structure but similar in design. This circumstance produced a remarkable conformation of the

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

roof. The first house had a pitched roof, and when the parallel addition was made it would have necessitated either two pitched roofs side by side or else one very high one. To avoid either solution the pitch was flattened from the height of the old ridgepole and thus a gambrel roof was produced. This origin of the gambrel is quite as feasible as those more usually assigned, and in this instance, at least, unquestionably offers the true explanation of the much controverted question of the origin of the gambrel. While speaking of the roof it is interesting to note that the little framework or overlook that shows in the picture was mentioned in the insurance survey of the property in 1792.

Built of native grey stone the masonry of Cedar Grove is most substantial and capable of withstanding the ravages of time for centuries to come. The house is remarkable in that it has no hallway. Its history, however, readily explains this peculiarity. One enters directly into either the dining-room or the parlour by large doors from the piazza. The former apartment with its panelled woodwork from floor to ceiling and its generous window seats is particularly engaging. In one corner a door in the panelling opens into the enclosed staircase leading to the floors above. Cedar Grove after one generation in the Paschall family passed into the possession of the Morrisises through Sarah Paschall, the daughter of Elizabeth Coates and Joseph Paschall, who married Isaac Wistar Morris, in whose family it is still owned.

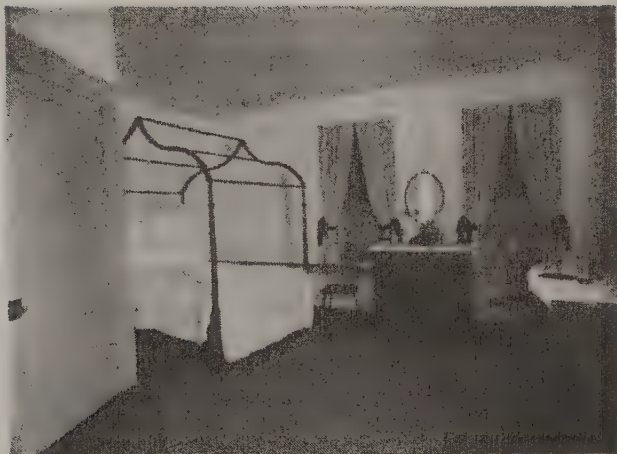
Until 1888, when the present owners, the great-great-grandchildren of Elizabeth Coates Paschall, found themselves obliged to vacate Cedar Grove because of the rapid

CEDAR GROVE

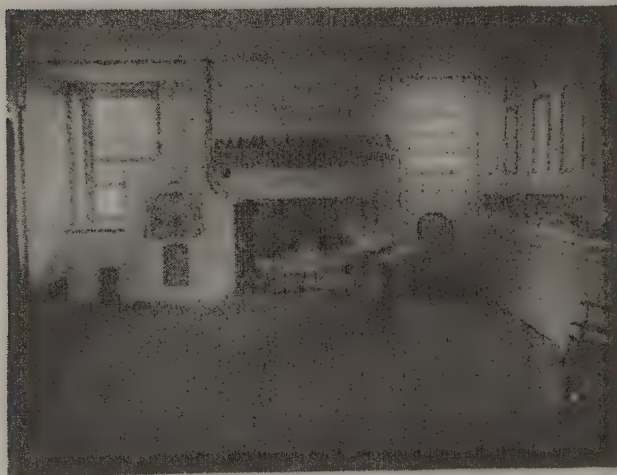
encroachments of the city with its noisy factories and screaming railroads, the original furniture had never been removed from the house and in many instances from the rooms where it had first been set up. The rooms were all charming in their simple elegance, but none of them, perhaps, had the same vital interest as the kitchen, for there all the Colonial culinary arrangements were retained in use up to the day of departure. Neither range nor boiler ever found their way into Cedar Grove. All the cooking was done over an open wood fire in the great fireplace where hung a full complement of cranes, cauldrons, and all other antique cooking paraphernalia. The fire was fed with wood cut from a strip of the primeval forest on the premises. Meat was roasted in a tin kitchen set before the flames and tasted the better for the exposure to the fire, and the bread was baked in a big Dutch oven alongside the fireplace. On washdays a fire was kindled beneath a great copper boiler that had its place beside the oven. On the long dresser were rows of India China platters and vegetable dishes, while on a little shelf above the fireplace was ranged a goodly array of sadirons. Until 1888 the kitchen of Cedar Grove was in every particular typical of the best kitchens of Colonial days, and we know that in those kitchens some marvellous dinners were prepared, the like of which could not be excelled. Outside, around three sides of the house, were wide, low-studded, vine-covered piazzas with floor sloping to within a few inches of the ground so that one could step easily from the porch to the lawn. At one corner of the porch stood a pump over an excellent spring from which was fetched all the water used in the house

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

as no pipes were ever introduced into the building. When guests arrived it was their wont to get a cool refreshing draught at the pump and to wash the dust from their hands in the old pewter basin that always stood alongside. This basin, for the sake of sentiment, is carefully preserved, and despite its one-time thickness it is literally almost washed through after long years of the successive lavings of the hands of nearly everybody of note in Philadelphia for a good many generations. A large family connexion and a genial spirit of hospitality that reached to hosts of friends brought frequent visitors to Cedar Grove. Sunday afternoon in Philadelphia has always been a time consecrated to social amenities and is still a favourite occasion for visiting. Cedar Grove, we may be sure, always had its full quota of Sunday callers, for it was a justly favourite destination for city folk driving out from town. They came on horseback and in "chairs" or chaises, and Nicholas Waln, in the days of his godless vanity, used to arrive in a resplendent yellow chariot. The guests' habit of going straightway for a draught from the pump was not an idle one. The water of this neighbourhood has long been noted for its valuable properties and the name Harrogate was given because the analysis of the springs was the same as that of Harrogate waters in England. Harrogate Inn nearby, which was established because of the waters, or at least took its name from them, is particularly interesting because of the tradition that makes it the refuge of the actors during their earliest engagements in Philadelphia. They seemingly found difficulty in securing



BEDCHAMBER AT CEDAR GROVE



PARLOR AT CEDAR GROVE

CEDAR GROVE

lodgings in the city and perforce betook themselves to Frankford where prejudice was less rancorous. An amusing chapter might be written upon the festivities that used to take place at Harrogate Inn in connexion with its dancing pavilion. When the place was in the heyday of its prosperity, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired German lads and lasses, for whom Monday was the hebdomadal holiday, would resort thither weekly. They usually arrived in the morning, drank beer, danced and, altogether, had a serenely happy time. In the afternoon an Irish contingent from Port Richmond would appear, previously fortified for the long journey from beyond Gunner's Run (something more than a mile) by sundry repeated imbibings of whiskey. Their aim was to cut out the "Dutchies," as they called them, gain for themselves the smiles and favour of the Teuton maids, and supplant the German waltz by the Irish jig on the dancing floor. Needless to say confusion and heartburnings, if nothing worse, always resulted—worse did almost invariably follow and added the testimony of broken pates to the unwisdom of mixing drinks. This racial strife was, of course, later than Colonial times, but it deserves some mention in the story of this vicinage that has retained so much of its primitive character.

The garden at Cedar Grove is of the sort that can be found nowhere else save about an ancient house where sweet and sacred memories linger like the scents of the old-fashioned flowers blooming in the borders. The beds are edged with box-bushes thick-grown enough to sit on. Back of the house is a trellised arbour in the rose gar-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

den and all about it blow in profusion century-old damask roses of marvellous perfume, fragrant sweetbriar, moss roses, tea roses, and a score of others whose names are all but forgotten amid the motley throng of modern blooms. By the kitchen is a wonderful old milk-house in whose cool, mysterious depths the water bubbles through a marble basin and chills the pans of rising cream. Cedar Grove retains to-day its pristine mien and though the city's onward march has made it uncomfortable and even impossible of tenancy, it still breathes the spirit of the generations who lived quiet, orderly, God-fearing lives under its roof. It is a place replete with gentle memories, memories as peaceful as the old pale pink roses in its garden, and its brooding charm seems to tell of the comfort and contentment that reigned perennially on its threshold.

CHALKLEY HALL

FRANKFORD

CHALKLEY—JAMES—YORKE—WETHERILL



JUST after passing Frankford Junction, from the train windows can be seen the upper part of a venerable building surrounded by trees and situated down in the Y formed by the divergent embankments of the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the branch turning off to the Delaware River Bridge. This ancient dwelling near the banks of the Frankford Creek is Chalkley Hall. In its happier days before the encroachments of railroads and industrial plants, it was one of the fairest and stateliest seats of all the region round the city.

The main part of Chalkley Hall, erected about 1776, is an imposing square structure of cream-coloured Manchester stone brought from England as ballast. It is three storeys in height, with a hipped roof topped by full-throated square chimneys. A range of five windows extends across the broad front, the central portion of which, embracing the three middle windows, stands forth somewhat beyond the rest of the front wall and is surmounted by a pediment whose summit rises to the ridge of the main roof. At the corners of the offset and of the building, pilasters rise from ground to cornice, while belt courses between the storeys traverse the field of the wall.

Within the great hallway is a wonderfully constructed staircase and spacious chambers on either side. The iron-pillared verandah over the main door was an

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

unfortunate addition of some fifty years ago—in the best taste of its day, to be sure, but that is saying very little.

To the west is a low, two-storey wing with hipped roof pierced by dormers. Its front is lighted by a row of seven square windows, so that its length, as may be thereby inferred, is considerable. This wing is the older portion of the house and was built prior to 1728.

Thomas Chalkley, merchant, ship-owner and Quaker missionary, who established the plantation and built the old house, says in his diary:

I was born on the 3rd day of the Third month, 1675, in Southwark [London] and descended of honest and religious parents [the strictest of Friends] who were very careful of me, and brought me up in the fear of the Lord; and oftentimes counselled me to sobriety, and reproved me for wantonness; and that light spirit which is incident to youth, they were careful to nip in the bud: . . . When between eight and ten years of age, my father . . . sent me . . . to school . . . in the suburbs of London. I went mostly by myself, and many and various were the exercises I went through by beatings and stonings along the streets, being distinguished to the people by the badge of plainness which my parents put upon me . . . About this time the Lord began to work strongly on my mind by his grace, insomuch that I could not forbear reproving those lads that swore . . . one time I remember being among some men, one of whom I had reproved . . . Being convicted in their consciences that what I said was true, they were all silent and wondered that I, being so young, could speak in such a manner; in which I remember, I had great peace and good satisfaction; . . . Notwithstanding I hated to hear wicked words, I loved play exceedingly, being persuaded there was no harm in that, if we used no bad words . . . I loved music,



CHALKLEY HALL

dancing and playing at cards, and too much delighted therein . . . What I did in those sports and games I always took care to do out of the sight . . . of my parents; for I was afraid of their reproofs . . . I remember that, unknown to my parents, I had bought a pack of cards, with intent to make use of them when I went to see my relations in the country . . . I went to see them, and . . . on my way went to a meeting . . . at which . . . a minister . . . declared against the evil of gaming, and particularly of cards . . . From this meeting at Wanstead I went to house of my relations . . . The time drawing near that we were to go to our games, my uncle called . . . to me . . . to come and take a game at cards; at which motion I had a strong conviction upon me not to do it, as being evil; . . . lifting up my eyes I saw a Bible lie in the window, at the sight of which I was glad . . . I took it, and sat down, and read to myself, greatly rejoicing that I was preserved out of the snare . . . So their sport for that time was spoiled . . . as soon as I came home [I] offered my new and untouched pack of cards to the fire. I am certain the use of them is of evil consequence . . . for which reason all Christians ought to shun them as engines of Satan; and music and dancing having generally the same tendency ought therefore to be refrained from.

Poor, priggish, tormented little Thomas Chalkley survived this unnatural childhood and despite his joyless, leaden-grey youth became a real human being. In 1701 he settled in Philadelphia and pursued his mercantile calling. His strong religious bias, evinced in the distorted vagaries of his early years, disposed him to activity in the affairs of Friends. In 1728 he removed from the city to his Frankford plantation "in order to be more retired and for health's sake."

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

Along with his business enterprises, which seem to have been extensive, he found time to make frequent religious visits even to distant places. It was on one of these visits that he died in the Island of Tortola in 1741. Often he combined his missionary work with his mercantile farings and his diary presents a remarkable record. One cannot suppress a smile at reading how he devoutly thanks Providence that he has a wife and children and an estate, and yet, the very next thing, off he goes preaching for two or three months. He truly was an "uneasy" person and could not sit long at home. Time and time again did he extend to the Indians the hospitality of Chalkley Hall, being in this respect much like James Logan of Stenton. At the time of his death he was universally esteemed and respected and, among Friends, affectionately regarded.

Thomas Chalkley's only surviving child, Rebecca, was married to Abel James, merchant, in 1747, and from this union are descended the Jameses and many of the Morrisises, Lewises, and Thompsons. Abel James, senior member of the firm of James & Drinker, was one of the consignees of the cargo of the tea ship *Polly*, and in this connexion the fact deserves emphasis that the opposition to the Tea Act began in Philadelphia and not in Boston as is popularly supposed. The violent measures resorted to in Boston have caused the beginnings here to be overlooked.

When the tax on tea was reduced to three pence per pound there seemed to be a general disposition to pay it. At this juncture, when the arrival of a fresh consignment from the East India Company was expected, William Bradford gathered at the Coffee House several

CHALKLEY HALL

citizens, whom he knew to be heartily opposed to the measures of the British Government, and together they drew up a set of spirited resolutions anent the tea question. On the following Saturday, October 16, 1773, a "large and respectable town-meeting," presided over by Doctor Thomas Cadwalader, was held at the State House and the resolutions were adopted enthusiastically. The same resolutions were immediately afterwards adopted, nearly word for word, by a town-meeting in Boston (November 5, 1773), where a disposition to receive the tea had become general, from an idea that an opposition to it would not be seconded or supported by any of the other Colonies.

At the meeting of October 16, a committee was appointed to wait upon the consignees of the tea and procure their resignation. The firm that hesitated to comply with the popular demand was that of James & Drinker. Thereupon they were sent the following communication:

A CARD.

THE PUBLIC present their Compliments to Messieurs JAMES and DRINKER. *We* are informed that you have this day received your commission to enslave your native Country; and as your frivolous Plea of having received no Advice, relative to the scandalous Part you were to act, in the TEA-SCHEME, can no longer serve your purpose, nor divert our Attention, We expect and desire You will immediately inform the Public, by a Line or two to be left at the COFFEE-HOUSE, Whether you will, or will not, renounce all Pretensions to execute that Commission? . . . THAT WE MAY GOVERN OURSELVES ACCORDINGLY.

Philadelphia, December 2, 1773.

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

A crowd of citizens visited Abel James at his warehouse and demanded his resignation. He then and there guaranteed word and property that the tea should not be landed and pledged his little daughter Rebecca, who was perched nearby on top of her father's hogsheads, as a surety for the performance of his promise.

Meanwhile other meetings had been held and on November 27 a notice in the form of a handbill was served on the Delaware River pilots bidding them look out for the *Polly*, then hourly expected, and warning them not to fetch her into port. On the same handbill was a note to Captain Ayres of the *Polly* advising him of the dire consequences that would attend any attempt to land the tea and asking him:

What think you, Captain, of a Halter around your Neck—ten Gallons of liquid Tar decanted on your Pate—with the Feathers of a dozen wild Geese laid over that to enliven your appearance?

On December 7 this lurid admonition was reiterated on another handbill and signed by the "Committee for 'Tarring and Feathering.'" Encouraged, doubtless, by these earlier inflammatory and stubborn measures of resistance in Philadelphia, the people of Boston held their dramatic and somewhat noisy tea-party of December 16.

When at last tidings came, on December 25, that the long-expected *Polly* was indeed come into the river and had reached Chester, a deputation of gentlemen went down and intercepted her at Gloucester Point. This was as far as she ever got. On Monday morning, December 27, on an hour's notice, a town meeting was called at the State House—it was so crowded that the people

CHALKLEY HALL

had to adjourn to the adjacent square—and it was forthwith resolved, among other things, that "Captain Ayres shall neither enter nor report his vessel at the Custom House," and "shall carry back the Tea immediately." He was allowed to stay in the city till the following day to secure the necessary supplies and was then packed speedily off. Thus ended Philadelphia's tea episode without any noisy outburst or tumult.

It was Abel James who built the main portion of Chalkley Hall. "When thrown out of business by the . . . War he kept up his spirits as long as he could find employment for half the neighbouring village of Frankford, in rebuilding" the seat his wife had inherited from her father. It is not known who the architect was, but he was probably English, as the firm was English in its connexion and Loyalist in all its later tendencies. Furthermore, the house has not the usual lines of a Colonial country house; it is of quite different type and has rather the princely breadth we find in English Georgian seats.

In Revolutionary times many interesting things happened in the vicinity and, as Chalkley Hall was on debatable ground while the British held Philadelphia, its occupants had some thrilling experiences. Once Mrs. James had provided an ample dinner for some half-starved American soldiers who had presented themselves at the Hall. While they were in the midst of their meal, the alarm of "Red Coats!" was given. The Continental soldiers hastily fled by one door while the British entered by another, and instead of pursuing their predecessors sat down and finished the viands prepared for their American

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

cousins. Stories are told, too, of how Mrs. James would drive through the British lines into the city and carry a young pig hidden under the seat of her chaise to some of her impoverished friends and kinsfolk whose food supplies on their own plantations had long since been diminished by unchecked British depredation.

After the death of Abel James, Chalkley Hall passed into the possession of the Yorke family and was the scene of much social gaiety, especially during the period when Philadelphia was the seat of national government. In the matter of luxury and sumptuous entertaining General Greene declared the luxury of Boston "an infant babe compared to that of the Quaker City." Like most old houses Chalkley Hall has its ghost, and the Little Grey Lady appears now and again to warn of deaths and other momentous occurrences.

In 1817 the Wetherills became the owners of this old Frankford plantation, and right worthily sustained its reputation for the generous hospitality that had been a tradition of the house since its earliest days. Rumours have come down to us of a great feast on one occasion when covers were laid for eighty guests and each guest ate from a silver porringer. Be that as it may, a cordial and heartwhole welcome for visitors has ever been the invariable practice at Chalkley Hall with one exception.

That one exception was the poet Whittier, and he himself opposed the obstacle. He made his visit in 1838. One day a strange man was seen leaning on the gate looking steadfastly at the house. Mr. Wetherill went down the drive and invited him to enter. When he learned who the stranger was he pressed him to come in,

CHALKLEY HALL

but to no purpose. The poet was seized with an unaccountable fit of shyness, and after gazing a few moments walked away. His poem on Chalkley Hall appeared not long after, alluding to the missionary labours and good deeds of its first builder and breathing his spirit of inward peace, especially in the lines:

Beneath the arms
Of this embracing wood, a good man made
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade
Of Mamre's lonely plains.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,
Weary and worn,
He came to meet his children and to bless
The Giver of all good in thankfulness
And praise for his return.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm,
Its woods around,
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade,
To me is holy ground.

Chalkley, though still owned by the Wetherill family, is no longer used by them as a place of residence because of the railroad encroachments. For some years it was turned over to the Country Week Association.

WALN GROVE

FRANKFORD

WALN



IN the brighter days of Frankford, before the advent of a wave of industrialism cast its barren blight of ugliness over all the country roundabout, Wain Grove was one of the most beautiful seats of that district much favoured of old Philadelphians. Now the passenger in the trains for New York, as he speeds by Frankford station, can see the house to the east of the tracks, standing gaunt and dilapidated amid the stumps of mighty trees that once formed the grove from which the estate took its name.

Set on a rise in the midst of the surrounding green, the east windows of Wain Grove looked over a gently sloping level stretch of farming country to the Delaware, in the distance. The house itself consists of a square central part of three storeys with a hip roof and lower wings with octagon ends to the north and south. The west door, adorned with pilasters and pediment, opens into a great square hall that occupies the whole front of the house and is in reality an enormous living-room. A door in the back part communicates with what was the breakfast-room, and at one side of that, in no way connected with the entrance, is a little square hallway containing the staircase.

It is worth noting that in many of the old houses in the Philadelphia neighbourhood no stairway is visible from the principal entrance and frequently it is put in an

WALN GROVE

insignificant position shut off by doors from connexion with other parts of the first floor. It is possible that this arrangement may have been adopted to prevent all the heat in winter from going up the stair-well.

To one side of the great hall is the library occupying the entire lower part of the south wing—a most spacious apartment whose amply furnished shelves contained an unusually well-selected stock of books. At the north end there is a mantel of intricately carved white marble. In the corresponding wing on the north is the dining-room of the same size as the library. All along the east front runs a porch with a balcony on top, much in the fashion of some of the old southern houses. The square part of the house was built about 1772 and, like Cedar Grove, was used only as a shelter during the day when it suited the owner and his family to visit the plantation. As a matter of fact, that was almost daily during a part of the year. Later, when the curious prejudice that many city people entertained against sleeping in the country had ceased, the wings were built, and the family spent their entire time there during the summer months.

Here lived Robert Waln, a cousin of the volatile Nicholas, not gifted with the same sparkling sense of humour that always made that worthy a marked person, but possessed of sterling qualities of character buttressed by eminent ability, so that he wielded a wide influence in the community. In partnership with his cousin, Jesse Waln, he carried on an extensive business as merchant and importer, and in later life he also entered the manufacturing field, becoming deeply interested in cotton mills in Trenton and iron foundries at Phoenixville. His

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

shipping enterprises and his mills brought him a handsome income in addition to the substantial estate he had inherited from his father.

The mode of life and the extent of hospitality at Wain Grove were in keeping with the affluence of the family, and the estate invariably maintained contributed appreciably to the general social atmosphere of the city. It was truly an impressive sight to see the great family coach lumbering along the Frankford Road on its way to town. A coachman in purple livery in front of the long body, swinging on its leather straps, and two purple footmen standing on the post-board at the back presented a striking appearance indeed. Long after Robert Wain's death the wonted state and ceremony were maintained unchanged.

There are not a few people still living who well remember an old-fashioned bit of hospitality that was always practised at Wain Grove, but is nowadays, unfortunately, too rarely observed. When any one came to call, the butler was sure to appear in due season, resplendent in purple velvet livery, bearing a silver tray in solemn pomp on which were glasses of Madeira and a platter of cakes. The rite of wine and cakes has been largely supplanted by tea, which is all very delightful, but still one must admit that there are plenty of occasions when the ancient custom could be suitably followed.

But passing on from the courtly memories of resplendent butlers with trays of Madeira and cakes to refresh the afternoon caller, let us glance, for a moment, at the Sunday afternoon gatherings in summer when a large family connexion and a larger circle of friends made it

WALN GROVE

a frequent practice to visit Waln Grove, and their carriages and saddle horses might be seen tied to the trees at a distance from the house. This Sunday gathering was customary not only during Robert Waln's lifetime but as long as his descendants lived in the house. Nicholas, we may be sure, was often among the number, for in summer he had a little place not far away from his cousin's.

Whether it was on the occasion of some social affair at Waln Grove or elsewhere, it is impossible to say, but at all events Nicholas once met his match for repartee. A woman of fashion, whom he knew very well, was present—she was not a member of the Society of Friends—gorgeously arrayed in a new satin gown. Looking severely at her apparel, he remarked, "Humph! Satan within and satin without!" The lady addressed as promptly retorted, "And how can you help it, when old Nick's about?" to the great amusement of her auditors.

Robert Waln was, for several years, a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and it has been said of him that "no man was more active in his day in all that related to civic or national progress." During the stirring period between 1790 and 1820, embracing the first years under the Federal Constitution and the War of 1812, he was frequently called upon to be present at various conferences in the State House, the old London Coffee House, and elsewhere, held to advance the interests of Philadelphia and the nation at large.

Apropos of the allusion to the Coffee House, a word should be said in regard to that picturesque institution of life in Colonial Philadelphia. What did not centre

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

about the Court House at Second and High Streets centred around the Coffee House one square below, at the southwest corner of Front and High Streets. It was the acknowledged medium of daily intercourse between representative citizens for the exchange of news and the discussion of all matters of public interest, mercantile or political. Thither resorted all classes—merchants, ship captains, Provincial officials, officers of the army or navy who chanced to be here—everybody, in fact, of any consequence was sure to drop in. It was, in short, club, maritime exchange, board of trade, and gossip shop all combined. Of all the keepers of the London Coffee House, William Bradford was deservedly the most prominent, and it was here that his draft of the tea resolutions, referred to in the chapter on Chalkley Hall, was promulgated. Auctions and sheriff's sales were held before the Coffee House door and slaves were commonly there exposed for the inspection of prospective purchasers. On occasions of any public excitement, whether of indignation or rejoicing, if there was a bonfire to be kindled, it was kindled in front of the Coffee House, and if any object of popular detestation were to be burned in effigy, there also did the *auto da fe* take place.

After Robert Waln's death the family continued to live at Waln Grove until the location became undesirable as a place of residence. It was then sold and abandoned to the fate that sooner or later seems to overtake all old houses if they happen to be in the path of industrial expansion.



PORT ROYAL HOUSE, FRANKFORD
Built by Edward Sider, c. 1794



WAIN GROVE, FRANKFORD
From a painting made before the property passed out of the family and the trees were cut down

PORT ROYAL HOUSE

FRANKFORD

STILES—LUKENS



NOT far from Wain Grove, on the south side of Tacony Street between Church and Duncan, stands a grey old mansion known to this day among the mill people and labourers as Port Royal House, though whence its name or what its story they cannot tell. Dingy and dilapidated, it still retains sufficient traces of its former high estate to show what a lordly building it was in the period of its prosperity. It is thoroughly representative of the type of Georgian country house so many of which arose near Philadelphia about 1760 and in the decade following. A broad hallway runs through the middle of the house and on either side of it are lofty rooms embellished with panelled overmantels and finely wrought woodwork. From the doorway, as in numbers of houses of this period, no stair is visible and the hall is simply a great room into which all the others open. The stairway is reached by entering a smaller hall that opens by a door into the central hall. However similar in general plan and execution some of these old houses may be, they are all so full of a courtly beauty entirely their own and are all so expressive of the generous mode of life their occupants lived, that the present generation can readily overlook any repetition of design.

Port Royal House remains to-day a visible link in the history of the connexion between Philadelphia and the Island of Bermuda, a connexion in the Colonial

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period of no mean importance to both places, as we shall presently see. Some time near the middle of the eighteenth century, Edward Stiles, the first master of Port Royal House, came to Philadelphia and engaged in mercantile shipping. He was the great-grandson of John Stiles, one of the earliest settlers in Bermuda in 1635. His father was Daniel Stiles, of Port Royal Parish, a member of the Assembly of Bermuda in 1723, and a vestryman and warden of Port Royal Church, and it was near Port Royal that Edward Stiles was born, probably between 1715 and 1720. As a young man he settled in the Island of New Providence of the Bahama group, but subsequently came to Philadelphia, attracted hither by shipping interests and the opportunity of becoming a mercantile factor, for Philadelphia at that time was the foremost port of the Colonies and her commerce with the island settlements was extensive. Stiles's migration was only one instance out of hundreds where the islands have contributed to Philadelphia's population. The progenitors of not a few prominent families migrated first to Barbadoes only to find their way here a few years later.

In embracing the pursuit of maritime commerce, Stiles was taking the surest road to wealth and civic influence. His store was in Front Street between Market and Arch, which was one of the busiest shipping districts in the city. His town house was in Walnut Street between Third and Fourth and covered the space now occupied by numbers 308 and 310. His business prospered exceedingly and, as it was the fashion for men of means to have a countryseat as well as a residence in the city, he

PORT ROYAL HOUSE

bought a plantation near Frankford, in Oxford Township, from members of the Waln family, who had extensive holdings in that neighbourhood, and this estate he called Port Royal after the name of his birthplace in Bermuda. Here he lived in summer, surrounded by his slaves, assuming the state becoming a great shipping merchant, one of the "nobles of Pennsylvania" as John Adams called the prosperous, luxury-loving citizens of Philadelphia whose style of life and elegant establishments completely amazed him when he first came here with his strong New England notions of frugality.

In 1775 the inhabitants of Bermuda, owing to the distress occasioned by the Non-Importation Agreement among the American Colonies, petitioned the Continental Congress for relief from the straits into which they were thrown for lack of supplies that had hitherto been sent from American sources. Congress thereupon granted permission, in November, 1775, to Edward Stiles, to send the *Sea Nymph*, Samuel Stobel master, laden with certain provisions such as Indian corn, flour, bread, pork, beef, soap, and apples, to Bermuda for the immediate supply of the inhabitants. The cargo was to be considered a part of the annual allowance for the Colony of Pennsylvania for the ensuing year. The exportation, however, was to be under the superintendence of the Committee of Safety, and the people of Bermuda were to pay for the provisions in salt or else they could turn over in exchange arms, ammunition, saltpetre, sulphur, and field pieces. As a Bermudian, it was natural that Edward Stiles should be deeply interested in the condition of affairs in his old home, especially when that try-

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ing condition was precipitated by the action of the Colony of his adoption.

During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British in the fall and winter of 1777 and 1778, Frankford and the vicinity fared badly under the depredations of the contending armies. Being in the middle ground it was at the mercy of both. This was particularly true of the Port Royal plantation. As an instance of the pillage to which people were subjected, we may cite the case of Mrs. Stiles, who, on December 6, 1777, drove out from the city with a boy servant, having borrowed Henry Drinker's horse for the occasion. Just as she was about to get into her chaise to drive back to town, a troop of British Light Horse came along and took both horse and chaise from her and she was obliged to walk back to the city. Before this the place had been robbed of all the valuable furniture, provisions, coach horses, and eight or ten negro slaves.

By his will Edward Stiles provided that his slaves should be freed and educated at the expense of his estate. It is said, although the story cannot be vouched for, that Stephen Girard, as a young man, was in the employ of Stiles.

In 1858 the Lukens family bought Port Royal House and its plantation from the Stiles family and for some years the Reverend Mr. Lukens conducted a boarding school there. When Frankford became a busy manufacturing centre the desirability of Port Royal House as a place of residence ceased, and its owners moved away, leaving it to whatever tenancy chance might bring.



AVIATION, ON THE DELAWARE, SEVEN
MILE FROM THE DELAWARE, SEVEN
MILE FROM THE DELAWARE, SEVEN

ANDALUSIA

BENSALEM TOWNSHIP, BUCKS
CRAIG—BIDDLE



GOING up the Delaware River by boat, not long after passing Torresdale Landing and about sixteen miles from the city, there suddenly breaks on the view what appears to be the gable end of a gleaming white Greek temple showing out from the thick surrounding foliage. This is the library wing of Andalusia, for more than a century past the home of a branch of the Biddle family.

In 1794, John Craig, a merchant of Philadelphia, bought this tract of land on the river bank. When he acquired the place it was merely a farm. His wife, an Irish lady of great good taste, herself planned the spacious mansion with octagonal ends which Mr. Craig built here.

Nicholas Biddle married the only daughter of John Craig, and Andalusia became his residence about 1810. Born in 1786, Nicholas Biddle attended the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton, graduating in his fifteenth year. His history as a lawyer and financier is too well known to need reiteration. Suffice it to say that he was a man of most cultivated tastes and considerable architectural knowledge and ability. To his Grecian taste the city owes the Custom House, formerly the United States Bank, of which he was president, and also Girard College.

In 1882 Mr. Biddle enlarged Andalusia and added the eastern or Grecian wing which makes such a striking ap-

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pearance from the river. Six beautifully proportioned fluted Doric pillars support the pediment, the whole building being framed in a setting of mighty sycamores and evergreens of more than a century's growth. From the steps descending from the portico, a broad expanse of lawn sweeps down toward the river. Of all the many noble and beautiful seats lining both shores of the upper Delaware, none is finer than Andalusia. It is pleasant to be able to say that it is maintained in the best possible condition.



PEN HRYN, ON THE DELAWARE, HENGLAND TOWNSHIP, BRUCE
Built by Abraham Bickley, 1764; enlarged 1788

PEN RHYN

BENSALEM TOWNSHIP, BUCKS

BICKLEY—WHARTON—BICKLEY—DREXEL—EMMET



EXT above Andalusia on the river bank, and separated only by a lane, is Pen Rhyn, the seat of the Bickley family. In 1744 Abraham Bickley, of the County of Sussex, in England, bought this land along the Delaware and built thereon a house which is incorporated in the present structure. Although a resident of England, Mr. Bickley was of Welsh descent and hence the Gaelic name of the estate, Pen Rhyn. He married a Miss Shewell or Sewell, of Philadelphia, by whom he had six children, all of whom died without issue.

In 1798 he remodelled the house by adding the front portion and later the back buildings. In general plan it is similar to the majority of country houses of the location and period, and was marked by its solidity, spaciousness, and quiet dignity. In recent times it was much altered and added to and its Colonial character completely obliterated.

The surrounding park, however, is much as it was, and would make a worthy setting for any house. A wide vista cut through the trees affords a charming view from the house to the river and through this opening runs a levelled, grass-paved causeway. Immediately around the buildings the grounds are quite free of trees.

In the stable is still preserved the old coach imported from England by Abraham Bickley soon after his marriage. It is a most ponderous and magnificent affair hung

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on C springs, painted a dark olive-green and on the doors are blazoned the family arms. The body is so high above the ground that flights of folding steps, that let down when the doors are opened, are necessary to get in and out. It must have presented a striking appearance when all its upholstery of dark green hammercloth was new, as it went lumbering along at the rate of four miles an hour, drawn by four sturdy, plodding bays, a coachman and groom on the box, and two footmen standing on the post-board behind. In those days the sixteen-mile drive to the city was not without its perils of highwaymen after dark.

Mrs. Bickley's sister married Sir Benjamin West, after being assisted to escape from the second-storey window of her father's house in a most dramatic manner. It is said that young Mr. White, afterward the bishop, and one or two other men of prominence had a hand in this escapade.

After Abraham Bickley's death the estate passed by bequest to Lloyd Wharton-Bickley, his nearest of kin, and from him to his son, Robert Wharton-Bickley, from whom it went to his cousin, Mrs. Drexel, and has now descended to her daughter, Mrs. Emmet.

BOLTON FARM

FALLSINGTON ROAD, BUCKS

PEMBERTON—MORRIS



BOLTON FARM is on the Fallsington Road in Bucks County, about one mile and a half from Tullytown station of the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is the original home of the Pemberton family in this country.

Ralph Pemberton resided until 1676 at Aspul in Lancashire, England, but removed at that time, with his family, to Radcliffe, in the parish of the same name. His son, Phineas Pemberton, married Phoebe, daughter of James and Anna Harrison. All of these became convinced of Friends' principles and were much persecuted during that early stage of the Society's history. At the solicitation of William Penn, they sailed for America July 5, 1682, in the ship *Submission*, from Liverpool, James Settle, master. Included in their party, besides those mentioned, were Agnes Harrison, mother of James, Joseph and Abigail Pemberton, children of Phineas, Robert Bond and Joseph Mather, young men from Radcliffe seeking their fortunes in the new country, the latter being the progenitor of the Mather family here.

The log of the ship shows a rough voyage of two months till their landing at Choptank, Maryland, whither they were driven by a storm. As their destination was Bucks County they were compelled to proceed on horseback. Philadelphia was a wilderness when they entered it in November, 1682. They could not find shelter for their horses and "spancelled" them in the woods.

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Next morning they were gone and the party had to proceed by boat to the Falls of the Delaware. One of their horses was not found until the succeeding January.

On November 17, 1683, Phineas Pemberton purchased five hundred acres on the Delaware River opposite Byles's Island and built a house there which he called Grove Place. Being desirous of a more comfortable home for his family he finished one in 1687 some five miles distant and more in the interior, which he called Bolton Farm.

He was the most efficient and prominent man in the County and left a mass of records in his own handwriting, the records of the County up to his last illness being models in this respect. He was Clerk of the County Court, Deputy Master of Rolls, Deputy Register General, Receiver of Proprietary Quit Rents for Bucks County, member of the Provincial Council, 1685-87-95-97-99, and member of the Assembly 1689-94-98, being its speaker in 1698, 1700, and 1701.

William Penn writes to James Logan, September 4, 1701:

Poor Phineas is a dying man and was not at the election, though he crept (as I may say) to Meeting yesterday. I am grieved at it; for he has not his fellow, and without him this is a poor country indeed.

Again in a letter from London to Logan he writes:

I mourn for poor Phineas Pemberton, the ablest as well as one of the best men in the Province. My dear love to his widow and sons and daughters.

James Logan wrote to Penn, March 7, 1702:

That pillar of Bucks County, Phineas Pemberton, worn away with his long afflicting distemper, was removed about the

BOLTON FARM

5th. of 1st. mo. last. Hearing he was past hopes, I went to visit him the day before he departed. He was sensible and comfortable to the last, and inquiring solicitously about thy affairs and the parliament; gave his last offering, his dear love, to thee and thine, and particularly recommended the care of his estate to me in thy behalf, desiring that his services in collecting the rents with Samuel Jennings might be considered in his own, otherwise he should be wronged; and that his attendance at Newcastle Assembly, when his plantation and business so much suffered by it, might according to thy promise, be paid, with his overplus in Warminster, which he said was but little, and not valuable. I was with him when he departed and coming to Philadelphia that day, returned to his burial. He lies interred in his plantation on the river, with the rest of his relations.

This graveyard was at Grove Place where their family still maintain it as a place of burial.

The only surviving son of Phineas Pemberton was named Israel and was born at Grove Place in 1684. He was educated by his parents and by Francis Daniell Pastorius in Philadelphia. When a young man he entered the counting-house of Samuel Carpenter, in the city, and became one of the wealthiest and best known merchants. He visited the Barbadoes and the West Indies for the purpose of trade in 1708.

He was elected a common councilman in 1718, alderman, 1720, for a life tenure, and was one of the city's two members of the Provincial Council for twenty years beginning 1718. Israel Pemberton was one of the most active of Friends and was diligent in caring for the Society's property, schools, and in settling differences between members, the Society having a testimony against going to law. He occupied the position of clerk in sev-

COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA

eral Meetings for Discipline, was an overseer and finally an elder of the Society. He had a city residence at the southwest corner of Front and Market Streets from 1718 to 1745, when he removed to the southwest corner of Third and Chestnut Streets. This was called Clarke Hall, and was the general resort of Friends from Europe and many strangers of note. The terraces and gardens were famous for their beauty and the prospect of the river which they commanded. He also owned a place called Evergreens, in 1738, at Twenty-third and South and Gray's Ferry Road.

He married Rachel, daughter of Charles Read and sister-in-law of James Logan, in 1710.

Upon the death of Israel Pemberton, Bolton Farm was bequeathed to his son James, born 1723. James Pemberton was a widely travelled man, both in America and Europe. He was successful in mercantile pursuits as his father had been, and was interested in the Indians and negroes. He was a founder of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, the first in the world, and at the death of Benjamin Franklin, became its president; a founder and manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and a member of the Assembly in 1756, he resigned his seat when Governour Morris proclaimed war against the Delaware Indians, June 10, 1756, because of his conscientious scruples against war. He also opposed armed opposition to the British Government and was exiled to Virginia in 1777, during which time his wife Phoebe managed his affairs. His town house was on Second Street adjoining the corner at Lodge Alley, now Gothic Street. Besides this he owned The Plantation, now the site of

BOLTON FARM

the United States Naval Asylum on the east bank of the Schuylkill River and on the opposite side of Gray's Ferry Road from Evergreens, which he inherited from his father. Watson says of him:

He was almost the last of the race of cocked hats, and certainly one of the very best illustrations of bygone times and primitive men.

James Pemberton married Hannah Lloyd, Sarah Smith, and Phoebe Lewis Morton. A daughter of the second marriage was Mary Pemberton, who became the wife of Anthony Morris in 1790. He was the son of Captain Samuel Morris and Rebecca Wistar Morris, was a merchant of Philadelphia and a member of the bar. Bolton Farm was inherited by Mary Pemberton and was lived in by Anthony Morris and his family. He gave much of his time to the public service, was a State Senator, and in 1798 Speaker of the House. In 1818 he was appointed minister to Spain. Much of his long life of ninety-five years was passed at Bolton Farm, and he is buried there with his wife.

Their son, James Pemberton Morris, married Rosa Gardiner, daughter of the Reverend William Gardiner, LL.D., of Edinburgh, Scotland, and resided at Bolton Farm, where they are both buried. After their death the property passed to their children, and one of them, Phineas Pemberton Morris, resided there during the summers until his death in 1888. All of the children of James Pemberton Morris died without issue and the estate was devised by their wills to Effingham B. Morris, their cousin and the present owner, who lives at Bolton Farm at intervals during the year.

OTHER HOUSES

Besides the many Eighteenth Century houses still standing in the older parts of Philadelphia, the following, either within the present City limits or in the neighbourhood, are of interest for architectural or other reasons:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| ENGLE HOUSE, Main and Lafayette Sts. | SUNBURY HOUSE, Croydon, Bucks. |
| NEGLEE HOUSE, 4418 Main St. | CHINA HALL, near Eddington, Bucks. |
| HENRY HOUSE, 4608 Main St. | BEL ESPOIR, Cornwells, Bucks. |
| GILBERT STUART HOUSE, 5140 Main St. | GROWDEN HOUSE, Trevoose, Bucks. |
| ASHMEAD HOUSE, 5490 Main St. | CLOCK HOUSE, near Cornwells, Bucks. |
| MORRIS-LITTELL HOUSE, High and Main Sts. | BAKE HOUSE, near Torresdale. |
| DRECK KEYSER HOUSE, 6805 Main St. | BYCOT HOUSE, New Hope. |
| RODNEY HOUSE, Main and Duval Sts. | SOMERSET, Lardner's Point. |
| BILLMEYER HOUSE, Main and Upal Sts. | LYNFIELD, Holmesburg. |
| SPENCER HOUSE, Mill St. | HILLSIDE FARM, Newtown. |
| PRICE HOUSE, Germantown Cricket Club. | TWADDELL HOUSE, 45th St. and Baltimore Avenue. |
| DAVID RITTENHOUSE COTTAGE, Lincoln Drive. | SELLERS HALL, Millbourne. |
| THE MONASTERY (GORGAS HOUSE), Wissahickon Creek. | LIDDENFIELD, Upper Darby. |
| WAKEFIELD, Logan Station. | BENJAMIN WEST HOUSE, Swarthmore. |
| LITTLE WAKEFIELD, Fishers Lane. | PRICE HOUSE, Merion Meeting. |
| GOWEN HOUSE, Mt. Airy. | OWEN HOUSE, Wynnewood. |
| BUTLER PLACE, Branchtown. | ELM HALL, Montgomery and Bowman Avenues. |
| TONY LEECH HOUSE, Ogontz. | BROOKMEAD, Devon. |
| GRANGE FARM, near Tabor Station. | FOULKE HOUSE, Penllyn. |
| SPRING HEAD, } Jenkintown. | GLENDOWER, Gwynedd. |
| VERNON, } | JOSEPH EVANS HOUSE, Gwynedd. |
| FAIRFIELD, York Road above Fishers Lane. | RIDDLE HOUSE, Glen Riddle. |
| ANNASBURY FARM, Second St. Pike and York Road. | LEIFER HOUSE, near Swarthmore. |
| FORREST HILL, Rising Sun Lane. | PASCHALL HOUSE, Kingsessing. |
| DIGBY PLACE, Fox Chase. | HEADQUARTERS, Valley Forge. |
| WINTAR HOUSE, Frankford. | MOUNT JOY, Spring Mill. |
| BARTON HOUSE, Frankford. | THE RABBIT, near Bala. |
| HUCKEL HOUSE, Frankford. | FISHER HOUSE, Fairmount Park. |
| SUMMER HILL, Frankford. | STRAWBERRY MANOR, Fairmount Park. |
| | RIDGELAND, Fairmount Park. |
| | THE LILACE, Fairmount Park. |

This list might be greatly extended, but the names given serve to show the wealth of old places in the Philadelphia neighbourhood.



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IN the preparation of this volume many private papers and documents have been consulted, as well as deeds, briefs of title and inventories. Besides these manuscript sources, sundry old and rare volumes have contributed fragments of information here and there. Some of the material has been supplied by the verbal communications of aged people—facts and traditions that have never been committed to writing. From the nature of the case it would be impossible and perhaps not wholly desirable to give an exhaustive bibliography. Of the printed sources, however, among the books that have been of the chiefest use are the following:

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